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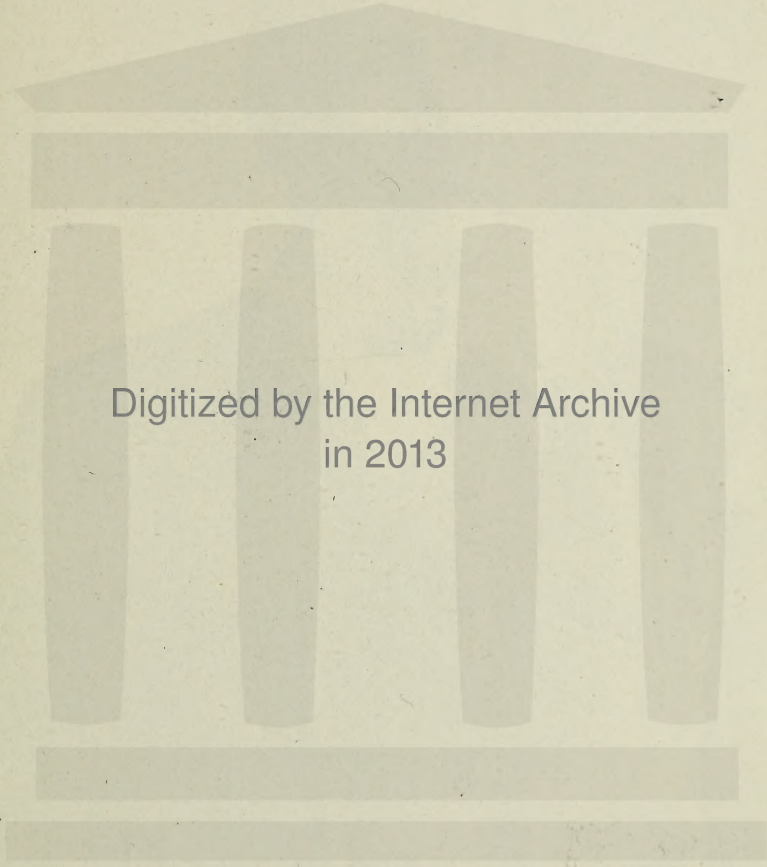

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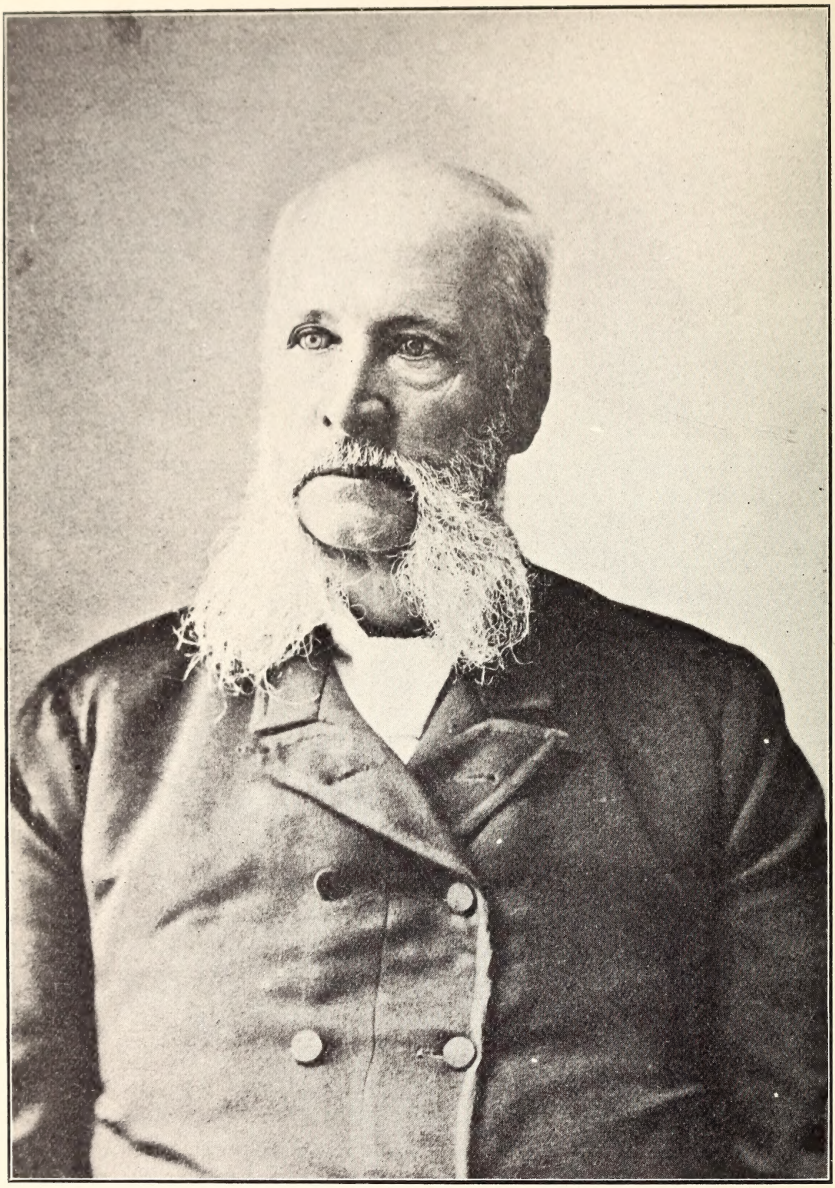

Very Truly Yours
John W. Forster.

HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS

COLLECTIONS AND RESEARCHES

MADE BY THE

Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society

REPRINT

VOL. XXI

MRS. M. B. FERREY, EDITOR

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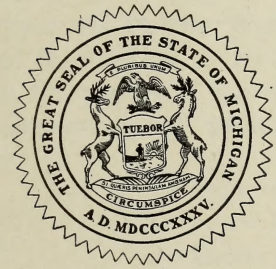

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BOARD OF STATE AUDITORS

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PREFACE

The committee of historians takes pleasure in presenting to the public this, the twenty-first volume of Pioneer and Historical Collections, feeling confident that it will be found equal to any which have preceded it in the value and interest of the historical matter here gathered.

This volume contains the proceedings of the Annual Meeting of 1892 and the papers contributed for that meeting, among which is a reprint of Marquette's Journal of his first visit to the Mississippi, from Dr. Shea's "Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi Valley."

A valuable contribution to the history of Detroit and vicinity will be found in the article upon the Patriot War and the Siege of Detroit showing the exigencies of frontier life in Michigan.

The committee tenders the thanks of the Society to all who have so generously assisted in preserving and presenting the valuable papers published in this volume.

MICHAEL SHOEMAKER
JOHN H. FORSTER
HENRY H. HOLT
L. D. WATKINS
J. WILKIE MOORE
Committee of Historians

PREFACE TO REPRINT

Volume twenty completes the series of documents from the Canadian Archives which have proved so valuable historically. Twenty-one resumes the articles of local and general historical interest, including the only available history we have of the Patriot war, which, while seeming only local, involved questions liable to bring about both national and international complications. Notes have been added which bring out history and biography and palpable errors corrected. A new general index completes this reprint.

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OFFICERS AND COMMITTEES OF THE MICHIGAN PIONEER AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY, ELECTED JUNE 2, 1892

PRESIDENT

Ex-Gov. Alpheus Felch.....Ann Arbor

RECORDING AND CORRESPONDING SECRETARY

George H. Greene.....Lansing

TREASURER

Merritt L. Coleman.....Lansing

VICE-PRESIDENTS

Allegan	Don C. Henderson	Allegan
Barry	Daniel Striker	Hastings
Bay	William R. McCormick	Bay City
Berrien	Thomas Mars	Berrien Centre
Branch	Harvey Haynes	Coldwater
Calhoun	John F. Hinman	Battle Creek
Cass	George T. Shaffer	Redfield
Clare	Henry Woodruff	Farwell
Clinton	Ralph Watson	South Riley
Crawford	Dr. Oscar Palmer	Grayling
Eaton	W. B. Williams	Charlotte
Emmet	Isaac D. Toll	Petoskey
Genesee	Josiah W. Begole	Flint
Grand Traverse	Reuben Goodrich	Traverse City
Gratiot	William S. Turck	Alma
Hillsdale	William Drake	Amboy
Houghton	Thomas B. Dunstan	Hancock
Ingham	C. B. Stebbins	Lansing
Ionia	A. F. Morehouse	Portland
Iosco	H. M. Elliott	Oscoda
Jackson	Josiah B. Frost	Jackson
Kalamazoo	Henry Bishop	Kalamazoo
Kent	William N. Cook	Grand Rapids
Lapeer	J. B. Moore	Lapeer

Lenawee	S. C. Stacy	Tecumseh
Livingston	Albert Tooley	Howell
Macomb	Harvey Mellen	Romeo
Manistee	T. J. Ramsdell	Manistee
Marquette	Peter White	Marquette
Monroe	Gouveneur Morris	Monroe
Montcalm	J. P. Shoemaker	Amsden
Menominee	James A. Crozier	Menominee
Muskegon	Henry H. Holt	Muskegon
Oakland	E. C. Poppleton	Birmingham
Oceana	E. T. Mugford	Hart
Ottawa	A. S. Kedzie	Grand Haven
Saginaw	Charles W. Grant	Saginaw, E. S.
Shiawassee	Alonzo H. Owens	Venice
St. Clair	Mrs. Helen W. Farrand	Port Huron
St. Joseph	Hiram Draper	Findley
Tuscola	William A. Heartt	Caro
Van Buren	Kirk W. Noyes	Paw Paw
Washtenaw	William H. Lay	Ypsilanti
Wayne	J. Wilkie Moore	Detroit

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Judge Albert Miller	Bay City
Rev. R. C. Crawford	Grand Rapids
Hon. O. M. Barnes	Lansing

COMMITTEE OF HISTORIANS

Col. M. Shoemaker	Jackson
Hon. John H. Forster	Williamston
Ex-Lt. Gov. H. H. Holt	Muskegon
Frederick Carlisle	Detroit

MICHIGAN

PIONEER AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY

ANNUAL MEETING JUNE 1 AND 2, 1892

The eighteenth annual meeting of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society convened in the senate chamber of the capitol at Lansing, on Wednesday, June 1, at 2 o'clock p. m.

The president, Hon. John H. Forster, called the meeting to order, and the session was opened with prayer by Rev. W. F. Dickerman, and singing by the audience, led by Mrs. John J. Stealy, the hymn, "Blest Be the Tie that Binds."

The following officers were present:

President—Hon. John H. Forster, of Williamston.

Recording and Corresponding Secretary—George H. Greene, Lansing.

Treasurer—Merritt L. Coleman, Lansing.

Executive Committee—Judge Albert Miller, of Bay City, and Hon. Orlando M. Barnes, of Lansing.

Committee of Historians—Col. Michael Shoemaker, of Jackson, and Frederick Carlisle, of Detroit.

Vice-Presidents—Hon. George T. Shaffer, of Cass county; Hon. David B. Hale, of Eaton; Ex-Gov. Josiah W. Begole, of Genesee; C. B. Steb-

bins, of Ingham; A. F. Morehouse, of Ionia; Mrs. Helen W. Farrand, of St. Clair, and J. Wilkie Moore, of Wayne.

The reading of the minutes of the annual meeting of 1891 was dispensed with for the reason that they had already been published in Vol. XVIII, of Pioneer and Historical Collections.

The report of the recording secretary was read and on motion was accepted and adopted.

A duet was then sung by Mrs. John J. Stealy and Mr. Earl Mead.

The reports of the treasurer and corresponding secretary were then read and on motion each was accepted and adopted.

Col. Michael Shoemaker, chairman of the committee of historians, submitted his report, which was also on motion accepted and adopted.

A solo, entitled "Pauline," was then sung by Miss Bessie Sheldon.

George H. Greene, chairman of the memorial committee, then called the roll of counties for a memorial report, when the following counties responded through their vice-presidents, either in person or by letter, viz.: Allegan, by Don C. Henderson; Branch, Harvey Haynes; Calhoun, John F. Hinman; Cass, George T. Shaffer; Eaton, David B. Hale; Emmet, Isaac D. Toll; Genesee, Josiah W. Begole; Houghton, Thomas B. Dunstan; Ingham, C. B. Stebbins; Ionia, A. F. Morehouse; Iosco, H. M. Elliott for O. E. M. Cutcheon; Jackson, Josiah B. Frost; Kent, William N. Cook; Lenawee, S. C. Stacy; Livingston, Charles M. Wood; Montcalm, Joseph P. Shoemaker; Muskegon, Henry H. Holt; Oakland, O. Poppleton by his son, E. C. Poppleton; Ottawa, Rev. A. S. Kedzie; Saginaw, Charles W. Grant; Shiawassee, Alonzo H. Owens; St. Clair, Mrs. Helen W. Farrand; St. Joseph, Hiram Draper; Tuscola, William A. Heartt; Wayne, J. Wilkie Moore.

After the call of the counties, Col. M. Shoemaker offered the following remarks:

Mr. President—In connection with these obituaries, I think the vice-presidents who are present will see how much more information would be obtained if pains were taken to preserve the obituary notices that were published in the papers, by cutting them out and pasting them on sheets of paper and handing them in here. These obituary notices all contain information that we do not get, or cannot get in the reports to the county clerks by the board of supervisors, and if the vice-presidents will bear it in mind, it is very desirable that they should obtain, as far as possible, the obituary notices and preserve them, and hand them in to the corresponding secretary with their reports.

George H. Greene—I would like to suggest further that as they clip

from the newspapers they should be careful to preserve the date of the newspaper, or give the date of the death of the pioneer, and, if possible make themselves sure that the article is absolutely correct.

A paper entitled "Sketch of Rev. Gabriel Richard," by Hon. Thomas A. E. Weadock, of Bay City, was read by Edwin J. Pink.

J. Wilkie Moore, president of the Wayne County Historical and Pioneer Society, then presented the society an old cannon ball and bayonet, accompanied with the following note:

DETROIT, MICH., May 30, 1892.

To the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society:

Please accept as a relic of olden times this cannon ball and bayonet, that were dug up eleven feet under ground from where Fort Lernoult, afterwards Fort Shelby stood, and where the present United States postoffice government building is now being built, corner of Fort and Shelby streets, Detroit

Yours cordially,

J. WILKIE MOORE,

President Wayne County Historical and Pioneer Society.

On motion of A. F. Morehouse, the gifts were accepted and thanks of the society tendered to the donor.

Hon. O. M. Barnes made a motion that the chair be authorized to appoint a committee of three, for the nomination of officers for 1892-3, which was adopted.

Col. M. Shoemaker, M. D. Osband and Albert F. Morehouse were appointed as such committee.

A duet entitled "Murmuring Sea," was then sung by Mrs. John J. Stealy and Mrs. George W. Coleman.

On motion the meeting adjourned until 7 o'clock in the evening.

WEDNESDAY EVENING

The president called the meeting to order and prayer was offered by Rev. Louis Grosenbaugh.

A double quartette, "We Come From the Old Granite State," was sung by Mesdames H. R. Pratt, Frederick B. Lee, George W. Coleman, John J. Stealy, and Messrs. Charles H. Thompson, Arthur Babcock, William C. Haines and William Patterson.

The president delivered his annual address, which was followed by music, entitled "Memory's Bells," by the Harmonia Quartette.

A paper entitled "France in America, 1524-1783," was read by Fred-

erick Carlisle, of Detroit, secretary of the Wayne County Historical and Pioneer Society, which was followed by music, a chorus, "The Old Kentucky Home."

The president then called for five minute speeches, which was responded to as follows:

A. F. Morehouse—Reference was made in the article just read to the ill-feeling existing at the close of the French war on the part of the colonists as being almost as bitter against the English as they were against the French; and the cause of taxation by the mother country of the colonists, out of which grew the American revolution, was not the only cause of complaint which the colonists had against the mother country. The capture of Louisburgh and Port Royal was mainly accomplished by the colonists, but at the termination of the war the mother country traded back those places to France in exchange for places in Europe which the French had taken from England, and that was another grievance of which the colonists had good reason to complain.

S. B. McCracken—Mr. President, I am not noted for a five minute speech, but the song to which we have just listened called up in my mind a query which has often rested there, as to the origin of an old song, or part of an old song, which I remember as being current when I was a small lad. In Shakespeare's tragedy, Macbeth, there is a scene which says, "When shall we three meet again, in thunder, lightning, or in rain? When the hurlyburly's done, when the battle's lost and won." Well, the phrase "when shall we three meet again" is a very current one, bandied about in a sort of jovial way, but there is a refrain which I remember word for word as I used to say it when I was a small lad. The lines which I remember are these:

"When shall we three meet again,
When shall we three meet again?
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we three shall meet again.
Oft shall glowing hope expire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we three shall meet again."

Now I would like to know where that song is to be found in full. I think if we could revive that and have it sung in some of our meetings it would be a good thing. My object is to make the inquiry where it can be found.

William C. Haines—Though not a member of the pioneer association, I claim to be a pioneer. I came to Michigan in 1855, and as I look

upon the lights which illuminate this beautiful room, I can but contrast them with the lights that I used in my little family a long time ago. I remember many a time of helping my wife make tallow candles. Most of you old people know how they were made.

I remember making a visit to Kalamazoo, and the druggist told me that he had some oil which was brought from Pennsylvania that would make a light better than a candle. I said, "If you have anything that is better than a candle I want it," and so he furnished me with a gallon of kerosene oil, pure and white, and a glass lamp that you can buy for twenty-five cents today almost anywhere, and I paid him $2.50 for the gallon of oil and the lamp. And to advertise this new illumination he sent by me to the editor of the Allegan Journal another gallon of oil, and another lamp, and that was the beginning of the use of kerosene oil in the county of Allegan, and so I claim to be the pioneer illuminator of Allegan county.

Albert F. Morehouse, Portland—Mr. President, away down in the thirties, before there was a church building, and hardly a schoolhouse in Ionia county, there were Christians there who had settled in the woods, and they remembered the convictions of their brethren in the eastern states, and they longed for some place where they could get together and have a religious meeting. Being Democratic in principle and Methodist in feeling (perhaps I should say Methodist in principle and Democratic in sentiment), they concluded they would have a camp meeting, and they met on the banks of the river about two miles below Portland. There was an old farmer about a mile from there who was a little worldly and didn't attend the camp meeting, but was busily engaged in burning his logs, stumps, etc. Some one passing along on his way to camp meeting said, "Mr. Miner, the other morning there was a child lost in the woods." "What, a child lost?" He had an impediment in his speech caused by what is called a harelip and he said, "a hile lost?" He ran with all his speed to the camp meeting, and jumping up on something, cried, "Hold on with your prayer meeting, there is a hile lost to be found." "Uncle Warren, the child was found last night," said a voice near by. "What, the hile found?" "Yes, found." "Go on with your prayer meeting, the hile is found," and he subsided immediately.

Frederick Carlisle—I would like to hear the voice of Governor Felch once more. It is twenty years since I have heard his voice.

Ex-Gov. Alpheus Felch—Mr. President, I am glad the speeches are limited to five minutes, for I should not be able to make one even that length, I fear. But I wish to make an inquiry of the President

and perhaps add a word to it, and that is this: I understood the president in his address to speak in very favorable terms of the work which was being done by this society of ours. I understood him to also say that the work which you were doing was not work which was to die today or tomorrow; it was passed into book form, and it would last for the future generations to read, and last for the future historians to examine, and I am glad it is so. I am glad to learn also that the volumes are sent about to the school libraries and to other places in the State, and it is a happy circumstance that it is so; our own children are to be profited by the records of their fathers by this means; but I wish to inquire how far these volumes are to be sent abroad out of the State?

Mr. Forster—I believe we are limited to about five hundred volumes.

Gov. Felch—And those are distributed according to the disposition of the officers, and it is very well. I am led to this inquiry from circumstances which I remember at the time I had the honor of being executive officer of the State in 1846. I received a letter from the librarian at Harvard college, who was an old school mate of mine, and I received another from a friend, of the historical society of New York. The purpose of both of these was to know if I could furnish them with any of the early records, early proceedings, almost anything relating to the State of Michigan, which had just passed out of the condition of a territory. They were anxious to obtain something to put upon record which would represent the early history of this State. Well, I found (I was of course at the old capitol then at Detroit) the old books and records of the old territorial council, of the old government, of the governor and judges, were scattered about, I was going to say, all through the old capitol building; I know in the cellar there were a great many of them to be found. Upon receiving these inquiries I at once set about to see what I could find. I found I could make a pretty perfect set of volumes of everything that pertained to Michigan, and I made application to the legislature for permission to use them for that purpose, and I sent to Harvard University and also to the historical society of New York a full collection of everything which I could pick up on that topic. I received afterwards an acknowledgment of the receipt of them from the librarian and also from the president of Harvard, saying this also, that what few volumes I had sent them gave a more perfect history of the early beginning of the State of Michigan than that of any other State in the Union. Of course it was very gratifying to receive information of that kind.

I now want to add a word further. Ought there not to be some systematic method to preserve these books which we are making, in depositories where the future historian can get at them. The future historian may not come to Michigan to read them. He may be a Boston man and prepare at the college which is so near his door; or he may be a New York man and go to the universities there, or a Washington man, or he may go to any other place where science and literature is found gathered together, and there search for the purpose of finding history of Michigan. I wish we had in every collection of books throughout the United States a full set of books which are published by this society. I am sure it would be a most excellent thing. I do not know of any country in the world where there is a complete record of the local history. I should add that the United States has come very near the system. It has come very near it because every book that is published is required to be deposited, one copy of it at least, in the library at Washington. I look upon that library as one which in the end, will be a better library than there is in the whole compass of the nations of the earth, for no other government that I know of has ever adopted that plan. It is a grand thought that we have a depository of that kind. In regard to the library at Washington, I remember the time when the fire occurred by which it was destroyed. I recall that in the rotunda (I was in the capitol at that time), that on one side of the rotunda where the fire was progressing there was a little collection of books, perhaps two bushels of them, and those were almost all that were saved; a few were carried out, and these were the principal part, as I understood it, of all the books that were rescued. From that time we have gone on with that library. The government has been liberal, and we have now a collection there, as I said before, such as I do not believe can be found on the face of the globe. There can be found in no other nations of the globe local histories gathered together in a place where the historians of any age may examine them and make them valuable for their purpose. How is history made? How have the great historians of the last half century made their history? How but by the examination of books, of papers, of records here and there, gathering up here and there something or other which will show the bent which they wish to present? How else can it be made? Look over for instance a history of Rome, and you will find that the author's labor was among the writings by other men, not out of his own brain merely, but by the careful examination of documents, of papers, of books, and by collecting this information with his own genius as a

historian, doing it in such a manner that we have one of the grandest histories of the world.

Col. M. Shoemaker—Mr. President, in answer to the inquiry I would say that there are two copies of these volumes deposited in the library of the United States to secure the copyright of the five hundred volumes. All the five hundred volumes are left for exchange, and those exchanges are made with the principal libraries in the United States, and aside from that, as has been stated, they are distributed into every school library, or every organized incorporated library in this State that will apply for them, so that the distribution of these papers is very general so far as the library is concerned, and so far as the public libraries are concerned throughout the United States. To what extent they are sent to foreign countries I do not know. The exchanges are made with the librarian, and the exchanges are made very generally with the colleges in the United States, and I think most of the public libraries, and can be made with all, where either the application is made from them, or where the application comes from our library for an exchange.

Mr. President, I notice that Governor Winans is present, and as he has been spoken to in relation to making a five minutes speech at some of our sessions, I hope we shall hear from him.

Gov. E. B. Winans—Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen: I don't know but I might say brother pioneers, because I was quite recently admitted as a member to your association. I hardly think Brother Shoemaker understood that I was to make a speech.

I think myself, as Governor Felch has so well said, that the main purpose of the State Pioneer Association is to gather and preserve the information relative to the earlier settlers of this country. I am sure that we of Michigan may certainly take a good deal of pride in the early history of our country, which has, within the memory of the people here present, made such great strides. It is wonderful for the early pioneers to see the difference between the country of fifty years ago and now. Why, sometimes I think that within my own recollection, that the story is as wonderful as the story of Aladdin and his lamp. Fifty-seven years, Mr. President, I have been a citizen of Livingston county, and within that period it is marvelous the changes which have taken place there. Now, I suppose that the object of a State Pioneer Association is to collect and preserve the records and law relating to the early history of our country, more than it is to have personal recollections and narratives of incidents which might have happened and which did happen in the early settle-

ment of our country, and which certainly is very interesting to listen to for a short time. We hear that mostly in our county pioneer associations, where men come up and tell their personal experiences, and I know that I have never been more interested than in listening to the details of those early times as told by various people, the lawyers and the teachers, of their own experiences in the earlier days; certainly they are very interesting, but they cannot be preserved in such a form as to be useful. What we want is, as Governor Felch has said, something that can be referred to in the future, because it is inevitable that soon history will be all that we shall have to recall the earlier events of our settlements. The actors will have passed off the stage. Now I say that we should feel a great deal of pride in the history of our earlier settlements. I think no country, no state, can boast of greater progress, and it is all due to the intelligence, the perseverence, and the industry of the earlier settlers, and I say all honor to those noble men and women who laid so well the foundation of our State, and made such wise provision for the future welfare of all our citizens. It is this that we want to recall; we want to put it in such shape that the future historians can get at it, and it is through the efforts, I conclude, and is the purpose of this association, to bring about that very thing. I suppose that in common with all these older men here, whom I know by their whitened heads are pioneers, that very many personal narratives could be given of their own experience, but there is hardly time for that, and therefore I will say no more this evening.

C. B. Stebbins—I would like to say a word in regard to the publications of this society in addition to what has been said. No person, I think, can begin to appreciate the value of all the work but also the interest which the reader will at once feel in them by examination. When we take up a large volume of seven hundred pages it looks dry at the first sight, but we read on and soon become interested, and we cannot leave that book until we have read it through. More particularly would I refer to the later publications, the sixteenth and seventeenth volumes, which are made up quite largely of Canadian records. When I say that they are of intense interest, I but feebly express my feelings on the subject. They show us a great many things in reference to the operations in this State and in Canada that we never would know or learn from any other source. I was peculiarly interested in the feeling of embarrassment, anxiety, and deep distress that the Canadians and the British government felt during that time, with regard to the contest between our government and the British government. How much trouble

the British had in regard to the Indians. In some respects the Indians gave them more anxiety than they did us. To be sure the Indians were nearly all on their side, but they had to coddle and coax them in every way to keep them in the traces; and they were afraid that they might turn against them, or fail them in the time of need as they did sometimes; and it shows all the way through the peculiar anxiety that the British government and the Canadians felt. And another thing, I remember one or two documents show that a very large portion of the Canadians were at heart on our side; and that was another trouble, they were afraid to trust their own men and citizens in Canada, for the British government depended very largely upon the Canadians fighting their battles. And I remember how they glossed over their most abominable acts and made the best of it, and then when we got through what a tremendous moral struggle it was for them to give up Detroit. That was about the hardest thing they ever had to do. I will merely add that if I were to establish a new library, the publications of this society would be about the first thing I would put on the list.

S. B. McCracken—I suppose that we all ought to have an idea, and I have a small one which I wanted to present here, simply in the form of a suggestion, as to whether this society will undertake anything like an exhibit at the Columbian Exposition; whether we might not have there a typical log cabin. Whether we could go liberally into an exhibit I do not know. I have understood that it is the intention to have the literature of the State represented. While on that subject let me say this, that the value of the Columbian Exposition to the future will rest in the literature which it will contribute to the world. We may gather as individuals and see what we may see. We may spend a week, or a month, or a year there, and it is deeply impressed upon us, but in the course of a generation we pass away, and that is the extent of our knowledge on the subject of the exposition so far as individuals are concerned. Some of its monuments will remain at Chicago, some of them will be taken to other parts of the country and set up there, but they are all liable to be destroyed one after another, in the course of time, but the literature which that enterprise will contribute to the world, will constitute its great value. Now I do not know what steps are being taken by the general government, or by the commissioners of the various states to systemize a class of publications to go into that exhibition as part of their exhibits, but I think it is a matter of very great importance. The management of this State will do all that the means at their disposal allow them to do, but I think the appropriation should have been liberal enough to have enabled this State and

every other state, to prepare a volume, or a number of volumes, setting forth briefly the history of each state, its institutional character, its educational provision, its progress, and making as far as possible a complete social anatomy of the State, and place it there in well prepared volumes, putting one in the hands of the representative of every nation represented in Chicago; putting those volumes in the libraries of the various states, and they are there for all time. Let me say that the Columbian Exposition will be the chart from which bearings will be taken throughout the world as regards this country for the next five hundred years; and the more complete we can set out our present standing and position and past history, the better understanding will be given to the future generations as to the condition and social status, political, industrial, commercial, financial, agricultural, educational, religious, and everything that goes to make up a civilization, the more complete will be the information to the world on those subjects.

A solo, entitled "Fiddle and I," was sung by Miss Bessie Lisk, and the meeting adjourned until Thursday morning at 9 o'clock.

THURSDAY MORNING

The president called the meeting to order, and prayer was offered by Rev. William H. Haze.

A solo entitled "Bessie, the Maid of Dundee," was sung by Miss Juna Todd.

A very interesting paper, entitled "Indian Reminiscences," was read by Mrs. Helen Nichols Caldwell, of Battle Creek, which was followed by a solo, sung by Mrs. George Riley.

A paper, entitled "Sketch of the Life of John R. Grout," containing much valuable early history of mining in the upper peninsula, by Hon. John H. Forster, was read by him.

A solo, "Darby and Joan," was then sung by Miss Eva Hutchinson.

The committee on nominations reported the following names for officers and committees for 1892-3.

President.—Ex-Gov. Alpheus Felch, Ann Arbor.

Recording and Corresponding Secretary.—George H. Greene, Lansing.

Treasurer.—Merritt L. Coleman, Lansing.

Executive Committee.—Judge Albert Miller, Bay City, Rev. R. C. Crawford, Grand Rapids, and Hon. Orlando M. Barnes, Lansing.

Committee of Historians.—Col. Michael Shoemaker, Chairman, Jackson, Hon. John H. Forster, Williamston, Hon. Henry H. Holt, Muskegon, A. D. P. Van Buren, Galesburg, Frederick Carlisle, Detroit.

For vice-presidents the secretary was to call the roll of counties for names to be suggested by the representatives of each county present.

Before taking a vote on the report of the committee the following remarks were offered:

Ex-Gov. Alpheus Felch—I rise to express my thanks to the committee for the honor which they have conferred upon me, but there are reasons for which I shall ask to be excused from acting in that capacity. They are based not upon any unwillingness to preside over this body, but I find myself so defective in the way of eyesight, and in the way of hearing, that I must ask my brothers and sisters to excuse me from acting, and it is for that reason alone that I decline to accept the nomination.

Mr. Shoemaker—The committee in considering this matter took into consideration the great age of the honorable gentleman whose name they have presented. But sir, we considered it an honor that was not only due to the gentleman who has been so faithful in attending the meetings of this society, and has taken as much interest as any younger man has taken, but we shall be proud to have his name connected with our society as having been its president. So far as the presiding, and so far as any of the active duties are concerned, every member of the society, if need be, would step forward to aid that gentleman in the discharge of his duties. We can say that the discharge of the duties never shall become a burden to him, and we certainly hope that he will gratify us so much as to allow us to use his name as one of the presidents of this society.

A. F. Morehouse—It may be perhaps a rather tardy acknowledgment of the qualifications of our honored ex-governor, but better late than never. We do not mean it as an empty compliment, but it would be a great gratification to us to make him our president, and I am sure I speak the feelings of all who are here. We will put up with his infirmities, and we will make it as easy for him as we can.

S. B. McCracken—If I may say a word upon this matter, I think we may very gracefully take upon ourselves the honor of electing the ex-governor president of this society. The only surviving member of the first legislature of Michigan, and ex-governor and ex-United States senator, and a gentleman who in every relation of life has done honor to himself and to the State.

The report of the nominating committee was unanimously adopted.

The secretary then called the roll of counties and vice-presidents were chosen as follows:

Allegan	Don C. Henderson	Allegan.
Barry	Daniel Striker	Hastings.
Bay	William R. McCormick	Bay City.
Berrien	Thomas Mars	Berrien Centre.
Branch	Harvey Haynes	Coldwater
Calhoun	John F. Hinman	Battle Creek.
Cass	George T. Shaffer	Redfield.
Clare	Henry Woodruff	Farwell.
Clinton	Ralph Watson	South Riley.
Crawford	Dr. Oscar Palmer	Grayling.
Eaton	Rev. Wolcott B. Williams	Charlotte.
Emmet	Isaac D. Toll	Petoskey.
Genesee	Josiah W. Begole	Flint.
Grand Traverse	Reuben Goodrich	Traverse City.
Gratiot	William S. Turck	Alma.
Hillsdale	William Drake	Amboy.
Houghton	Thomas B. Dunstan	Hancock.
Ingham	C. B. Stebbins	Lansing
Ionia	Albert F. Morehouse	Portland.
Iosco	H. M. Elliott	Oscoda.
Jackson	Josiah B. Frost	Jackson.
Kalamazoo	Henry Bishop	Kalamazoo.
Kent	William N. Cook	Grand Rapids.
Lapeer	Joseph B. Moore	Lapeer.
Lenawee	S. C. Stacy	Tecumseh.
Livingston	Albert Tooley	Howell.
Macomb	Harvey Mellen	Romeo.
Manistee	T. J. Ramsdell	Manistee.
Marquette	Peter White	Marquette.
Menominee	James A. Crozier	Menominee.
Monroe	Gouveneur Morris	Monroe.
Montcalm	Joseph P. Shoemaker	Amsden.
Muskegon	Henry H. Holt	Muskegon.
Oakland	Mark Walters	Pontiac.
Oceana	E. T. Mugford	Hart.
Ottawa	Rev. A. S. Kedzie	Grand Haven.
Saginaw	Charles W. Grant	Saginaw, E. S.
Shiawassee	Alonzo H. Owens	Venice.
St. Clair	Mrs. Helen W. Farrand	Port Huron.
St. Joseph	Hiram Draper	Findley.
Tuscola	William A. Heartt	Caro.
Van Buren	Kirk W. Noyes	Paw Paw.
Washtenaw	William H. Lay	Ypsilanti.
Wayne	J. Wilkie Moore	Detroit.

Henry Bishop, vice-president for Kalamazoo county, here presented his memorial report with the following remarks:

Mr. President—I was not here to make my report yesterday as vice-president of the society for Kalamazoo county. I am sorry to say that I have the longest list this year that I have ever presented. I have fifty names. Two of these were ninety-two, and others number over eighty years. The average age of the fifty was seventy-eight years. One little singular instance, the first name on the list is Dr. William Montram, a distinguished physician of our place, and the last name on the list is his wife's.

Stephen B. McCracken, of Detroit, offered the following resolution which was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society notes with feelings of the sincerest regret the absence from its present meeting of the former secretary Mrs. Harriet A. Tenney, whose energy, system and executive ability in the position which she so long held so largely contributed to the success and usefulness of the society. So closely identified with the organization has she been that her absence seems like a severing of natural ties, and we join in an earnest prayer for her restoration to health and the hope that our future meetings may be profited and cheered by her presence.

Mr. McCracken also offered the following, which after some discussion was adopted:

Resolved, That the executive officers of the society be requested to prepare and publish a small hand book, to contain the constitution and rules, and such a general outline of the history and work of the society, as will give a brief but comprehensive view of its aims and purposes.

A solo, entitled "Auntie" was then sung by John E. Daniels.

The meeting then adjourned until 2 o'clock p. m.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON

The president called the society to order and prayer was offered by Rev. C. H. Beale.

Mrs. George Riley sang a solo, entitled "We'd Better Bide a Wee."

Ex-Gov. Alpheus Felch read a very able and valuable paper on "Michigan's Court of Chancery," prefaced with the following remarks:

"In regard to the old court of chancery of this State, I think it is a subject upon which very little has been written or printed, and among most people very little known. It is an institution which has passed out of existence now for some forty-five years, and I do not know as

anything which I have prepared upon the subject, will be of sufficient interest to attract your attention. I think it is one of those subjects that ought to go upon our record, and therefore I submit to you what I have prepared."

A solo was then sung by Miss Stella Cheney.

Hon. William L. Bancroft, of Port Huron, then read a most valuable paper, entitled "Memoir of Capt. Samuel Ward, with a Sketch of the Early Commerce of the Upper Lakes."

The reading of this interesting paper called forth the following remarks from Mr. C. B. Stebbins, of Lansing:

This very interesting paper recalls to my mind a conversation I had with Captain Ward upon one occasion. As it has been intimated in the paper, he was very successful with regard to having any accidents on his vessel, and it was common talk in the community among all who were at all familiar with lake navigation, how fortunate he was. I asked him, "How is it captain, that you have been so successful in avoiding accidents?" He thought a moment, and his reply was about this: "I never will have a man on my boat who drinks whiskey, or who is subject to any personal dissipation. Sometimes they argue with me about it, and say, 'If I perform my duties while I am on your boat, and in your employ, what is it to you what I do elsewhere?'" "I tell them, it is everything to me, and you cannot perform your duties on my boat satisfactorily, unless you keep yourselves straight at all times." He attributed his remarkable success more to this rule than to all other circumstances.

A solo, entitled "The Broken Pitcher," was then sung by Mrs. George Dumond.

A paper containing much of Michigan's early history entitled "Reminiscences of Seventeen Years' Residence in Michigan, 1836-1853," by the Hon. George H. Hazelton, of Elwood, N. J., was then read by Charles H. Thompson.

The reading of this paper called forth the following remarks:

Dr. William H. Haze—Mr. President, ex-Gov. J. W. Begole is present. He knew Mr. Hazelton well, knew of his work in starting the infant city of Flint. I would like to hear him say a few words about Mr. Hazelton.

Ex-Gov. J. W. Begole—Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen: On account of the lateness of the hour, I will only take a little of your time. There is not a word written about Mr. Hazelton that I am not perfectly familiar with. He came to the village of Flint in 1839 and engaged in the mercantile business, and carried on that business for a

number of years. I do not believe there was ever a man who came into our county who had so many friends. And by the way, his wife and mine were cousins, and the Rev. Mr. Beach that he speaks of married us, so you see I am perfectly familiar with the whole history. I was very much struck with the account of the man who went over into the Canadian war; he took care of Mr. Hazelton when he was sick. He said to me that he saw that man from Detroit hanged; a man who had been his friend and taken care of him, and the tears rolled down his cheek when he told me of it. He was always a very strong personal friend of mine, and we have always kept up a correspondence. The last time I saw him was at St. Louis. I recollect the circumstances very well, it was the day that Grant came home from his southern trip, and I met him there. I do not think it is best to take up much of the time; it would take me just about half an hour to tell that story through.

Hon. Albert Miller—Mr. Hazelton has expressed a desire to become a member of this society. I move that George H. Hazelton, of Elwood, N. J., be made an honorary member of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society.

Motion adopted.

Mrs. H. R. Pratt—Mr. Hazelton was eighty-four years old when he wrote his paper. I think no one has mentioned that fact.

The president then called for five minute speeches which was responded to as follows:

Ex-Gov. Begole—As the time is unoccupied, I would like to take a few minutes more. Coming here reminds me very much of my home condition. Ten, twelve, or thirteen years ago I joined this association, and at that time we had so many more than we have now, that we had not room. I remember we went to a church one time, as our room up stairs would not hold us, and we have been dwindling down from that time to this, and now I see but just a very few here. That reminds me of my own home where I now live. When I went there in 1836 the land office was open, and there was a boom there, and a great many young men came in and settled there. I think I have counted up about seventy of them about that time, and there is just one besides myself who is left today, that I know of. I often go down town, and while the people are all friendly and kind to me as they can possibly be, I feel lonesome, I am entirely alone. There is not one of my old associates whom I used to like to meet so well, not one single one, I am the only one there. As I said, this dwindling away of our pioneer association, of which I am very proud to be a member, reminds me of my

home. I never was prouder of anything in my life than I was to see Governor Felch made president of this association. I have known him all the time, from the time he was elected governor and United States senator, and have always been perfectly familiar with his history, and to make him president today is the pride of my life. I said to him when he excused himself, Governor, this is something that we want to carry down to the future, we want your name there to be an honor to the whole State.

Dr. William H. Haze—Allow me to say, Mr. President, that we have present with us this afternoon the Hon. O. M. Barnes, from whom we should all be very glad to hear.

Hon. O. M. Barnes—Mr. President, I ought not to be called upon at this meeting. When I come into this society where there are so many whose residence in Michigan dates so far back of my own, I do not feel like assuming very much in this direction. It is only fifty-five years ago that I came into Ingham county, fifty-five years ago last week; so you may well see that I cannot appreciate the remarks of Governor Begole.

I think I can say, and I think you all can say, that it was not a piece of malignant fortune which brought you into Michigan to be one of its pioneers; it was a piece of good fortune. If you planned to come of your own choice, it was a wise act. If you came, as I did, in a father's family, and by his directions, it was a piece of good fortune for you. How does it seem to you now, fifty, sixty years from the time you became a Michigan pioneer? This is a great State and you have reason to be proud of it, and you have reason to have satisfaction in the life which you have enjoyed here. It is not merely because you have suffered as pioneers, that you have endured much, that you have fought the battle of life bravely, that you are entitled to the respect of mankind.

Michigan, as I said, is a great State. Those whose lives are connected with the beginnings of great things are fortunate. It is not sufficient to battle bravely. Success is necessary to insure fame. If Columbus, four hundred years ago, on the day he discovered America, had turned back without discovering it, there would be no commemoration of 1492. Your pioneer lives have been spent in building up a great State.

The homes of 1837 come to my mind. You had no electric light, to be sure, to illuminate your pathway; not even gas light, or kerosene oil; you had to depend on whale oil lamps and the tallow candle. You had

what is said to be a great thing in modern homes, you had the open fireplace. You did not have the friction match in 1836-7. Its invention was before, its general use after that. You had to cover the fire each night as you retired in order to have fires next day. But I must not stop to talk of such things, because they are all before your mind, besides there is no time in five minutes even to refer to them.

I presume it is not improper to mention one little incident here. I remember when a boy I was very ardent to become a member of the bar. I once stepped into the court room where Judge Felch was on the bench. For a few minutes I remained there to witness the interchange of views between the bar and the bench. The very courteous manner of the judge, and his decision at that time, made me feel that I wanted to be just such a man.

Dr. William H. Haze, of Lansing—A gentleman last evening, if I mistake not it was the Honorable McCracken, said he wished someone would give us the name of the author of those beautiful lines, "When shall we three meet again?" They are very touching. My friend has referred to the few that gather here now, compared with the number who used to come, and I am very touched with the situation. I too have been in Michigan about the same time that my friend, the Honorable O. M. Barnes, has been here. These old neighbors, and friends, and acquaintances have passed away, and we are reminded that the time will soon come when we may well say,"Will we three meet again?" I wish to just say this, the honorable gentleman said that he wished that those lines could be sung in one of our meetings, wished that our singers could produce it in song. Allow me to say that the key to this beautiful song, for I can call it but a song, is given in the three witches, in that wonderful production by that wonderful man, Shakespeare's Macbeth, but who the author was that put it into rhyme in such beautiful verse, the poet world has never decided. When I was a young man at college they used to claim that it was produced by three young students who were about to part and go out into the wide world, and this was written by them, and I believed it in those days. But that claim has been refuted. No one knows the author of those verses, beautiful as they are, but the time is coming when we shall not meet again. Those beautiful strains referred to last night by the honorable gentleman, "Oft will death and sorrow reign, ere we three shall meet again," allow me, friends and Mr. President, to say that the beauty of those strains is not reached till you reach that last line, "Where immortal spirits reign, there we three shall meet again."

[As he repeated the last line he reached out and shook hands with the venerable Gov. Felch and Judge Albert Miller.]

A communication from J. Wilkie Moore, president, and Frederick Carlisle, secretary of the Wayne County Historical and Pioneer Society, in behalf of that society, extending a very cordial invitation to hold our next annual meeting at Detroit, was received and read. The secretary read that part of the constitution which provides that the annual meetings shall be held at Lansing which precluded the possibility of accepting the invitation, upon which Judge Albert Miller offered the following remarks:

Mr. President, when I first heard this cordial invitation was going to be given to the society to meet in Detroit, I hailed it with pleasure. I thought it would be a great pleasure for us to go into the metropolis of the State, to the pioneer point of Michigan. Every pioneer of Michigan knows something about Detroit. But on consultation with the officers of the society I find there are insurmountable obstacles against our accepting this invitation. At the first organization of this society, one feature of it was that our business meetings were to be held in Lansing for the first four or five years in winter, and during the summer at some point in the State where we were invited to have a reunion with the society of the county where we went. The first year the society was invited to Saginaw by the Saginaw Valley Pioneer Society. We had a splendid time. The pioneer society chartered a steamboat, and we had an excursion on the bay; short speeches were made, and it was a very enjoyable time. The next year that reunion was held at Marshall; afterwards at Kalamazoo. I think the last one that was held under those circumstances was at Ann Arbor in 1876, and then we changed and had our business and reunion all in one. But so far as the business is concerned it must be transacted here, but for an invitation of this society to unite with Wayne county societies for a reunion of the settlers of the different parts of the State I would accept the invitation cordially.

Mr. Morehouse moved that the thanks of this society be tendered to the Wayne County Pioneer Society for their kind and cordial invitation, but that we are precluded by our constitution, and under all the circumstances of the case deem it inexpedient to accept the invitation, which was adopted.

John R. Price, of Lansing, then spoke as follows: Mr. President, I have been highly entertained today in listening to those who have been pioneers so long in Michigan. I am almost a pioneer in Michigan; I

came to Jackson county in 1833, and have been a resident of the State ever since. I am now a resident of Ingham county. I want to invite the pioneers to our annual gathering which will take place on the 14th of the present month, for the pioneers of Ingham county. We will be very glad to see, and to hear from those old pioneers at that gathering. We will try to make it interesting and pleasant, and instructive to the young.

As I look around here today I see but few who were here some few years ago. I have not attended many of your meetings from the fact that you have them in the representative room, and I hear but very little that is said. But I am glad to meet you, and I am glad to enjoy this hour. As our Brother Haze has said, "When shall we three meet again." It may well be said of us who are so far advanced in life. Let us look up to Him who has guided us in this State so well, and has led us to such good old age, and remember from whence these blessings come.

M. H. Bailey, of Dimondale, spoke as follows: I would say to you one and all that the members of the Eaton County Pioneer Society will hold their annual meeting in the city of Charlotte the 24th day of June. The Hon. Thomas W. Palmer will address us upon that occasion. We shall then dedicate our big log house that we have just finished, and we extend to you a cordial invitation to attend that dedication.

My brother here is a year older pioneer than I am, and I am glad of it. I am glad to find somebody that is older in this part of the country, and who has lived longer in Michigan than I have. I do not look to be a very old man, but I have seen something of the pioneers of Michigan. I have killed deer and hunted wolves where our capitol now stands. I drove the team to log out the main street of your city; I carried the chain to do most of the surveying of your city, and yet I am comparatively a young man.

When I heard this gentleman speak I remembered the time he came to Eaton Rapids to study law with the man who has graduated more lawyers than any other man in Michigan, Hon. H. A. Shaw; men who have made their mark, and I am proud to be a citizen of Michigan.

I hope every one of you will remember this invitation and come up to Charlotte. Everything will be ready; the latch string will be out, and the doors will be wide open, and we will make it interesting for you when you get there.

A solo entitled "The Song that Reached my Heart," was sung by Mr. Earl Mead.

The meeting then adjourned until 7 o'clock in the evening.

THURSDAY EVENING

The president called the society to order and prayer was offered by Rev. W. H. Osborne.

A chorus was then sung by Mrs. John J. Stealy's chorus class.

Judge Melville McGee, of Jackson, read a paper on the "Early Settlement and Settlers of the Township of Concord, Jackson County."

Miss Neenah Jones sang a solo entitled "Love's Sorrows."

A paper on "Pere Marquette, the Missionary Explorer," by Hon. Thomas A. E. Weadock, of Bay City, was read by Edwin J. Pink.

Mrs. John J. Stealy sang that familiar old song, "Michigan my Michigan."

The president then called for five minute speeches which was responded to by Ralph Watson, of South Riley, as follows:

Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen—I am not as old a pioneer as some of you here today. Some of you have been in Michigan over fifty years. I have lived in Clinton county thirty-six years, having moved from Wyoming county, N. Y., in the year 1854. I passed through Lansing and settled in the township of Riley. I settled on the north one-half of the northeast one-quarter of section twenty-eight. There being no road cut out, I cut my own road, and bought two oxen and a couple of loads of straw the first winter. The next summer was a productive one; we had good crops. In 1856 we did not get our corn planted until the 18th of June, it being wet. On the night of the 29th of August, 1856, the frost came so heavy that it killed the corn all through the State, and even killed the leaves on the trees in the woods. After that time they commenced to fall, and kept falling day after day until they were almost a foot deep. No rain, dry all the time. Acorns were very plentiful that year, and hogs got fat on them. It is said there were two hundred bears killed in Clinton county that fall, and the hunters set fire to the leaves in the woods, and it would burn for miles and miles right through the woods. No wind, and it was a good thing there was not. When it came to low places it would burn the green black ash trees right out through the roots, and they were falling night and day for weeks, and when it would get into the muck the fire would burn the muck out, and the smoke would turn yellow, and the cattle stood around with their tongues out, and there were some of them that died. The next summer those places were filled with water, and green vegetables grew. Then the fever and ague commenced; in some families every one was sick, and the doctor traveled the country all through doctoring the people, and finally he said you must doctor yourselves.

Get about a quart of whiskey and put about twenty grains of quinine into it and it will cure you. That is the way the people doctored themselves. In 1857, the corn having been cut off in 1856, brought on hard times, and two things happened—one was the diminishing of the quantity of corn for consumption as bread food, and the other was the contraction of money in circulation. We had no money, and when the treasurer of the township came around to collect the taxes, we had no money. We must give a note due the next year. The next summer I went about the first of June to pay my taxes, having obtained twenty shillings. I offered butter for sale in Lansing, and could not sell it for money. That is the way the old pioneers had to get along. Had to build roads and clear our farms—it was a pretty tough piece of business. The rich of the State made an appropriation to feed the people in Gratiot county that year. It was said that they found one woman who lived on wild oats for six weeks.

Previous to the time I settled in Riley I will mention one thing that perhaps will be well to go into the history of this pioneer society. There were some young men who were firing guns, which frightened a girl so badly that she ran into the woods, and was there about a week. The men turned out, sometimes two or three hundred of them, but could not find her. Finally a man from Clinton county found her. That was Alice Cutler.

I might go on and mention quite a good many instances, but it is getting late, and perhaps there would not be time. I shall report the deaths of the old pioneers to this society, and you can depend that everything will be all right.

I wanted to mention the log cabin. I understood that they had built a log cabin in Charlotte, Eaton county, representing the pioneers of that county. We shall meet in our county in June at St. Johns, and I propose to instruct them in the modus operandi of building a log cabin. Build an old fashioned fire place, have a big kettle, and then the pioneer society can hold their meetings there, and have their picnics and everything all nice. I would also suggest that the pioneer society might get an appropriation from each county pioneer society and build a log cabin at Chicago at the great Columbian Exposition. I thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for your attention.

Mr. Leichman Lewis, a student from the School for the Blind, then favored the audience with a violin solo.

For the closing piece of music, as is the usual custom, the audience joined in singing, "The Song of the Old Folks," "Auld Lang Syne."

The benediction was pronounced by Rev. W. H. Osborne, and on motion the annual meeting of 1892 adjourned.

REPORT OF THE RECORDING SECRETARY

LANSING, *June 1, 1892.*

To the Officers and Members of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society:

Your recording secretary begs leave to submit the following report for the year ending May 31, 1892:

The seventeenth annual meeting of this society was held in the Plymouth Congregational church at Lansing, June 3 and 4, 1891. For the minutes of this meeting I would respectfully refer you to Vol. 18 of Pioneer and Historical Collections.

MEMBERSHIP

The total number of names enrolled on our membership book are seven hundred and sixty-five. Of this number two hundred and sixty-five have been reported as deceased, leaving a membership of five hundred. Since our last report the following names have been added, viz.: Benjamin F. Stamm, Detroit; E. T. Mugford, Hart; J. W. Garvelink, Filmore; George T. Shaffer and Alcy J. Shaffer, Redfield; John R. Benson, Mt. Morris; Mrs. Mary Ann (Turner) Shaw, Lansing; Edwin T. Dickson, Berrien Center.

DONATIONS

The following list of donations have been made within the past year:

AMERICAN HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION, Washington, D. C.:
Annual report for 1889.

JUDGE CHARLES C. BALDWIN, Cleveland, O.:
Cleveland Leader and Herald, June 20, 1891, containing his address as president of the Western Reserve Historical Society at the twenty-fourth annual meeting, June 19, 1891.
The Fireland's Pioneer for March, 1891.

WALTER R. BENJAMIN, New York City:
The Collector for October, 1891, an historical magazine.

BUFFALO HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Buffalo, N. Y.:
Annual report of the Board of Managers, Jan. 12, 1892.

WILLIAM M. CLARK, Lansing, Mich.:
State Republican, Feb. 13, 1892, containing an account of the Business Men's Banquet.
Williamston Enterprise, October, 1891, souvenir edition.

COLUMBUS HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, Columbus, O.:
Annual report for 1890.

DR. O. C. COMSTOCK, Brookline, Mass.:
The Boston Herald, Sept. 25, 1890, containing an account of the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the publication of the first American newspaper.

CONNECTICUT HISTORICAL SOCIETY:
Proceedings of annual meeting, May 26, 1891.

REUBEN GOODRICH, Traverse City:
The New York Special, April 15, 1865, containing an account of the assassination of President Lincoln.

HON. HENRY H. HOLT, Muskegon:
The Muskegon Morning News, Feb. 26, 1892, containing letter from ex-Gov. Alpheus Felch.

CHARLES C. HOPKINS, Clerk of Supreme Court, Lansing:
Exercises of the Supreme Court of Michigan in the memory of Judge James Valentine Campbell.

INDIANA HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Indianapolis:
The rank of Charles Osborn as an anti-slavery pioneer. Pamphlet.

HENRY N. LAWRENCE, Lansing, Mich.:
The Coldwater Courier for Dec. 12 and 19, 1891, containing sketch of Mrs. Elizabeth S. Odren, a native of Michigan, aged 96 years, and the Gen. Clinton B. Fisk monument.

VIRGIL A. LEWIS, Secretary W. Virginia Historical Society, Charleston:
$1.00 Virginia treasury note, Oct. 21, 1862.

MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY, St. Paul:
Collections, 1891, Vol. VI, part 2.

NEW ENGLAND HISTORIC GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY, Boston, Mass.:
Proceedings of the annual meeting, Jan. 6, 1892.
New England Historical and Genealogical Register for July and October, 1891, and January and April, 1892.

NEW YORK HISTORICAL COMPANY:
The National Magazine for November, 1891.

NEW YORK SOCIETY OF THE SONS OF THE REVOLUTION:
Constitution of the general society and constitution, by-laws and membership roll of the New York Society, 1891.
The constitution, by-laws and register of the society, 1892.

OHIO STATE ARCHAEOLOGICAL AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Columbus:
Report of the society, Nov. 15, 1891. Three copies.

E. C. POPPLETON, Birmingham:
Birmingham Eccentric, March 24, 1892, containing sketch of Hon. Orrin Poppleton.

HON. ORRIN POPPLETON, Birmingham:
Anniversary number of Detroit Free Press, sixty years, May 3, 1891.

SALEM PRESS PUBLISHING AND PRINTING COMPANY, Salem, Mass.:
The Salem Press Historical and Genealogical Record for January, 1892.

ST. LOUIS MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, St. Louis, Mo.:
Annual report for 1891.

COL. M. SHOEMAKER, Jackson:
Four letters from Senator Lewis Cass.

MRS. HARRIET A. TENNEY, Lansing:
A lot of pamphlets and bound volumes of public documents.

WASHINGTON STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Tacoma:
Its organization, constitution, by-laws, etc.

WESCHESTER COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY, White Plains, N. Y.:
Some of the beginnings of Weschester county history, by ex-Gov. Alonzo B. Cornell. Pamphlet.
The Relation of Presbyterianism to the Revolutionary Sentiment in the Province of New York. Address by Rev. A. R. Macoubrey, D. D. Pamphlet.

WISCONSIN STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Madison:
Proceedings of the thirty-ninth annual meeting, Dec. 10, 1891.

RESIGNATION

At the last annual meeting Mr. Henry N. Lawrence, of Lansing, was elected recording secretary in the place of Mrs. Harriet A. Tenney, who had faithfully discharged the duties of that office since the organization of the society, a period of seventeen years, and who is now a resident of Chillicothe, Mo. On April 14, Mr. Lawrence addressed the following to the president:

LANSING, *April 14, 1892.*

Hon. John H. Forster, Pres. Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society:

DEAR SIR—I find other existing engagements prevent me from giving the necessary time and attention required, and I therefore herewith tender my resignation as secretary of said society, the same to take effect at once.

Very respectfully,
HENRY N. LAWRENCE.

As it was nearing the time for the annual meeting it seemed necessary that this vacancy should be filled at once in order that the preparation for the meeting might proceed without delay, the following appointment was made in accordance with section 7 of the by-laws.

WHEREAS, Henry N. Lawrence, recording secretary of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society, having resigned, leaving said office vacant, therefore, by virtue of section 7 of the by-laws of said society, we, the undersigned members of the executive committee and three vice-presidents of said society, do hereby appoint George H. Greene recording secretary to fill said office until the next annual meeting of said society.

JOHN H. FORSTER, Chairman
ALBERT MILLER
O. M. BARNES
Executive Committee
C. W. GRANT,
Vice-president for Saginaw County
WM. R. McCORMICK,
Vice-president for Bay County
C. B. STEBBINS,
Vice-president for Ingham County

LANSING, MICH., *April 15, 1892.*

COMMITTEE MEETINGS

The executive committee and committee of historians have held two meetings in joint session since the last annual meeting as follows:

One on Sept. 3, 1891, to transact business connected with the publishing of volumes seventeen and eighteen of the Pioneer and Historical Collections.

Col. M. Shoemaker, chairman of the committee of historians, submitted the manuscript of the collections for 1890 and 1891, for the consideration of the joint committee, when it was determined that the secretary of the historians should arrange the same for publication and submit it to the chairman, Mr. Shoemaker, and that when he and the president had approved the same it should then be sent to the State printers for publication.

On motion of A. D. P. Van Buren, it was resolved that a full set of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Collections be loaned to the Board of World's Fair Managers for Michigan, for the Michigan exhibit at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893.

The second meeting of the committees was held on May 30 and 31, 1892, for the purpose of completing the arrangements for the annual meeting of June 1 and 2, 1892. The program as arranged by the secretary was submitted and with some slight changes was approved and ordered printed. It was decided to proceed at once with the publication of volumes nineteen and twenty from the manuscript obtained from the Canadian Archives at Ottawa.

Miss Jennie B. Greene was appointed secretary of the committee of historians.

The bills allowed and ordered paid will be found in the report of the treasurer, and the balance of the work accomplished during the year will be found in the minutes of the annual meeting and in the annual reports of the other officers of the society submitted at this date.

GEORGE H. GREENE,
Recording Secretary

REPORT OF THE CORRESPONDING SECRETARY

LANSING, *June 1, 1892.*

To the officers and members of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society:

I beg leave to herewith submit my thirteenth annual report of the correspondence, together with the file of letters and communications

received within the year. I have made it a special object to make prompt replies to all inquiries made of me, and to acknowledge all donations entrusted to my address.

The correspondence is gradually increasing from year to year as the doings of the society become more generally appreciated.

I have sent notices of this meeting to all the members of the society, and to the leading newspapers of the State, many of which have given us a notice of this meeting in a prominent place in their columns. I have also forwarded a special notice to the vice-presidents requesting that they make a memorial report of worthy pioneers of their respective counties who have died within the year.

Soon after the close of our last annual meeting, I forwarded to the officers, committees and vice-presidents a copy of the proceedings as published in the city papers.

The death roll of members of the society is larger this year than last and contains the names of some of our most active and earnest workers as well as three ex-presidents, viz.: Francis A. Dewey of Cambridge, Orrin Poppleton of Birmingham, and Merchant H. Goodrich of Ann Arbor.

The list so far as I have been able to ascertain is as follows:

No.	Name	Residence	Born	Died	Age	Came to Michigan
114	John K. Boies	Hudson	Dec. 6, 1828	Aug. 21, 1891	62	1845
122	Whitney Jones	Lansing	May 2, 1812	Feb. 29, 1892	80	1839
134	William Cook	Homer	May 3, 1818	Oct. 30, 1891	73	1831
138	Francis A. Dewey	Cambridge	Feb. 25, 1811	Feb. 13, 1892	81	1829
144	Almond Harrison	Lansing	May 14, 1802	Jan'y 31, 1892	90	1825
172	Stephen S. Cobb	Kalamazoo	Apr. 10, 1821	Dec. 31, 1891	70	1842
216	William A. Clark	Saginaw	Sept. 9, 1821	Jan'y 21, 1892	70	1837
229	William H. Brockway	Albion	Feb. 24, 1813	Oct. 21, 1891	78	1831
244	Merchant H. Goodrich	Ann Arbor	Jan'y 29, 1826	Feb. 19, 1892	66	1827
302	Frederick M. Halloway	Hillsdale	Jan'y 18, 1815	Sept. 9, 1891	76	1833
375	Ezbon G. Fuller	Coldwater	Mar. 4, 1810	Jan'y 14, 1892	82	1837
394	John W. Post	Lansing	Mar. 25, 1822	Feb. 2, 1892	70	1847
426	Joseph P. Cowles	Lansing	Sept. 28, 1806	June 6, 1891	85	1843
524	Lura C. Partridge	Flushing	May 25, 1839	May 11, 1892	53	1839
529	Nelson B. Green	Fowlerville	May 4, 1824	Sept. 17, 1891	67	1833
561	Orrin Poppleton	Birmingham	Apr. 22, 1817	Mar. 18, 1892	75	1825
576	Antoinette (Chubb) Hungerford	Lansing	June 29, 1835	July 12, 1891	56	1835
629	Joseph H. Kilbourne	Okemos	May 8, 1809	Nov. 1, 1891	82	1838
630	Ebenezer Walker	Okemos	June 14, 1805	Feb. 8, 1892	87	1855
639	George M. Dewey	Flint	Jan'y 1, 1817	Dec. 24, 1891	75	1837

Also the following whose deaths have not heretofore been reported:

No.	Name	Residence	Born	Died	Age	Came to Michigan
61	Lemuel H. Felcher	Saginaw	Mar. 8, 1809	Mar. 28, 1886	77	1840
213	Sophia A. Williams	Owosso	1815	Feb. 13, 1890	75	
247	George Beeman	Williamston	Mar. 8, 1816	Dec. 3, 1885	70	1836
271	Josiah Newell	Ypsilanti	Sept. 6, 1815	Dec. 29, 1890	75	1833
282	Israel V. Harris	Grand Rapids	April 2, 1815	Oct. 17, 1886	71	1837
347	Tolman W. Hall	Battle Creek	Sept. 1, 1805	July 2, 1890	85	1834
354	Alexander H. Morrison	St. Joseph	Feb. 22, 1822	Sept. 4, 1890	78	1838
403	H. A. Atkins	Locke	Aug. 20, 1821	May 21, 1885	64	1842
460	Henry W. Lord	Devils Lake, N. D.	Mar. 8, 1821	Jan'y 25, 1891	70	1839
479	Marcus Beers	Ingham	April 11, 1805	April 15, 1888	83	1833
506	George Willcox	Springport	Oct. 29, 1806	Dec. 27, 1887	81	1848
554	Eaton Branch	Lawrence	April 8, 1808	Jan'y 11, 1891	83	1833
604	Ebenezer McMillan	Lansing	Oct. 8, 1810	Dec. 10, 1887	77	1833
628	Polly Dye	Ionia	Jan'y 29, 1813	Dec. 18, 1890	78	1837

All of which is respectfully submitted.

GEORGE H. GREENE,
Corresponding Secretary

REPORT OF THE TREASURER

LANSING, *June 1, 1892*

To the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society:

Your treasurer submits the following report. Merritt L. Coleman, treasurer, in account with the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society from June 3, 1891, to May 31, 1892.

RECEIPTS

Balance on hand June 3, 1891		$977 90
Donation	$1 00	
Membership fees	7 00	
Sale of Vols. 1 and 2 pioneer collections	6 75	
Error in former reports	68	
		15 43
Total		$993 33

DISBURSEMENTS

Expenses of committee of historians	$27 30	
Expenses of executive committee	29 70	
Expenses of annual meeting, 1891	86 00	
Filing and recording	15 39	
Postage, stationery and printing	13 35	
Copying records at Ottawa, Canada	297 77	
Engraving	41 00	
Binding 2,000 copies pioneer collections	260 00	
		$770 51
Balance on hand June 1, 1892		$222 82

APPROPRIATION OF 1891

The appropriation made by act 33 of 1891, of one thousand dollars for general expenses and four thousand dollars for publishing for the years 1891 and 1892, does not come into my hands but remains in the State treasury and can be drawn only on a warrant from the Auditor General and a voucher approved by the president and secretary of the society.

GENERAL FUND

Amount appropriated for 1891	$500 00
Amount appropriated for 1892	500 00
Total	$1000 00

There has been no disbursements from this fund, but there are bills now in the hands of the secretary for auditing, amounting to $350.06.

PUBLISHING FUND

Amount appropriated for 1891	$2,000 00
Amount appropriated for 1892	2,000 00
Total	$4,000 00

DISBURSEMENTS

Preparing copy for printers, reading proof and making indexes	300 00
Balance on hand in State treasury	$3,700 00

To be drawn from this balance there are now in the hands of the secretary for auditing, bills amounting to $2,061.48.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

MERRITT L. COLEMAN,

Treasurer

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE OF HISTORIANS

To the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society:

The committee of historians would respectfully report that, since the annual meeting of the society in 1891, the committee has been fortunate in securing valuable historical matter relating to the settlement of several of the counties of this State, but the acquisition greatest in value has been the manuscript copied from the documents in the archives of the Dominion of Canada at Ottawa.

The committee found there a mine of historical treasure which has been as yet but partially explored, the extent of which may be comprehended when it is realized that we have already received from that source official historical matter relative to the French and English occupation of Michigan and have published in the "collections" of the society 316 pages in Vol. 9; 462 pages in Vol. 10; 337 pages in Vol. 11; 315 pages in Vol. 12; 687 pages in Vol. 15; and 707 pages in Vol. 16; making a total of 2,824 pages now printed in the volumes of the society.

In addition to this we have copies of these documents now in readiness for the printer, more than enough for two volumes of the "collections" of 700 pages each, besides that received since the last annual meeting of this society.

In the past year the committee has received from Ottawa 4,360 folios of copy of manuscript taken from the files in the Canadian archives, of which 350 are translations from the French. This work is still in progress, and it is the intention of the committee to continue this work until the archives at Ottawa are fully explored.

When it is understood that the papers copied are all of the official and other records relating to Michigan, from the time of the earliest French explorations down to and including the French and English occupation with the records of the Indian treaties and wars as well as the French and English wars, the war of the Revolution or Independence and that of 1812, with the correspondence relative to the surrender of the territory after the close of the war of 1812, then some comprehension of the historical importance of these papers may be formed.

The Canadian government, with commendable liberality and zeal,

have had and are having copied all matter in the archives in London and Paris relating to the Dominion, and from these, by generous kindness of the Dominion government, the employés of the committee are allowed to copy all papers relating to Michigan.

The committee have been given every possible facility and assistance in the accomplishment of this work by Douglass Brymner, Esq., archivist in the historical department at Ottawa, of the Dominion government, by whose active and considerate coöperation the work of the committee has been and is being so successfully prosecuted.

There have been published two volumes of "Pioneer and Historical Collections" since the annual meeting of the society in June, 1891. Volume seventeen containing 732 pages, and Volume eighteen of 733 pages.

VOLUME SEVENTEEN

The proceedings of the annual meeting of the society for 1890 are published in this volume, as are also the papers read at that time. It also contains other papers that had been contributed to the society previous to 1890.

While all are of interest the committee would call particular attention to the following, the "Early History of Clinton County;" "Township of Atlas, Genesee County;" "Condensed Early History of Several Townships in Washtenaw County;" "Laying the Corner Stone of the Allegan County Court House, and the first Settlement and Organization of the Townships;" "Historical Sketch of Medina and Deerfield Townships, Lenawee County;" "Some Fragments of Beginnings in the Grand River Valley;" "History of the Township of Shelby, Macomb County;" "Bench and Bar of Berrien County;" "Reminiscences of Pioneer Ministers of Michigan;" "The Press of Kalamazoo;" "The Public Service of Sanford M. Green;" "The Making of Michigan;" "New England Influence in Michigan;" "Development of Western Michigan;" "Incidents of Pioneer Life in the Upper Peninsula;" "Early History of St. Clair County;" "Recollections of Saginaw Valley fifty-two Years Ago;" "Old Settlers from European Countries;" "Expedition to Detroit and to Sandusky, Ohio, in 1793, of the Commissioners of the United States and the Quakers of Philadelphia, in the Interest of Peace with the Indians, being a Diary of the Quakers of the tour from Philadelphia to Detroit, the Sojourn among the Indians, and the return Trip;" "Saginaw One Hundred Years Ago."

VOLUME EIGHTEEN

In volume eighteen are published the proceedings of the annual meet-

ing of 1891, with the reports of the recording and corresponding secretaries and the committee of historians, together with the papers read at that meeting, as well as papers previously furnished the society, the publication of which had been postponed for want of space.

In this volume the following articles will be found to be of more than ordinary interest: "Pioneer Recollections;" "War Times in the Copper Mines;" "The Press of Michigan;" "The Old Academy and Seminary, the Classic Schools of Our Pioneer Days;" Education in the University of Michigan;" "Pioneer Farming;" "1825—Michigan then and Michigan now—1891;" "Early Recollections;" "Residents of Bay County in 1847;" "The Old Court House in Saginaw;" "Settlement of Williamston;" "1840—Baptist Church of Portland, Semi-Centennial Address—1890;" "Early History of Macomb County;" "History of Benzie County;" "Early Settlers of Northfield, Washtenaw County;" "Battle of the Bee Tree, Sutton's Corners, Washtenaw County, in 1826;" "An Old Time Murder in Northfield in 1825;" "Some of the Beginnings of St. Joseph County;" "First Settlement of Sturgis Prairie;" "Early Elections in Farmington, Oakland County;" "Kalamazoo County Pioneer Society at Long Lake;" "Reminiscences of Kalamazoo;" "Early Days of the Presbyterian and Congregational Churches at Kalamazoo;" "Settlement of Branch County;" "Old Homesteads and Old Residents of Jackson County;" "Detroit in 1796;" "Mackinaw;" "King Strang;" "A Michigan Monarchy;" "The Island of Mackinaw;" "Beautiful Belle Isle;" "History of Fort Gratiot."

The committee would ask of the members of this society, and of the members of all the county pioneer societies of the State the careful consideration of the memorial reports in the eighteen volumes of "collections" published by the society.

The committee makes this request because of its belief that the importance of these reports is not well understood or appreciated by the vice-presidents, the members, or the general public.

The vice-presidents who have made reports have done so in a satisfactory manner, but there are many, too many, counties from which the vice-presidents for those counties have made no reports.

While each separate report may be thought to be of little consequence yet when taken in the aggregate all will at once understand their importance in connection with the history of Michigan. The memorial reports in volumes seventeen and eighteen each occupy over 200 pages. These reports come from but twenty-four counties in volume seventeen, and from but twenty-one counties in volume eighteen.

It is doubtful if better material for the history of Michigan can be

found anywhere than in the memorial reports published in the eighteen volumes of the Pioneer and Historical Collections of this society, for it must be borne in mind that the obituary notices are, among others, more particularly of those of the pioneers, of the first settlers in these counties, and in many of them are such details as give the most important facts connected with the first settlements; giving details not to be found elsewhere, or obtained from any other source.

In view of their importance the committee wish to urge in the strongest possible manner the necessity for obtaining reports from every county in the State, and that these reports should not be made up from the returns of deaths in the townships made by the supervisors to the county clerks, but that pains be taken to obtain, preserve and forward to the corresponding secretary of this society all of the obituary notices of pioneers published in the papers of the county. Certainly each and every county in Michigan ought to have, and must have within its borders some citizen who will undertake to do this work for the preservation of the history of his county, which otherwise would be forever lost.

History is made by men, and the only manner in which the history of the settlement of the counties of Michigan can be obtained is by preserving a record of the actions of its first inhabitants, however they may have been, or however insignificant their actions may at first sight appear. When these obituary notices are taken as found in full in these reports they will give the historian the data for a correct history of the settlement of the State of Michigan.

The range of time in which these settlements were made is so great, and comes down to so recent a period that by now giving this matter proper consideration and attention much valuable information can be obtained for many years to come.

There are many men in most of the counties in this State who were among the first settlers in the counties in which they are now living.

To the vice-presidents of this society whose duty it is to make the memorial reports the committee would appeal for such action as would secure returns from every county in the State.

The committee would also be pleased if the secretary of every county pioneer society in the State would make a report annually of its proceedings for publication in the collections of the society.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

MICHAEL SHOEMAKER
Chairman

LANSING, MICH., *June 1, 1892*

REPORT OF THE MEMORIAL COMMITTEE

ALLEGAN COUNTY

BY DON C. HENDERSON

Name	Died	Age		
		Years	Months	Days
Daniel J. Arnold	April 7, 1892	53	4	20
Mary A. Baird	Aug. 21, 1891	62	10	5
Betsey Bigsby	Jan'y 14, 1892	88	0	5
John Cook	Sept. 16, 1891	66	10	6
Julia F. Eager	Jan'y 18, 1892	74	7	10
J. Scott Eddy	Feb. 22, 1892	78	8	14
C. O. Hamline	Nov. 21, 1891	78	9	20
George E. Jewett	March 21, 1892	63	3	1
Albert Lane	April 4, 1892	65	10	11
William John McKee	Dec. 17, 1891	75	2	28
Samuel H. Marble	Oct. 14, 1891	72	5	7
Eliza S. Miner	April 6, 1891	84	5	22
Margary S. Monteith	Dec. 8, 1891	78	6	0
Boyd W. Phillips	March 8, 1892	78	7	12
Porter Rood	May 11, 1892	70	3	20
Loren Sage	Jan'y 18, 1892	81	8	11
Harrison S. Weeks	Jan'y 19, 1892	47	3	14
Eliza Wilcox	June 5, 1892	66	0	24
Lydia Woodhams	Sept. 3, 1891	71	7	22

The following were taken from the report of the Allegan County Pioneer Society:

JUDGE DAN. J. ARNOLD.—Dan. J. Arnold died in Washington, D. C., where he had gone for his health, April 7, 1892. He was a native of Allegan county, being born in Gun Plain, Nov. 17, 1838. Was educated in the district school, and the graded school at Otsego. He afterwards studied law and took a law course in the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, being a member of the first class graduated, in 1861. After studying another year in Kalamazoo, he came to Allegan, forming a

partnership with the late E. B. Bassett, Esq., whose eldest daughter he married, and who with five children survive him. He was afterward for several years a law partner of Hon. John W. Stone, and later for brief periods, with Hon. W. B. Williams and with Phillip Padgham, Esq. He was elected judge of probate in 1864, serving in that capacity eight years. He was appointed circuit judge at the resignation of Judge John W. Stone, in 1873, and was subsequently elected, retaining the office until his death, being twice elected without any opposing candidate. He was at times member of the Allegan school board, of the village council, and president of the village. His friends twice supported him for nomination as justice of the supreme court of the State, but political combinations and his indisposition to assert his own claims prevented their success. Judge Arnold was, as a man and a citizen, held in highest estimation, and confidence in his integrity was absolute—one of the few who having no enemies did not spoil him. His legal acumen was so great that but few appeals were taken from his rulings, and in a great majority of those his decisions were sustained by the supreme court. He took an active interest in all projects to advance the interests of his home town as well as in religious and educational work and from the first was one of the main supporters of the Episcopal church, of which he was a member and most of the time was one of its officers. His private life fully accorded with his Christian professions. Judge Arnold never forgot the farm life of his youth nor ceased to turn with fondness to it. He owned three farms and personally cared for one and sometimes two of them—nor would he cease these labors until failing health compelled him.

"None knew him but to love him,
None mentioned but to praise."

1720900

His age was fifty-three years four months and twenty days.

Mrs. Mary A. Baird.—Mrs. Mary A. Baird died at Hopkins, Aug. 21, 1891, where she had lived since coming to Michigan in the spring of 1856, when at the age of five years her family moved from her native place in New Haven Conn., to the state of New York, where they resided three years, and thence to Twinsburgh, Summit county, Ohio, where she spent her younger days and was married to Mr. Baird February 9, 1849. Her father, Deacon Jared Atwater was of Puritan stock and numbered many a minister and deacon of the family name. Mrs. Baird's early residence in Hopkins was truly pioneer, assisting her husband in procuring a home, friends and the comforts accompanying thrift. A devoted Christian wife and mother, her church, family,

and a large circle of friends who enjoyed her counsel and sympathy will sadly miss her. Her age was sixty-two years, ten months and five days.

James M. Ballou.—James M. Ballou died in Otsego, January 26, 1892. He was born in Mayfield, near Cleveland, Ohio, January 24, 1836. "The family moved to Parkville, St. Joseph county, Mich., where he grew to manhood, completing his education at the State Normal School, graduating in 1862, and in the same year became principal of the Otsego public schools, which position he held several years and until chosen county superintendent of schools." He finally engaged in the manufacture of fanning mills and other wooden articles and running a planing mill for general custom work in Otsego, in which, as in all his undertakings, he was successful. The places of public trust to which he was called were, member of the Otsego board of education for eight years; trustee of the village six years; clerk and assessor thereof four years; member of the State board of education six years—its president two years; member of State board of geological survey; president of the county Sunday school association, besides almost constant official position in the Congregational churches of Otsego and Allegan. In 1863 he married Miss Laura Foster, a fellow teacher in the Otsego public schools, who with one daughter, Mrs. J. D. Woodbeck, and a young son, survive him. Mr. Ballou was a Republican in politics. He was kind and courteous in his intercourse with everyone; a devout consistent Christian gentlemen and a zealous temperance advocate. Mrs. Ballou writes, "His last rational sentence was 'Do not give me any liquor.'" Mr. Reid of the Gazette, one of his pupils, says of him: "To his pupils he has kindly and helpful in high degree, meeting their efforts at advancement with aid that was all but parental in its earnestness and was inspiring and even affectionate." His age was fifty-six years and two days.

Mrs. Betsey Bigsby.—Mrs. Betsey Bigsby died in Pine Plains, January 14, 1892. She was born in Brookfield, Madison county, N. Y., January 9, 1804, and came to Allegan, with her husband and children, in November, 1845, and settled on the farm adjoining the county farm on the west, then right in the woods. She and her family extended a cordial hospitality to strangers as well as neighbors. No one in want or suffering was ever turned away from their door. For several years past Mrs. Bigsby had made her home with her eldest daughter, Mrs. George Peet. Her age was eighty-eight years and five months.

JOHN COOK.—John Cook died in Allegan, September 16, 1891. Born in Bedfordshire, Eng., November 10, 1824, and emigrated to America with his father's family, settling in Rochester, N. Y., when but six years old, where they lived seven years; coming to Allegan with Joshua Hudson in 1837, working upon the first mill race, staying in town about eighteen months. The family moved upon the Hudson farm and lived two years, from which they moved upon and cleared up the farm now owned by his younger brother, George. John worked out for Ira Chaffee and others at lumbering until his marriage with Miss Julia Ashley, when the young couple moved upon and improved the farm now owned by Judge Hart. He finally sold out and moved upon the place he owned and occupied at the time of his death. He was the father of nine children, seven of whom survive him. A good neighbor and warm friend, and "God's noblest work, an honest man." His age was sixty-six years, ten months and six days.

MRS. JULIA F. EAGER.—Mrs. Julia F. Eager died January 18, 1892. Julia Fox was born at Royalton, Vt., June 8, 1817. She was married in Vermont to Charles Parkhurst, Esq., and came with him to Allegan in 1839, where they kept the Allegan House. They afterwards moved to Otsego, where she was subsequently married to Benjamin Eager, Esq. They moved to Allegan in 1864 and kept the Exchange Hotel for several years and where Mr. Eager died in 1877. She was the mother of Mrs. H. B. Peck, of Kalamazoo, and Edward Parkhurst, who died in Louisiana during the war, and of Judson, Fred and Lizzie Eager, who are all still living. "Mrs. Eager was a woman of high character who won many friends in both towns of her residence, and she died with the respect and regret of the entire community." Her age was seventy-four years, seven months and ten days.

JOHN S. EDDY.—John S. Eddy died in Ganges, February 22, 1892. He was born in Marion, Wayne county, N. Y., in 1813, where he grew to manhood—was the fourth child in a family of eight brothers and one sister; was married in the fall of 1836 and moved to Cattaraugus county, where he remained till he came to Allegan in 1858. In 1860 he purchased the land, then a wilderness, upon which he settled and cleared and where he remained until his death. A farmer all his days; Republican in politics, but never aspired to public office, although his father served two or three terms in the N. Y. assembly. Mr. Eddy, in religious belief, was a Spiritualist, a man of kindly instincts, hospitable, a kind husband, father and neighbor. His age was seventy-eight years, eight months and fourteen days.

Mrs. Mary E. Edgell.—Mrs. Mary E. Edgell died in Hopkins, February 13, 1892. She was born in Lanesborough, Mass., December 20, 1840. When seven years of age, she, with a widowed mother, moved to Twinsburg, Ohio, where she remained until her eighteenth year, when she came to Hopkins, Mich., in 1858. For two years she engaged in teaching district schools. On December 15, 1861, she was married to William Edgell, at Hopkins. She was one of the most faithful of wives, a kind and gentle mother and was loved and respected by all who knew her; always willing to do all in her power to relieve the wants of the needy. Her age was fifty-one years, one month and twenty-three days.

Johannes Elenbaas.—Johannes Elenbaas died at Holland, June 10, 1891. He was born in Zeeland, Netherlands, January 18, 1818, and came to America in 1846, remaining at Albany, N. Y. until the spring of 1847, when he came to Michigan, one of the first of the "Holland Colony."[1] He worked at his trade (masonry) in Kalamazoo and Allegan about ten years, during which time he married at Allegan. About the year 1858 he moved upon his land in Fillmore with his young family and cleared up his farm, upon which he lived about twenty-six years, when he rented his place and moved to Holland where he remained until his death. Always a very active, industrious, and frugal man, he accumulated a competence. His widow and unmarried children still live in Holland. He was a gentleman of positive opinions, great tenacity of purpose, very conscientious, an active church member, and a good citizen generally. His age was seventy-three years, four months, and twenty-two days.

Charles O. Hamline.—Charles O. Hamline died in Ganges, November 21, 1891. He was born in Lexington, Stark county, Ohio, February 1, 1813. His parents were natives of Virginia who settled in Ohio at an early day. His educational advantages were very limited. He lived on the farm with his father until he was twenty years old, when he learned blacksmithing; was married December 14, 1837, to Miss Margaret (M.) Fisher, remained in his native town and worked at his trade until the spring of 1846, when he moved to Michigan, remaining in Battle Creek six months, when he moved to Ganges township upon the land of which he made a farm and where he remained until his death. He was the first blacksmith who settled on the lake shore and consequently his services were in good demand and drew custom from near South Haven to Saugatuck and was a warm personal friend of the late Doctor C. B. Goodrich. He built the first pier on this portion of Lake Michigan,

[1]See this series Vol. 9, pp. 222-341, for history of Hollanders.

now known as "Glenn Pier."[1] He was a man whom the pioneers in his vicinity hold in kindly remembrance. His age was seventy-eight years, nine months and twenty days.

GEORGE E. JEWETT.—George E. Jewett died in Allegan, March 22, (21) 1892. He was born at Alma, Lincoln county, Maine, December 20, 1828, and remained with his parents at the old home until he was sixteen years old, where he worked at lumbering until 1848, when he came with his brother, Nathaniel, to Saugatuck, working at lumbering till 1853. He then came to Allegan and commenced clearing the land which he had previously purchased and upon which he made his home and spent the remainder of his days. He married Miss Constance A. Bingham in 1855. Mr. Jewett possessed those qualities which lead to financial success and which consequently produced in his business associates a large degree of confidence. He was president of the Farmer's Mutual Insurance Company of Allegan and Ottawa counties, director of the Allegan County Coöperative Association fifteen years, and chairman of the executive committee. In politics he was a Prohibitionist, though not seeking political preferment. Enterprising, hospitable, possessing elements that go to make a pioneer—his will knew no obstacle. His age was sixty-three years, three months and two (one) days.

ALBERT LANE.—Albert Lane died in Hopkins, April 14, 1892. He was born in Twinsburg, Ohio, May 23, 1826, where he lived with his parents until he was twenty-one, when he went to Killingworth, Ct., and taught school three years, and then to Winnebago, Ill., and remained a year. In October, 1854, he came to Hopkins and purchased land, and, with Herman White, kept "bachelors's hall" a few months. December 1, 1855, he married Miss Delia Andrews, of Hopkins. They lived, the first three years, in a log house on the William Edgell farm and then moved upon the farm where they have lived thirty-four years and where he died. Mr. Lane enjoyed, in an unusual degree, the confidence of his fellow townsmen, who repeatedly elected him to the office of supervisor, besides honoring him at various times with every civil office in the township. He was converted and joined the church when barely twenty-one years old, was the only surviving charter member of the Congregational church in Hopkins, which he helped to build, holding at various times every lay office in the church, and at his death was the senior deacon. He was also among the people from Ohio who clustered about the hamlet of Hopkins, which gave to the locality near the name of "Ohio Corners." He was patient in misfortune and suffering, liberal to all worthy objects, especially to his church and to missions; a generous friend and neighbor,

[1]Mr. Hamline was the father of thirteen children, one died in the Civil War and ten grew to man and womanhood. He built the first pier in Ganges in 1860; this is now known as Clapp Pier. *His. Allegan Co.*, p. 214.

and a kind and affectionate husband and father; a man of sterling integrity, whose place in society cannot be easily refilled. His age was sixty-five years, ten months and eleven days.

Samuel H. Marble.—Samuel H. Marble died in Cheshire, October 14, 1891. Born and lived in Dunham, Canada, E., until twenty-one years of age, when the family moved to St. Lawrence county, N. Y., in 1840, where he remained until 1853, when he moved to McHenry county, Ill. In 1860 he settled in Cheshire on the farm he occupied until his death. Mr. Marble, though of slight physical form, was an industrious, hard working, frugal man; hospitable, a kind and indulgent husband and father, generous neighbor, fearless and uncompromising in maintaining what he thought right, though peaceable in all his ways. In short, an upright man and model citizen. His age was seventy-two years, five months and seven days.

William J. McKee.—William John McKee was born in Deerfield, Oneida county, N. Y., August 9, 1816, and died at his home in Trowbridge, December 14, (17) 1891. He was of Scotch-Irish extraction, though both of his parents were born in the northern part of Ireland, his father's people originally coming from Scotland. When a child of six years of age his parents moved to Niagara county, N. Y., where they lived until the subject of this sketch was ten years old. Having purchased a home in the almost unbroken wilds of western Canada, in the county of Wellington, his parents moved their large family thither in 1827. At first their nearest neighbor was ten miles away and their nearest store and mill forty miles. The distance and the condition of the roads made it impossible for them to go to mill or for groceries in less time than a week. Once, by reason of a breakdown of the wagon, the family was brought almost to the point of starvation, having to eat beans for two or three days. The howl of the wolf, the scream of the panther and the grunt of the black bear made their nights hideous. The first winter they fed their cattle on browse. Their meat market was the forest and stream where the deer and the trout were in abundance. Their market for a few years was Toronto, fifty miles away. When twenty-one years old Mr. McKee left the old home and went away to learn the trades of tanning and shoemaking. In 1840 he was married to Miss Mary Margaret Moote, of Esquesing, Canada, and settled down in Erin village to carry on his trade. For a time he was very successful, employing a number of men and doing an extensive business; but he had always admired the United States, intending to find a home there as soon as possible; so in 1857, with severe reverses

in his business, there came the determination to move to Michigan. In the spring of 1858 he came to Otsego and bought a farm of 120 acres of Jabez Higgins. This farm proved to be almost worthless, being the poorest of pine land. Selling at a great sacrifice after three years of failure in crops, he moved his family to what was at that time the "Orr" farm in Trowbridge, where he lived three years, when he bought a farm of a Mr. Hopkins on section 36, Trowbridge. Here he lived, struggling hard but gradually accumulating property until his death. Mr. McKee was a man of superior gifts. He was blessed with an iron constitution, an indomitable will and unfaltering courage. He knew no fear. Limited in his educational advantages he made the most of his opportunities for intellectual improvement. He was a fine reader and excelled as a conversationalist. His fund of anecdotes was well nigh inexhaustible and few excelled him in telling a story. He was an ideal citizen, cheerful and courteous at all times, having the best interests of society always at heart. He was a wise father, an affectionate husband and an earnest Christian. He reached his three score and fifteen with his powers almost intact and died after an illness of about four days, an illness brought on by over-anxiety for his sick boy. He left a wife, the companion of his life, and five children to follow in his footsteps and to rise up and call him blessed. His age was seventy-five years, four (two) months and five (twenty-eight) days.

William T. Monteith.—William T. Monteith died in Martin, December 7, 1891. He descended from the Monteiths of Stirling, Scotland, who trace their lineage back to the early days of Scotch history. His grandfather emigrated to America prior to the American Revolution, in which he took an active part, settling in Broadalbin, N. Y. William T. was born in Broadalbin, August 7, 1813. When about a year old the family moved to Caledonia, N. Y., where he grew to manhood. With his brother, Walter, he came to Martin in May, 1836, assisting him to start on land bought by his father the year previous. Not long after he returned to New York and remained until his marriage in May, 1839. He soon returned to Martin with his wife and settled on the quarter section where he resided till his death. Mr. Monteith was for over fifty years a member and elder of the Presbyterian church, and for over twenty-five years superintendent of the Sunday school. Republican in politics, he was elected supervisor four terms, justice of the peace sixteen years, and town clerk and road commissioner each one year. Ever ready to extend a helping hand to those needing assistance, he is

remembered by his neighbors with gratitude and affection. His age was seventy-eight years, four months and nine days.

Mrs. Margary S. Monteith.—Mrs. Margary Sinclair Monteith died in Martin, May 6, 1892 (Dec. 8, 1891). Was born in Caledonia, Livingston Co., N. Y., June 9, 1813, of Scotch parents, who emigrated to America and settled in Caledonia some years previous. She was married to William T. Monteith, May 16, 1839, and celebrated their golden wedding, May 16, 1889. Soon after their marriage she came with her husband to Martin, where she lived on the place they first settled the balance of her life, Mrs. Monteith surviving her husband but five months and one day. She was a member of the different branches of the Presbyterian church for about sixty years, but her profession was in deeds more than in words, and she will long be remembered with esteem and affection by all who knew her. "Her realm was her home." Her age was seventy-eight years, ten (six) months and (0) twenty-five days.

Boyd W. Phillips.—Boyd W. Phillips died in Allegan, March 8, 1892. Born at Manlius, Onondaga county, N. Y., August 16, 1813; came to Michigan in 1836—then a territory—settling in Cass county. In December, 1853, he came to Allegan and soon after moved into the old Pine Plains house, which he kept many years, and afterwards, for a short time, kept hotel at Saugatuck. He was three times married: first, in Lockport, N. Y., to Miss Harriet A. Barton, who died in Cass county, in 1846; second, in Pine Plains,[1] to Mrs. Pamelia Cook; and third, at Saugatuck, to Mrs. Kate Sherwood, who, with two sons and a daughter, survive him. Mr. Phillips was religiously a Universalist. He was well known by all the early settlers in western Allegan county. His age was seventy-eight years, seven months and twelve days.

William Porter.—William Porter died in Trowbridge, July 14, 1891. He settled in Trowbridge in 1836, on the farm where he died. He was engaged in lumbering somewhat extensively, and built two sawmills on his farm. He was twice married, first to a Miss Billings and later to Mrs. Payne, mother of Barney Payne, Esq. He was a man of iron constitution, with great powers of endurance, possessed much force of character and good executive ability, and was much respected in the community. His age was eighty-one years and six months.

Porter Rood.—Porter Rood died in Allegan, May 11, 1892. He was a native of Binghamton, N. Y. When sixteen years old he came

[1]Pine Plains was the 13th settlement in Allegan Co., started by T. M. West and Daniel Ammerman in 1838.

with his family to Allegan, in 1838, and subsequently settled in Trowbridge, where he helped his father clear up his farm, working sometimes in the pail factory of Garrison & Southworth. He sold the homestead in Trowbridge in 1882, since which, being a bachelor, he made his home with his brother-in-law, Ira Davison, and his niece, Mrs. J. H. Wetmore. He had the keenest sense of justice, was of very sympathetic disposition, and could not bear to see the strong torture or oppress the weak. His age was seventy years, three months and twenty days.

Loren Sage.—Loren Sage died January 18, 1892. He was born in Champaign, N. Y., May 7, 1810, coming to Allegan county and settling in Ganges, November 8, 1848. He subsequently purchased what used to be called the Winslow farm, now owned by Robert Foster, where he resided many years. For several years he carried the mail between Allegan and Saugatuck, and passengers to Kalamazoo (at that time our nearest railroad point). Subsequently, on account of financial and domestic misfortunes, he became greatly impoverished and died a charge upon public charity. Mr. Sage was a man of much enterprise and industry and respected by his acquaintances. His age was eighty-one years, eight months and eleven days.

John H. Sweezy.—John H. Sweezy died in Monterey, July 3, 1891. He was one of the earliest pioneers, coming to Allegan in February, 1836, in the employ of Alexander L. Ely, Esq., from Rochester, N. Y., to assist in building the first dam in Allegan. After working at lumbering, clearing land, and boating on the Kalamazoo river[1] until 1847, he went, that spring, with Mr. Ely to Cedar Rapids, Iowa, to assist in damming the Cedar river at that place, and while there made a trip to St. Louis, Mo., on business for Mr. Ely. Returning to Allegan in 1858, he was engaged several years in lumbering for different parties and in boating for the Bushes—father and son—but finally returned to his farm in Monterey, where he remained until his death. He was an industrious, hard working, worthy citizen, and did his full share toward subduing the wilderness of Allegan county and preparing it for the comforts of civilization. He was twice married first in Rochester, N. Y., in 1834, to Elizabeth Wilcox, who died in 1863, and later to Mrs. Maria Kingston of Heath, in this county, and was the father of sixteen children, eleven of whom are still living. His age was seventy-nine years, eight months, and twenty-seven days.

Capt. Harrison S. Weeks.—Capt. Harrison S. Weeks died January 19, 1892. He was a native of Allegan, being born here October 15,

[1]For origin and meaning of name see Vol. XXXVIII, p. 455, this series.

1844, spending his early days in Allegan. He was appointed to West Point Military Academy, July 1, 1864, and was graduated in June, 1868, receiving a second lieutenant's commission and joined his regiment in Nevada, June 15, 1869; was made first lieutenant December 28, 1871, and commissioned captain April 4, 1875. He was married to Miss Julia Shoemaker, at Fort Union, New Mexico. Captain Weeks spent nearly the whole of his life in active military service upon the frontier, experiencing much hardship, suffering twice from sunstroke, which finally culminated in an affection of the heart, on account of which his retirement, September 28, 1889, from active service became necessary. He was a thorough soldier, full of courage, cool and self-possessed, and of mature judgment and, like all brave men, modest. A kind and indulgent husband and father and an honest, upright man. His age was forty-seven years, three months and four days.

Mrs. Lydia Woodhams.—Mrs. Lydia Woodhams died in Plainwell, September 3, 1891. Lydia Brigham, daughter of Deacon Curtis Brigham, was born in Boston, Mass., January 11, 1820, and came to Richland, Kalamazoo county, in December, 1833, from whence the family moved into Gun Plain township among the earliest settlers. She was married to William Y. Gilkey, December 17, 1845, living in Gun Plain about three years, when they moved to Prairieville, Barry county, remaining there until Mr. Gilkey's death, which occurred January 13, 1868. Mrs. Gilkey afterwards married William H. Woodhams, Esq., of Gun Plain, whom she survived over four years. Her age was seventy-one years, seven months and twenty-two days.

The recording secretary has ascertained, by sending out circulars, that the following members have died in former years, but their names for some reason, have failed to be reported:

Jonathan B. Alexander.—Jonathan B. Alexander died in Watson, January 5, 1890. He was born in Oswegatchie, N. Y., February 8, 1820. In 1831 the family moved to Cleveland, Ohio, and soon after to Whitney county, Ind., where his father died. In 1841, at the age of twenty-one, he came to Allegan and spent most of the next eight years in boating on the Kalamazoo river for Amos P. Bush, Esq., and working upon the farm of Daniel Emerson, Esq. In 1850 he married Miss Anna B. Osborn and settled upon his farm in Watson, where he had commenced a small clearing and where he remained until his death. Mr. Alexander entertained peculiar views regarding both religious and political matters. I do not think, however, that his worst enemy would

accuse him of being otherwise than honest in his convictions, as he certainly was honorable in his pecuniary transactions. His age was sixty-nine years, ten months and twenty-seven days.

William Allen.—William Allen died in Otsego, May 30, 1890. He was born in Canada East, March 20, 1809, and came to Allegan in the fall of 1836, afterward settling in Watson and moving from there to Otsego. I have no doubt there are many of the first settlers who are acquainted with his history, but I have been unable to learn more than the above regarding him. His age was eighty-three years, two months and ten days.

Samuel A. Atkins.—Samuel A. Atkins died in Watson, April 30, 1888. He was born in Locke, N. Y., May 20, 1805, and settled in Watson in April, 1837, being one of the first settlers in that township. His age was eighty-two years, eleven months and ten days.

Capt. John E. Babbitt.—Capt. John E. Babbitt died March 25, 1890, at Coldwater, Mich. He came to Allegan June 22, 1849. Capt. Babbitt held many offices of trust, being several years justice of the peace and was admitted to the bar as a lawyer in Allegan county. At the breaking out of the rebellion he assisted in raising several companies of both infantry and cavalry, going out in the 8th Michigan Cavalry as 2d Lieut., Co. F., and after taking an honorable part in many engagements with the enemy, was promoted to captain in said regiment. He was buried in Allegan cemetery. His age was sixty-one years and nine months.

Rev. Wm. C. H. Bliss.—Rev. William C. H. Bliss, died April 25, 1890. He came to Allegan in July, 1836; preached in Allegan and adjoining counties to both whites and Indians; was a circuit preacher in all parts of Allegan county. He was a truly good man, suffering many privations in the early days of the county, going in all kinds of weather and in unheard of places to comfort the sick or speak a kind, encouraging word to the dying, often without money, provisions or the comforts of life, trying to preach the gospel of Christ and save souls; many were benefitted by his preaching and kindness of heart. His age was eighty-seven years, nine months and one day.

Mrs. Ruth E. Booth.—Mrs. Ruth E. Booth, died February 10, 1890. She came to Allegan October 10, 1836, the wife of Judge Henry H. Booth. Many old settlers will remember her tall comely form when she first came to the wilds of Allegan, and the sensation created their first

Sunday at meeting in the old Presbyterian church of former days. Mrs. Booth contributed cheerfully for charitable objects in Allegan while living, and left most of her property to missions. Her age was seventy-eight years and eight months.

Mrs. Eliza A. Bradley.—Mrs. Eliza A. Bradley died in Martin, March 29, 1889. She was born in New Windsor, N. Y., Nov. 20, 1804, and came to Wayland in December, 1843. Her age was eighty-four years, four months and nine days.

Mrs. Janette Brown.—Mrs. Janette Brown died in Martin in 1885. She was born in Plymouth, Wayne county, Michigan, March 18, 1832, and came to Martin when but ten years old. Her age was about fifty-three years.

Ira Chaffee.—Ira Chaffee died August 18, 1889. He came to Allegan July 2, 1836, was foreman in the first sawmill in Allegan, assisted in the erection of the Stout mill, on Swan Creek, where J. D. Bush built a mill years afterwards. This mill was built by and under supervision of Levi Loomis, of Ganges. Mr. Chaffee was connected with the lumber business many years in Allegan, also in railroading, and built the first pier at the mouth of the Kalamazoo river, was a pioneer in steamboating[1] on the Kalamazoo river, and anything that would benefit Allegan and give employment to labor. His age was seventy-seven years, one month and sixteen days.

John H. Colburn.—John H. Colburn died February 19, 1890. He came to Allegan, May 17, 1836, moved to the town of Trowbridge soon after, where he resided until his death; was a much respected citizen, as were nearly all the early pioneers of Allegan county. His age was sixty years, seven months and ten days.

Mrs. Elizabeth R. Colburn.—Mrs. Elizabeth R. Colburn died in Allegan, March 2, 1891. She was a consistent member of the M. E. church for the last twenty-five years; a lady of great industry, of kindly, charitable disposition, quiet and modest in her deportment, and devoted to her husband and children. Her age was seventy-two years and four months.

Ira Davison.—Ira Davison died in Allegan, April 4, 1890. Losing his mother in infancy, he was raised by and lived with his eldest sister until old enough to earn his own living, when he learned the carpenter's trade and followed it all his life. He was married in Binghamton, N. Y., to Miss Julia A. Rood, who survives him. In 1838, with his wife

[1]Ship-timber being plenty caused much ship building at Saugatuck, situated at the mouth of the Kalamazoo river which empties more water into Lake Michigan than any other stream.

and two little children, he moved to Trowbridge upon land which was afterward known as the "Rood farm," now owned, I think, by Mr. Turnbull, and which was then a wilderness, remaining there about five years. He then settled on the L. Y. Cady farm, up the river from Allegan, which he cleared up and upon which he built two houses, selling the first to Mr. L. Brewer, with part of the farm, and the other, with the balance of the farm, to Judge John W. Stone. Soon after (the family having all "swarmed"), they went to live with their eldest daughter, Mrs. J. H. Wetmore, where he died. Many old buildings which have become landmarks around Allegan and vicinity testify to his skill as an artizan, among which is the old "Pine Grove Seminary,"[1] now known as the old high school building, situated on the hill in the west part of the village. Mr. Davison was a cheerful companion; perhaps rather too fond of a practical joke, but with no malice in his composition. His age was eighty-one years, seven months and six days.

Mrs. Sophronia Dyer.—Mrs. Sophronia Dyer died in Otsego, May 1, 1886. Sophronia Scott was married early in life to Gould Foster, who died about forty years ago, leaving her with quite a family of small children. Later she became the wife of Mr. Benjamin Dyer, an early pioneer of Allegan township. The recording secretary is unacquainted with her history and character further than above. Her age was sixty-seven years, three months and three days.

John C. Emery.—John C. Emery died in Plainwell, December 21, 1884. He came to Gun Plain in 1844, and was at the time of his death seventy-two years, seven months and twenty-one days old.

Wells Field.—Wells Field died in Allegan, December 6, 1890. He came to Allegan in June, 1836, in the employ of the late Col. Joseph Fisk, as salesman and accountant, with whom he remained a year or two, when he moved into the Allegan House, which he occupied as landlord a year. In 1839 or 1840 he moved with his young family into the woods in Watson township and cleared up his farm, upon which he remained most of the time until 1855, when he returned to Allegan and built the house in which he resided until his death. He served the township of Watson several terms as supervisor, besides filling several other town offices, and after moving to Allegan was elected member of the village board several times. Mr. Field was a gentleman of quiet, modest, unassuming ways, highly respected by those who knew him best; and it can be truly said of him, I think, that whatever position of trust he was called to fill was bestowed upon him unsolicited

[1]See appendix.

and because of his fitness to discharge its duties, and that the confidence reposed in him by his fellow citizens was never betrayed. He leaves a family of children highly respected in the community in which they live. His age was eighty-four years, five months and six days.

Mary A. Field.—Mary A. Field died March 17, 1890. She came to Allegan, June 6, 1836, living in Allegan nearly fifty-four years, coming from New York state out into the western wilderness and living to see Allegan changed from a forest to a thriving, civilized village. Her age was seventy-nine years, seven months and eleven days.

Gorum W. Gorton.—Gorum W. Gorton died in Watson, March 21, 1882. He remained on the farm with his father in Monroe county, N. Y., until twenty-one years old, when he came into Watson in 1849 and bought the land upon which he made his home until his death, bringing his bride into his wilderness home three years later. He was not a robust man and helped in the support of his family by acting as insurance agent. He was a consistent member of the Free-Will Baptist church, modest and quiet in his demeanor, a good neighbor, and a kind and indulgent husband and father. His age was fifty-two years, six months and twenty-two days.

Alexander Henderson.—Alexander Henderson died June 24, 1890. He came with his parents from Thurso, Scotland, and settled in Allegan in 1838, helping with his brothers to clear up a farm in Trowbridge, in this county. Mr. Henderson was an early boatman on the Kalamazoo river under Capt. L. W. Watkins; also attained the rank of captain on a river boat himself, served as sheriff of the county, and for several years as mail agent between Allegan and Muskegon. He was a leading Republican and a good and reliable citizen, esteemed by a large circle of acquaintances. He was firm in his convictions of right and justice. He was a brother of D. C. Henderson, who founded the newspaper called the "Allegan Journal." His age was sixty-nine years, eight months and sixteen days.

Mrs. Harriet E. B. Higgins.—Mrs. Harriet E. Blackman Higgins died May 10, 1890, at Otsego. She came to Allegan with her parents in March, 1839, when not quite eleven years of age. She was of a remarkably pleasant disposition, a very entertaining companion, a warm friend, kind neighbor, and a beloved school-teacher, all of which can be said of her wifehood. She lived much of her life in the town of Trowbridge, and moved to Otsego with her husband, Willard Higgins, where she died. Her age was sixty-two years, three months and fourteen days.

HARLOW S. HIGINBOTHAM.—Harlow S. Higinbotham died January 29, 1890. He came to Allegan, May 13, 1839; one who was daily seen upon the streets of Allegan. He was not connected with manufacturing but was something of a land trader. His age was seventy-five years, eight months and four days.

DANIEL LEGGETT.—Daniel Leggett, died March 20, 1890, at Watson, Allegan county. He came to Allegan, October 4, 1837, soon buying land in the town now called Watson. Mr. Leggett was one of the early pioneers who helped to give good government and character to Allegan county; wise in counsel and just in all his dealings. His age was eighty-two years, nine months and seven days.

MRS. ELIZA S. MINER.—Mrs. Eliza S. Miner died in Allegan, April 6, 1891. She was born in New London, Conn., October 14, 1806, and, when a child, went to Penfield, N. Y., where she married William S. Miner, October 12, 1828. She then moved to Brighton, N. Y., where she lived till 1836, when she came to Allegan and remained until a log cabin was built on their land in Watson, when she moved to her new home, and for six months was the only white woman in that township. It is said that people living in Hopkins in an early day could not come to Allegan and return in less than two days, and that Mr. and Mrs. Miner kept the hotel where they all stopped over night, but that these travelers were never charged any bill. Mrs. Miner was a friend to all—the kindest of neighbors, and reared a family of stalwart sons and fair daughters, whose characters speak in terms of loudest praise of their noble parents. Her age was eighty-four years, five months and twenty-two days.

HENRY PIERCE.—Henry Pierce died in Otsego, Dec. 26, 1886. Born in St. Johnsbury, Vt., Nov. 16, 1812, he settled in Otsego in October, 1838. His age was seventy-four years, one month and twelve days.

JONATHAN O. ROUNDS.—Jonathan O. Rounds died in Hopkins, August 23, 1890. He came to and settled in the township of Hopkins, January 30, 1838, was elected several times supervisor of his town and held several other offices of trust. He was a man of most exemplary character and great influence for good in the community in which he lived, highly respected by all who knew him. His age was eighty years, ten months and thirteen days.

WILLIAM RUSSELL.—William Russell died in Martin, March 13, 1880. He was born in Aberdeen, Scotland, May 5, 1808, and settled in Martin

in 1840. His age at his death was seventy-one years, ten months and eight days.

Hiram Sabin.—Hiram Sabin died November 5, 1889. He came to Allegan, December 15, 1835; moved to Monterey in 1837, where he cleared up a farm and made a home from the wild forest, being, in his younger days, one of the leading men in Monterey. He leaves a family respected by all who know them. His age was seventy-four years, eight months and thirteen days.

Nathaniel Seeley.—Nathaniel Seeley died in Plainwell, Sept. 17, 1887. He was an early pioneer, settling in Otsego in June, 1837. Was deacon of the Congregational church many years, and was justly celebrated for his public spirit and consistent Christian character. His age was seventy-six years, eight months and nineteen days.

Mrs. Charity Sheffer.—Mrs. Charity Sheffer died in Trowbridge, June 11, 1890. She was born in Shaftsburg, Vt., April 16, 1820, and came to live with her sister, Mrs. L. S. Prouty, in 1836, when little more than sixteen years old. She was married, in 1839, to Capt. Martin Sheffer, an old sailor friend of Mr. Prouty, and who was considerably her senior, with whom she lived happily many years. She was a member of the Baptist church in Allegan just forty-seven years. A consistent Christian lady, kind and obliging as a neighbor, loved and respected by all who knew her. Her age was seventy years, one month and twenty-five days.

William A. Smith.—William A. Smith died in Dorr, November 6, 1887. The following sketch of his life is by his venerable friend and neighbor, Mr. Orrin Goodspeed: "William Allison Smith was born December 31, 1808, in Broome county, N. Y., and was one of a family of eight children, six boys and two girls. The family moved to Medina county, Ohio, somewhere about 1832, and he was married to Ursula Ann Noble, September 10, 1835, who died February 2, 1844. By this union he had five children. September 17, 1844, he was married to Elizabeth W. Branch, by whom he had three children. In the fall of 1855 he came to Dorr, Allegan county, Michigan, and purchased 160 acres of land with no improvements except a small chopping of about twenty acres, remained until spring, erected a log house, and returned to Ohio and stayed until the following fall, when he moved his family into the log house he had erected the previous winter. He lived to clear up his farm and put comfortable buildings upon it, and remained there until he died, November 6, 1887. He was several times elected

supervisor of the township, and was for nearly fifty years deacon of a Congregational church. His oldest son, Lewis F. Smith, now owns and lives upon the farm he settled on when he first came to this town." His age was seventy-eight years, ten months and six days.

ELIZABETH J. SORNBURY.—Elizabeth J. Sornbury died in Martin, November 7, 1885. She was born in Palmyra, N. Y., in 1826, and came to Gun Plain in 1843 when seventeen years old. Her age was fifty-nine years, nine months and twenty-two days.

H. D. STUCK.—H. D. Stuck died November 10, 1889. He came to Allegan June 15, 1854; joined the Allegan County Pioneer Society in 1881. His age was sixty-eight years, eight months and nine days.

TRACY TURNER.—Tracy Turner died in Trowbridge, May 14, 1891. He came to Trowbridge in June, 1852, and settled on the farm he occupied until his death. Kindly and genial in his intercourse with his family and acquaintances and charitable in his disposition, he was always ready to respond to calls for assistance in cases of sickness or death in his neighborhood whenever it might occur within his reach. His age was sixty-four years, two months and six days.

BRANCH COUNTY

BY HARVEY HAYNES

ISAAC ALDEN.—Isaac Alden a well known and respected citizen of Coldwater died Sunday evening, February 7, 1892, about 7:20 o'clock. For a number of years he had been unable to attend to the more active affairs of a business life on account of serious and painful infirmities, but previous to that time he came in contact with more people in the county than almost any other citizen. He was a man of untiring industry and of the strictest integrity.

Isaac Alden is a direct descendant in the eighth generation from John Alden and Priscilla, whose courtship has been made immortal in song by the most popular of American poets, Henry W. Longfellow. He was the first-born of Pliny and Anna Upson Alden and was born in Williamstown, Otsego county, N. Y., January 8, 1813. His mother was a woman of very strong character and he gives her the credit of instilling his mind and heart with those principles which laid in him the foundation of a strong character. When a youth of eighteen he

left the parental roof and went to Rome, N. Y. In 1833 he was sent by his employer to Ft. Mackinac, on the Straits of Mackinac, with a tow of gunpowder and soldiers' clothing to supply the fort. This task he performed entirely to the satisfaction of his employer, taking as it did several months for its accomplishment. At that time there was not the remotest sign of the city of Toledo and Detroit was a mere hamlet. This journey to Michigan gave him a desire to come to the State for a permanent home. In the fall of 1834 he came to Pontiac where he hired out as a farm hand and later to work in a mill. After a couple of years he purchased eighty acres near Plymouth. About 1840 he sold this and purchased eighty acres near Jonesville and there also employed himself in a mill. On March 18, 1845, he was married to Miss Mary A. Hopkins who was engaged in teaching in the Jonesville schools. In 1847 they moved to Coldwater where Mr. Alden contracted with Asa Parrish at one dollar per day to manage his mill. Later he became sole proprietor of this mill and traded his farm in Hillsdale county for the one he now owns southeast of this city. In 1872 Mr. Alden was taken with rheumatism which so crippled him that he had been obliged ever since to give up active business.

Mr. Alden and wife both became members of the Presbyterian church. For many years they sang in the Presbyterian choir. Mr. Alden was fond of music and this passion continued as long as life lasted. While Mr. Alden was not accustomed to take any public part in the social meetings of the church he was ever ready to converse on religious questions; and was very positive as to his opinions and as to his convictions as to what kind of a life the Christian should live. He had been brought up by a mother who was inflexibly devoted to duty as she saw it; and this example and teaching left its impress in a marked degree upon the son. This hesitation in taking an active part in the prayer meetings of the church was a source of regret to him as years came on apace.

To Mr. and Mrs. Alden were born four children, of whom one died in infancy; another, Mrs. Marian A. Harris, died nearly two years ago. There are now two living, Willis Alden and Mrs. Annie L. Sampson. He leaves still living one brother, Hon. Lyman P. Alden, of Terre Haute, Ind., and two sisters, Mrs. Horace French of Floyd, Oneida county, N. Y., and Mrs. Horace Hill of Coldwater township. Mrs. Alden survives her husband, respected for her capabilities and beloved for the many good works she has done in a life well filled with usefulness not only in her family but in her church and in the community

she has so long lived. She with her children will have the sympathy of the community in their bereavement.

JOHN ALLEN.—One of Branch county's most respected citizens, "Uncle" John Allen, passed quietly away at his home, southwest of Coldwater, at 10 o'clock Tuesday evening, September 29, 1891, at the great age of upwards of ninety years. For nearly half a century his familiar form and kindly face were seen upon our streets, always with a pleasant greeting and a warm hand clasp for those who had known him long and intimately. Born April 29, 1801, in Sudbury, Vt., he came to Coldwater, Sept. 27, 1843, forty-eight years, almost to a day, previous to his death. Thrice married, he survived all of his wives, the first being Miss Miranda Kelsey, who died in 1825; his second was Miss Esther Blackmer, of Brandon, Vt., who died in Coldwater in March, 1866, and his third was Mrs. Britannia Phettleplace, who died a few years since. Mr. Allen came here from Orleans county, N. Y., with his wife and ten children, purchasing what is now known as the Bidleman farm just south of the depot grounds. He also purchased the land on which the Lake Shore Railway grounds are located and where the cutter factory now stands. On the latter grounds he erected a hotel, of which he was landlord many years, and which building is now part of the cutter factory. He also built the sawmill that stood where Harlow's furniture factory now stands. In 1854 he purchased the Isaac Middaugh farm, where he has resided ever since, giving his entire attention to agriculture and the raising of blooded stock, being among the first in the county to breed Devon cattle, his herd being exhibited several years at the State fair, almost invariably securing first premiums. He was also an active and useful member of the Agricultural Society and was at one time president of the Branch County Farmer's Insurance Company. Mr. Allen leaves five children, J. Edward, Alonzo B., Franklin, Mrs. John Hill and Mrs. J. E. Munson, all residing in Coldwater, excepting Franklin, who has been a resident of California a great many years.

DR. J. H. BENNETT.—Dr. J. H. Bennett died at the home of Owen Palmateer, in Batavia township, Friday morning, July 31st, 1891, of pleurisy. The doctor, who was county surveyor, had been doing some surveying in that vicinity, making his headquarters at Mr. Palmateer's. Saturday evening previous to his death he was attacked with this disease and the following morning his condition becoming alarming his wife was summoned. At one time his condition was more hopeful, but he was too feeble to rally, passing away about 9:30 Friday

morning. His remains were brought to his home on Washington street, Coldwater, the funeral being held at the M. E. church Sunday afternoon, Rev. James Hamilton conducting the services. Several years since he was thrown from his carriage, sustaining injuries from which he never recovered, and at times was a great sufferer. In 1887 he became a member of the M. E. church, and has since lived an upright, Christian life. Considering his limited opportunities in youth he had acquired a wonderful amount of practical knowledge, beneficial to the community and creditable to himself, and during the last ten years of his life a remarkable change took place in him socially, as was demonstrated in his daily intercourse with his fellow men. As a physician and a man his native ability showed forth like a rich jewel in a rustic case. He was a quaint character, a well-read, thoroughly posted physician, an uncompromising Republican, a warm friend, forcible in debate, honorable in his deal and fearless in maintaining his ideas, whether in politics, religion, or the ordinary affairs of life. Dr. Bennett was born in Chenango, N. Y., December 6, 1826. Both of his grandfathers served in the Revolutionary army under Washington. On his mother's side he was a Conkling, and was distantly related to the late Senator Conkling of New York. In 1834 his father took up a small piece of land in Dover, Lenawee county, Mich., where he died in 1835. In 1839 the family moved to Quincy, in this county, where the doctor remained on a farm till 1845, when he entered the employment of the late Dr. William H. Hanchett, of Coldwater. He studied in the schools here, taking a special interest in mathematics. In 1847 he began the study of medicine with Dr. Hanchett. In 1854 he graduated from Berkshire medical college, and spent the summer attending the hospitals in Boston. In October, 1854, he returned to Algansee, in this county, where he practiced medicine for ten years. In 1855 he married Miss Hannah M. Thompson. In 1864 he moved to Coldwater, where he has lived ever since. He has held several local offices, and in 1880 and in 1882 he was representative in the State legislature, serving the two terms very acceptably to the people, and at the time of his death was county surveyor. His wife and one son, Rev. George Bennett, of Afton, Iowa, survive him; also one sister, Mrs. E. B. Bushnell, of Noble township, and one brother, Elijah Bennett, of Fulton, Oregon.

Judge Ezbon Gillette Fuller.—Death has removed from our midst an old and respected citizen. The venerable judge died January 14, 1892, at his residence in Marysville, Cal., surrounded by those most

dear to him on earth, his son and daughter. He was a grand specimen of the old school who were remarkable for their honesty and integrity, and who have left their footprints in the sands of time.

Judge Ezbon Gillette Fuller was born at North Fernisburg, Vermont, March 4, 1810. His maternal grandfather was in the Revolutionary war, and was captured and taken to Quebec, where he was held a prisoner for three years. After two attempts he escaped, and, after two weeks of intense suffering, gained the American line.

His father, Milton Fuller, was a captain in the War of 1812. He was a direct descendant of the Rev. Samuel Fuller, who came over in the Mayflower.

Judge Fuller was educated at Wolcott, Wayne county, New York, where he lived until seventeen years of age. He then entered the law office of Judge Alexis Ward at Albion, New York, and after due examination was admitted to practice in June, 1832. In 1837 he started for the far west, and in May of that year settled in Coldwater, Michigan, the first lawyer to arrive in that new and sparsely settled country. He was soon after appointed prosecuting attorney by Governor Mason, which office he held three terms. In 1844 he was elected probate judge, and held the office four years. He had editorial charge of the first paper ever published in that place, and since that time has been more or less connected with journalism, either as editor or correspondent. He was for ten years attorney for the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern railroad. For over forty years he was active in politics and prominent in enterprises for the best interests of the State of Michigan. In 1878 he went to Marysville, Cal., where he has since resided, honored and respected by all who knew him. He was twice married. In 1834 he married Elizabeth, daughter of Dr. Jesse Beech; she died in 1853. The oldest daughter married Major Church, of the first Michigan artillery, and she died in 1864. The next, a son, is Colonel Fuller. The youngest, a daughter, is Mother M. Lucretia, Superioress of St. Mary's Academy, Woodland. In 1865 he married Miss E. M. Carley, who died without issue.

Henry Lockwood.—The oldest pioneer of Ovid township. Henry Lockwood, who has long been known as having resided there longer than any other person, died of general debility May 29, 1891, aged seventy-eight years. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. W. T. Lowry on Monday at the Lockwood church. Mr. Lockwood was born in New Paltz, Ulster county, N. Y., November 1, 1812. At the age of twenty-three he left home for Michigan, sailing up the Hudson

river to Albany, thence by rail to Schenectady, from there to Buffalo by the Erie canal, thence by the lake to Detroit. From Detroit the sturdy young man walked to Coldwater and out to Ovid—a distance of perhaps 140 miles, through a country decidedly new and much of it only a wilderness. In 1838 his father, who had in the meantime arrived in Ovid, gave him a piece of heavily timbered land, which was included in the fine farm he afterward owned. He was a man highly respected for his integrity of character, and was elected to various township offices at different times. He was an active member of the Baptist church for something like fifty years, assisted in building the church edifice in his neighborhood and in its support afterward. He was three times married, his last companion dying in 1878. Two children survived him—Edward C. Lockwood of Ovid and Mrs. O. P. Rose of Harbor Springs.

Emerson Marsh.—After a pilgrimage of over eighty-seven years the above named gentleman passed quietly away at his home on east Chicago street, Tuesday afternoon, January 26, 1892, of pneumonia, and was buried Thursday afternoon, Rev. H. P. Collin officiating. Born July 20, 1804, in Amherst, Mass., he resided there until 1838, where he married Miss Maria Dickinson November 27, 1827. In 1838 they moved to Gilead township, in this county, where he at once took a prominent part in church and business matters, opening a general store there soon after his arrival, which he continued until 1856. Feb. 24, 1852, Mrs. Marsh died, and the following year he married the widow of John T. Haynes, who died here several years later. In 1881 he took for his third wife Mrs. Catharine Quigley, who survives him, although dangerously ill. Five children were the result of his first marriage, three still living, Dr. Francis E. Marsh, of Quincy, and Franklin D. Marsh and Mrs. L. D. Halsted, of Coldwater. He was a genial, social gentleman, an excellent business man, of splendid judgment, and a consistent Christian, a member of the Presbyterian church many years, holding the positions of elder and deacon. He had resided in Coldwater a great many years, at one time being a leading dry goods merchant.

Henry N. Moore.—The death of this old pioneer occurred at 1:30 p. m., June 13, 1891, at his residence on Chicago street, Coldwater, of creeping paralysis, after a sickness extending over a year and a half. His death, though not unlooked for, was unexpected, as he was able to ride out the day previous, and a few moments before he passed away was able to sit in his chair. The funeral was attended Monday afternoon, Revs. E. O. Smith and W. T. Lowry officiating.

Henry N. Moore was born Sept. 27, 1816, in Penfield, N. Y., where he was married, Feb. 3, 1837, to Esther Ann Crippen, who survives him. The year previous he came to Coldwater and located a farm—now known as "the Mead farm," adjoining the State school grounds on the east—then returned to Penfield for his bride, moving here in the fall of 1837. After two years of farm life they returned to Penfield, remaining there five years. But the charms of western life were too strong for them and they again returned to Coldwater, which has been their home since with the exception of a short time spent in Rochester, N. Y. In 1845 Mr. Moore opened a jewelry store in a little frame building on Chicago street, which was replaced later by a one story brick building, and this was followed by the present building. He continued in the business until about ten years ago, when he retired from the active duties of life to enjoy the competency he had acquired. Always a passionate admirer of horses, in his younger days he piloted many a runner to victory. Later in life he owned several fine animals, both runners and trotters, and was well known to turfites throughout the entire west. Always a stanch Republican, he steadily refused to accept an office except one year when he was elected city marshal. Mr. Moore was a strict vegetarian, and during his life of nearly seventy-five years never tasted a morsel of meat. Honest and upright in all his dealings, no man's word was taken more quickly than Mr. Moore's, and it was as good as a bond. He leaves a wife and two grandsons, Louis and Henry Moore—three children having preceded him to the spirit land—besides the memory of an active, well spent life.

James Murphey.—James Murphey died Sunday, May 2, 1892, of heart difficulty after a long illness, aged seventy-three years.

Nearly fifty years ago the subject of this sketch came to Branch county and settled in Batavia township, where he lived until a few years ago, when he removed to a smaller farm in Coldwater township just west of the city.

He was born in Victor, Cayuga county, N. Y., March 4, 1819. He was of Irish-English parentage, being the second one of the ten children born to John and Rebecca (Clay) Murphey. He was first married July 11, 1839, to Miss Mary Field, who died in February, 1884. The surviving children of this union are, John Murphey, of Batavia, Mrs. Edward Wallace, of Oregon, Mrs. Flint Lobdell, of Gilead, and Mrs. David Allen, of Coldwater. His second wife, who survives him was Mrs. Aiken, to whom he was married October 29, 1885. Eight grandchildren, one great-grandchild and six brothers and sisters also survive him, John

Murphy, of Coldwater, and Mrs. Betsy Perrin, of Batavia, being numbered among the last mentioned.

Mr. Murphey was one of the old school of solid, substantial, honorable farmers of the county. His word was as good as his bond; genial and hearty in manner and kindness itself. He leaves a vacant place in the hearts of a host of friends.

Elizabeth S. Odren.—Elizabeth Stanback Odren, was of French parentage and was born in Detroit August 11, 1795, and was united in marriage to Alexander Odren, August 11, 1814. After a residence of nearly twenty-one years in Detroit they came to California in the spring of 1836, and settled upon section 1, where they continued to reside until the death of Mr. Odren four years ago, aged ninety-eight years. Among other pioneer reminiscences of Mr. Odren it is related that in the following spring he walked from his home to Lima, Ind., a distance of thirty-two miles for one bushel of potatoes, which he carried on his back in returning. August 11, 1886, Mr. and Mrs. Odren celebrated their seventy-second wedding anniversary and Mrs. Orden's ninety-second birthday. This event will long be a pleasant memory to the numerous friends who then met to do them honor, fifty relatives and about 160 invited guests being present. Hand in hand they had journeyed almost to the eve of their diamond wedding and to which their children and friends were looking forward with pleasant anticipation, but the hand clasp of seventy-four years was severed in the summer of 1888, when, in obedience to the divine summons, Mr. Odren joined the innumerable company above. Still fresh in the minds of many old neighbors and friends is an incident in connection with the War of 1812, which he used often to relate. Returning from a social party late one evening, he was seized by a British press gang and taken on board of a British man-of-war. He was held a prisoner for fourteen months and was then captured by Commodore Perry in his famous battle on Lake Erie. During this desperate battle Mr. Odren was second in command of a 24-pound gun manned by nine men when the battle began. At its close Mr. Odren and one other man were the only survivors. After his capture by Perry and having made oath to his nationality he enlisted in the American service, and until the close of the war worked with a will to repay the British for compelling him to fight against his own people. When the Rebellion broke out his patriotism was again fully tested. Although seventy years old he offered his services in defense of the union, saying he "could handle a musket as well as any man." Four of their sons responded to the call for volunteers and in the bloody battle of the

Wilderness one of them laid down his life in defense of the dear old flag we love so well. Eight sons and four daughters were born to this worthy couple, thirty-six grandchildren, forty-one great-grandchildren, and three great-great-grandchildren. Nine of the children are yet living, six of whom, with ten of her grandchildren and one great-grandchild, were present at her funeral. During her long illness she often expressed her willingness and desire to depart and be at rest. For eight years she has been almost entirely blind, retaining her mental faculties however in a remarkable degree until the last hour of her life. It was apparent to her attendants for a week that for her the evening star of earth was soon to give place to the brighter star of eternity's morning, and at 7 a. m., Dec. 1, 1891, she quietly passed from the suffering of earth to the rest and peace of heaven, aged ninety-six years, three months and twenty days.

James B. Southworth.—James B. Southworth died in the fullness of years, at his old home three miles northeast of Coldwater, on Monday, the 16th of May, 1892, after a few weeks' illness, and his obsequies took place at the house Wednesday p. m., the rector of St. Mark's officiating. This well known pioneer was born in Hancock, Mass., May 16, 1814. Here he lived till twelve years of age when his parents removed to Niagara county, N. Y. In that then far off western region he grew to manhood and was married to Miss Eleanor Legg. This lady, who was a sister of Artemus Legg, of Coldwater township, only survived her marriage one year. In 1847 he was married to Miss Alta Whitney. Four children were born to them, all of whom are living save the first child, Sarah, who died when a little child. Together they came to this country in 1848 and at once settled on the farm where both entered into rest, Mrs. Southworth in September, 1879. From this dear spot both were borne to their final resting place in Oak Grove cemetery. Mr. Southworth was one of the reorganizers of the Episcopal parish of St. Mark's, Coldwater, under the State law[1] referring thereto, and was at once elected its first junior warden. He continued a staunch churchman unto his life's end. He had been honored with positions of trust in township and county, having held the positions of county drain commissioner, justice of the peace, etc. The children now called to mourn the loss of a kind father are, Mrs. E. R. Root and Floyd Southworth, of Coldwater, and Mark Southworth, living under the old roof-tree. Besides these there are grandchildren, a sister, Mrs. Artemus Legg, and her children living here. The deceased was widely known and esteemed for his intelligence, probity and genial manner.

[1]See Act No. 40 of the Public Acts of 1899.

He will be missed in the church and community where he lived so long and well, as well as in the home circle. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

ALLEN TIBBITS.—Allen Tibbits was born in Arcadia, Wayne county, N. Y., October 4, 1804, and died of old age in Coldwater, Michigan, December 12, 1891.

He had reached a good old age—eighty-eight years, two months and eight days—and a good old age it was, for he was a good man. Not only was he a good old man, but he had been a good man all the days of his life. From his earliest years he practiced all the virtues and shunned the vices. He never polluted the air with the fumes of tobacco nor defiled his mouth with the weed; he never crazed his brain with liquor nor scorched his throat with the liquid fire; he never offended his God with an oath nor his fellow man with vile language. He was a man whose integrity was as staunch as his moral, whose charity was as broad as his opportunity and ability would permit. He lived to make the world better and labored with this end in view.

Naturally a teacher, he was an instructor from his earliest years; but his teaching was not within the narrow range of the schoolmaster, but rather on the broader plane of the platform. For fifteen years he was a preacher of the Gospel, but would never accept pay for his labors. He was a man of fine address and a fluent speaker, and traveled for several years lecturing.

Gifted with a wonderful memory, but few men have lived who could repeat more of the Bible than could Allen Tibbits. Chapter after chapter he had at his tongue's end. What he once read he remembered and what he remembered he could tell to others. His recollection of dates and of events was remarkable. His memory was a well-filled storehouse of knowledge and it never dishonored a draft upon it. He was the second of a family of eleven children, ten of whom lived to become men and women and rear families of their own. In 1825, with his parents and family, he left the home in New York for the then far west, by way of the Erie Canal and Lake Erie to Detroit, settling in Wayne county, near Detroit, where the father purchased two or three sections of land. Mr. Tibbits had acquired a good common school education before leaving his native state, and continued his studies after settling on the farm with his father. He was one of six men authorized to preach in Wayne county, which then included Michigan, Wisconsin, and the northern halves of Indiana and Illinois.

To show that the country was new then, and that the Tibbits family were pioneers in its fullest sense, we will say that throughout this great

extent of territory there was only one mill,[1] and that was on the Rouge River; only one steamboat floated on Lake Erie, the Michigan, to carry passengers from Buffalo to Detroit. On this boat the family came to Michigan.

December 8, 1825, he was married to Miss Caroline Stark, daughter of Colonel Stark, of Revolutionary fame. In June, 1831, with his young wife and a little daughter, he moved to Coldwater, and bought 160 acres of land where the eastern half of that city now lies. There was only one house there—a log cabin—which stood where the Lewis Art Gallery[2] now stands. In this cabin Mr. Tibbits and family lived for several years.

In this log house the subject of our sketch read the first scripture lesson, offered the first prayer and delivered the first sermon that was ever preached in Coldwater. In this humble edifice was organized the Methodist Episcopal church of Coldwater, and with his death the last survivor of the original members has passed away. In this log cabin, too, occurred the first funeral, their little daughter having died in the fall following their arrival. Here, too, was born, June 11, 1832, to Mr. and Mrs. Allen Tibbits, a daughter, the first white child born in Coldwater.[3]

Mr. Tibbits had a portion of his 160 acres platted in 1832. He was liberal in his prices to those wishing to purchase lots and settle here. The writer of this has often heard him say "I have given away more real estate to this city than all its other inhabitants." To his liberality is largely due the location of our city on this beautiful prairie.

He had lived to see his farm covered with beautiful and costly residences. The public library, the central school building, all the churches of the city save the Roman Catholic and Baptist, are on the 160 acres of land originally owned by Mr. Tibbits.

He had lived on this prairie over sixty years. Not a soul is living who was in Branch county when he came. Hundreds of children have been born here, grown to manhood and womanhood, raised families and have passed away, during his life in Coldwater. He was a landmark, a connecting link between the real pioneers and the old settlers.

In the spring of 1888 Mr. Tibbits was dangerously sick, and a rumor was current that he was dead. The late John W. Turner, supposing the report to be true, wrote the following tribute which he presented to Mr. Tibbits on Memorial Day of that year:

One of the earliest settlers here,
An upright, worthy pioneer
Known by us all so many year,
Has passed away.

[1]Bela Hubbard says there were none but windmills around Detroit until 1836. Judge Campbell says a water-mill was built on May's Creek below the city as early as 1734.
[2]See appendix.
[3]The Indian word was Chuck-sew-ya-bish, meaning cold spring.

An honest man, a man of truth,
Classic and buoyant as in his youth,
Till the last day.
And this good man has lived to see
The great wild west spring up and be
The vineyard of the Deity.
This man of lore
Has nobly lived and calmly died,
And sleeps upon the riverside,
Forever more.

The young wife who came to the new home in the wilderness with him, and lived to rear her family and see our beautiful city grow to nearly its present size, died September 10, 1869. Of a family of eight children, three died in infancy. Harriet Maria, wife of Capt. D. H. McBride died August 26, 1855, in Erie, Penn.; Caroline Frances, wife of A. B. Dickinson, of Hillsdale, died in that city March 10, 1881. Two sons survive him, Capt. William Tibbits of Denver, Col., and Barton S. Tibbits of Coldwater.

On November 1, 1870, Mr. Tibbits was married to Miss Maria Goodrich of Coldwater, who survives him, but has for several years been in poor health and away from home for treatment.

A year or more ago, he handed his son Barton the following note:

Mr. Gilbert Sherman came to school to me when he was six years old, and says I am the only teacher he ever heard pray in school. I wish him to act as one to place my body in its final resting place. Also, T. W. Dickinson, Moses Smith, General Parkhurst, E. R. Clarke and Caleb D. Randall, should they survive me.

All did survive him, and acted as honorary pallbearers. The burden bearers were Frank Smith, George Whitehead, William Holmes, George E. Hanley, John Faurot, Frank Whitehead.

He was a great admirer of the beautiful hymn. "Only remembered by what I have done," and requested Dr. W. L. Andrews to sing it at his funeral. This too was complied with. Assisted by a quartette, the doctor sang the solo grandly.

He also selected the text from which his funeral sermon should be preached, and requested that the services be held at the Episcopal church, and that Rev. Henry Hughes should officiate. The text was from St. Luke's Gospel, 28th chapter, and part of the 28th verse, "Weep not for me." The discourse was a very able effort, full of thought, and did ample justice to the deceased, giving him due credit for his positive character, honest convictions and settled conclusions, as to matters in this life and in the world to come.

CALHOUN COUNTY

BY JOHN F. HINMAN

Date	Name	Residence	Age
1891			
June 11	Ripley Torrey	Albion	68
30	Mrs. M. B. Wood	"	74
July 7	Alfred Shupe	"	55
7	Mary F. Marvin	Battle Creek	60
7	James Pomeroy	" "	76
August 16	Charles Wines	Albion	42
17	John H. Devinney	Concord	45
31	Chauncey Goodrich	"	64
	Ernest Folkmire	Battle Creek	60
	Farig Wakelee	" "	53
	Christopher Webb	" "	58
	William W. Hutman	" "	75
	Fidelia L. Eldred	" "	48
10	Joseph E. Riddle	" "	83
11	J. F. Folkmire	" "	74
12	Mrs. G. C. Cummings	" "	
10	Kendrick Johnson	Bedford	65
16	James L. Collins	Chicago	71
9	Mrs. Charles M. Wakelee	Battle Creek	53
26	Mrs. John Hough	Emmet	74
27	Mrs. Silva Stayman	Verona	45
25	Mrs. Eunice B. Ketchum	Marshall	87
September 27	Mrs. Daniel Elder	Battle Creek	
2	Joseph Daugherty	Convis	
2	W. W. Putnam	Battle Creek	75
9	Samuel Huxford	Albion	85
9	Mrs. Arca Walling	LeRoy	
15	O. M. Wells	Emmet	53
16	Mrs. Leah Caldwell	Battle Creek	83
17	Jacob Goodenow	Albion	73
17	Mrs. Peterman, (wife of Dr. S. A.)	Marshall	
8	Warren Frink	Battle Creek	78
8	Charles Van Valin	Marshall	
20	Mrs. Sara A. Briggs	Battle Creek	74
30	Stephen Hunt	Bedford	82
October 9	George Holden	Emmet	72
18	Russel Kellogg	Battle Creek	80
18	Jacob Noble	" "	46

Date	Name	Residence	Age
891			
October 17	Peter Luke	Emmet	82
21	Rev. W. H. Brockway	Albion	79
27	Chauncey Miller	Bedford	69
30	Mrs. Ellen Bennett	"	61
30	Miss Sallie Bramgan	Cottonwood, Cal	41
26	Levi Gifford	Pennfield	50
30	William Cook	Homer	
29	Robert Brown	Battle Creek	73
November 2	Mrs. O. M. Peck	" "	56
4	Mrs. Dozer	" "	
4	George Vanknockin	Pennfield	65
16	James R. King	Battle Creek	58
20	William Marshall	Pennfield	75
20	Mrs. Sarah J. Mead	Battle Creek	68
27	I. L. Oviatt	" "	72
27	Edwin Sperry	" "	
December 4	Mrs. Harriet E. Sherman	Marshall	68
7	John L. Hopkins	Lee	80
11	Mrs. Augustus Lusk	Eckford	
11	Elijah Hart	Albion	82
6	Mrs. Orenda Lyman	"	91
7	Mrs. Josephine Wright	Athens	40
3	Mrs. Haskell	"	
11	David J. Downs	Battle Creek	78
11	Edward Smith	" "	85
11	William Taylor, Jr.	Marshall	53
18	Abram Westbrook	Clarendon	
18	L. M. Pike	Albion	80
[illegible]	Mrs. Benjamin Thomas	Partello	76
[illegible]	Mrs. Margaret Branigan	Marshall	74
18	Francis Flynn	"	
15	Mrs. Maurice Casey	"	
21	Mrs. J. N. Hall	Battle Creek	61
22	Mrs. Helen Quillin	" "	74
18	Samantha Converse	Athens	60
20	H. A. Perrine	Tekonsha	61
20	Benjamin Ells	Albion	82
20	Jerry Cashen	Marshall	
24	Mrs. Abigail Tompkins	Battle Creek	78
24	Mrs. Margaret Hilbert	" "	74

Date	Name	Residence	Age
1891			
December 29	Elijah Stringham	Bedford	72
23	Mrs. Huldah Hayward	Convis	82
30	Seymour Treadwell	Newton	
27	William Cherry	Marengo	
26	John Skinner	Eckford	71
28	Philip Strauss	Clarence	
26	Harris B. Macomber	Marshall	84
1892			
January 1	Mrs. William Newbrek	Emmet	74
2	H. M. Henry	Burlington	60
5	A. W. Austin	Battle Creek	
3	Elder E. R. Jones	" "	46
8	Abraham Freed	Marshall	
8	Mrs. H. E. Salter	"	
8	Rev. V. M. Hulbert	Battle Creek	78
11	Mrs. George H. Johnson	" "	
14	Mrs. John Wilson	" "	
13	Mrs. Adeline Aikins	Albion	81
10	Horace Ball	"	63
10	Mrs. Kuessuck	"	79
9	Andrew C. Chase	Battle Creek	57
9	Mrs. Richard Jones	Verona	85
16	William Marvin	Bedford	80
21	John Evre	Newton	74
21	Rudolph Wirtz	Marshall	73
19	Mrs. David H. Godfrey	Ceresco	70
21	Laura Lester Hunt	Marshall	70
18	Morris Credon	Convis	
16	Sarah A. Cullicot	Ceresco	
21	Mrs. James R. Ferguson	Marshall	66
21	Joseph Moore	"	86
9	Charles Gleason	Burlington	73
21	Abram Deuel	Ceresco	
22	Mrs. Cornelius Bogardus	Lee	
19	James Gleason	Albion	56
19	James Sample	"	86
19	James Vandenburgh	"	80
21	Mrs. H. H. Dorsey	"	61
25	Mrs. Mary Bloom	Pennfield	
28	John Cameron	Battle Creek	81
24	H. L. Warner	Albion	84

Date	Name	Residence	Age
1892			
January 24	Mrs. H. L. Warner	Albion	79
24	Mrs. John Grant	"	
26	Celens H. Talmadge	Marshall	
30	Mrs. Ann C. Fancher	Homer	82
31	W. H. Fiero	"	
February 2	Samuel S. Lacey	Marshall	76
2	John G. Sheffield	Battle Creek	74
3	Hamilton Dunning	Albion	83
3	Patrick Conley	Convis	
9	William Trumbull	Verona	
9	Edward Eaton	Pennfield	72
4	Anson J. Sutherland	Homer	84
12	W. S. Sloan	Tekonsha	49
3	Mrs. Elizabeth M. Armstrong	Marshall	82
22	Ambroze Calkins	Bedford	67
23	Henry Hilliard	Battle Creek	76
29	Mrs. Lucinda Jones	" "	81
28	J. Phelps Beach	" "	84
27	Orange A. Carrier	Marshall	50
29	Mrs. Minerva Clack	Marengo	
January 13	Rev. W. A. James	Marshall	58
February 21	William H. Dunn	"	
26	Mrs. Elizabeth McKeever	"	
22	Peter V. Wyckoff	"	72
14	Mrs. Houghton	Newton	
March 1	Charles R. Bentley	Marshall	
1	Mrs. Philip Weitzel	Albion	43
2	Alexander Tate	Convis	70
2	Waterman Wilcox	Battle Creek	77
February 10	Chauncey K. Shephard	Tekonsha	58
March 11	Ezra Archer	Homer	80
11	E. Van Buren Hyde	Fredonia	
17	Otis B. Rowley	Marshall	58
16	Thomas Templeton	Convis	55
21	Hazel Juckett	Homer	92
21	S. V. R. Johnson	Battle Creek	84
27	Platt B. Weeks	" "	76
27	James W. McCamly	" "	76
26	Horatio Gale	Albion	53
25	Walter Morley	Athens	70

Date	Name	Residence	Age
1892			
March 30	William Hall	Battle Creek	82
25	Amos Howe	" "	60
21	Mrs. Lucinda Butler	Convis	58
29	Mrs. Elizabeth B. Warren	"	69
April 3	Mrs. Rebecca C. Barnes	Battle Creek	91
4	Mrs. Helen Morey	" "	63
4	Joseph P. Cook	" "	67
6	Fred H. Cole	" "	49
7	Henry Wandell	Marshall	91
8	A. A. Dodge	Battle Creek	74
12	Mrs. Marietta Green	" "	66
12	William S. Harris	Eckford	48
12	Mrs. Betsey A. Waldron	Homer	77
5	Mrs. Christopher N. Martin	Marshall	71
1	Mrs. Fannie Smyth	"	
5	Elliott T. Gregg	"	
19	Thomas Knight	Battle Creek	87
20	Mrs. Kenyon Johnson	Marshall	80
21	Mrs. Willis S. Geer	"	
18	Daniel Taylor	"	59
22	Michael Shanley, Sr	"	80
22	Mrs. Henry Aldrich	"	
18	A. B. Waterman	Homer	90
12	Roswell T. Merrill	Battle Creek	88
24	Eugene Downs	" "	
24	Mrs. A. Harder	" "	83
24	Miss Carrie K. Hayward	" "	
25	H. A. Holmes	" "	65
25	Daniel B. Clark	" "	60
26	Margary Perry	Pennfield	84
28	Abram Reed	"	71
17	Mrs. Ira Nash	Marshall	88
26	Mrs. Mary Ann Lee	Tekonsha	81
27	Patrick Murray	Marshall	67
29	Mrs. Elizabeth McNames	"	77
26	Mrs. Katherine K. Wilson	Convis	70
27	Mrs. Mary Ann Lee	Eckford	81
30	Mrs. Charles M. Whiting	Marshall	63
May 1	John Shiber	"	75
1	Theron A. Chadwick	Battle Creek	74

Date	Name	Residence	Age
1892			
May 4	Mrs. Tabor Sweet	Battle Creek	50
9	Edward Randall	" "	52
8	Mrs. Sylvester Joslyn	Eckford	
14	Thomas Williams	Rice Creek	83
16	Mrs. Norman Goodrich	Albion	75
17	Henry F. Clapp	Bedford	70
14	John Moffit	Convis	73
22	Mrs. Mary L. Joslyn	Marshall	42
23	A. C. Amidon	Albion	62
20	Mrs. Elizabeth A. Hoyt	Marengo	59
20	Mrs. Myron H. Cogswell	Tekonsha	69

MRS. ELIZABETH M. ARMSTRONG.—Mrs. Elizabeth Morris Armstrong died of la grippe at her home in Marshall township, Feb. 3, 1892. She was born in Portglenone, County Antrim, Ireland, Jan. 15, 1810, of Scotch parents. At the age of sixteen years she joined the Scotch Presbyterian church. She was married to Robert Armstrong in the year 1829, by her pastor, Elder Spier. They moved to Canada in 1847, settling in the city of Galt, at that time only a small town, and in 1848 she united with the Presbyterian church of that place. In 1853 they moved to Michigan, settling one mile north of Ceresco, where she was permitted to spend the remainder of her days. After years of careful and prayerful study of the Bible she became fully convinced that her church home was with the Baptist, and in March, 1858, she was baptised by Elder O'Brien and united with the Baptist church in Ceresco, of which church she remained a worthy member until the Master said, "It is enough; come up higher." She survived her husband twenty-six years. She was the mother of twelve children, five of whom, two daughters and three sons, survive her; all are married except Miss Grace, with whom she resided, and who has cared for her many years as only a loving daughter can. Eighteen grandchildren and six great-grandchildren are living. Much sickness and death in her family shadowed her life, but through it all she walked in the light, and now her warfare is ended. Her last illness, which was of but a few days, was most severe, and from the first there was no hope of recovery. She loved life and rejoiced to stay here as long as her Lord willed, but death had no terror for her. In conversation with her pastor a few days before her death, she said, "Oh no, I am not afraid, for my feet are planted on the Rock, and Jesus has hold of them and He will

not let them slip. I know that in my Father's house are many mansions, and He has gone to prepare a place for all His children." She loved the house of God and the society of his people, though, owing to circumstances, she was cut off from many privileges.

CHARLES R. BENTLEY.—Charles R. Bentley died March 1, 1892, at Marshall. He was born, reared, and passed all but two or three years of his life in this vicinity. He was widely known and esteemed, for his excellent qualities made him a favorite with his every acquaintance. He had repeatedly been elected to public office by his townsmen, and always filled every trust with honor to himself and his constituents. He leaves a wife, the daughter of D. B. Moses, of Marshall, and five children to mourn the loss of a companion and father.

MRS. SARA A. BRIGGS.—Mrs. Sara A. Briggs died, Sept. 20, 1891, at her home with the Misses Carrie and Addie Wattles on Adams street, Battle Creek, of general debility, aged seventy-four years. The deceased was a sister of ex-postmaster Wallace, and aunt of Mrs. B. T. Skinner, of Battle Creek. She was a most estimable lady and was held in high esteem by all with whom she came in contact for her kind, womanly qualities of heart and hand.

REV. WILLIAM HADLEY BROCKWAY.—Rev. William Hadley Brockway, of Michigan conference, passed to his eternal rest at his home in Albion, at three o'clock, Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 21, 1891. He was born at Morristown, Vt., Feb. 24, 1813. He learned the blacksmith trade when quite young, but found time to attend school considerably, and acquired a very good knowledge of English. At the age of seventeen he was happily converted at the first camp-meeting ever held in Franklin county, N. Y., and within a year was granted license to exhort at Malone, N. Y., at that time his home. In 1831 he came to Michigan, and his new acquaintances, perceiving his call to preach, admonished him of his duty. He demurred, saying that he would earn money at his trade and pay others for preaching, but they would not hear to it. Finally he yielded, and was duly licensed to preach the gospel, the first Methodist preacher so licensed on Michigan soil. In September, 1833, being twenty years old, he was recommended by Ann Arbor quarterly conference (the first ever held at Dexter appointment) to the Ohio conference. Rev. James Gilruth was presiding elder, and William H. Sullivan and Luther D. Whitney were the circuit preachers at that time. His class in conference included L. L. Hamline, Edward Thompson and Thomas Nast,[1] all since distinguished. Brother Brockway's first

[1]See appendix.

appointment was Huron mission, extending from Ypsilanti to the Detroit river and Lake Erie, between Detroit and Monroe. His second appointment was Mt. Clemens. Next, Saginaw mission, Ypsilanti circuit, Dearborn, and then Lake Superior mission district for ten years, serving also as chaplain at Fort Brady, Sault Ste. Marie, for eight years. In 1848 he made his home in Albion, serving as agent of the college, presiding elder of Indian missions in the lower peninsula, pastor at South Albion and Concord, and again as agent of the college. He never superannuated, but held the supernumerary relation for several years, and was successful in various business enterprises, such as building houses and stores and grading the railroad from Lansing to Jonesville, which work he accomplished in sixteen months.

Brother Brockway was married to Miss Clarissa Porter, of Erie, Macomb county, Mich., Nov. 9, 1836. Four children blessed this union, Solomon P., Leonidas H., Wyat S. (who died at Fort Brady, aged three years), and Mary A., now the wife of Prof. Samuel Dickie. Sister Brockway was a good Christian, a true wife, a faithful mother, and blessed their home for thirty-five years, dying in peace, July 4, 1871. Brother Brockway was again happily married, May 1, 1872, to Antoinette Baxter, of Jonesville, Mich., an accomplished Christian lady, who survives to mourn together with their daughter, Martha Antoinette, now in her eighteenth year. So pleasant were all his domestic and ministerial relations that Brother Brockway once said to us: "It seems to me sometimes that I have only been having one long, beautiful dream." He loved the church, gloried in the ministry, enjoyed the conferences, was a Methodist preacher about fifty-eight years, was well known by thousands of people in this State, and highly respected by all. His long and useful record is without a stain.

We learn from the Albion Recorder that it was a bronchial difficulty which compelled Brother Brockway to retire from the active ministry.

On one of his circuits he had thirty-two appointments to meet every four weeks, and had to travel through swamps and forests a distance of over three hundred miles to get to them. To attend his first conference at Springfield, Ohio, he journeyed a distance of three hundred miles on horseback. His early pulpit work took him nearly all over the State, and largely among the Indians. He would preach to twenty-five or thirty fur traders or labor with the Indians, who too often were supplied with whisky and became offensively drunk. Many a class was formed, many a mission started, and many a modest place of worship erected through his efforts. In politics Mr. Brockway, originally a Democrat, became a prominent Republican, was elected a State senator, was

sergeant-at-arms in 1863, and was a member of the house of representatives in 1865-71. When the village of Albion was organized in 1855 he was elected one of the trustees; in 1857-8 was president, and he has since been a member of the council in all nearly twenty-five years. For almost forty years he has been a member of the board of trustees of Albion college, and for many years was its treasurer. For four years he was president of the board and chairman of the executive committee. While he has not given to the college at any one benefaction a large sum, his donations have been continuous. It is safe to say that no man, living or dead, except David Preston, has given to the institution so much in money. For its welfare the best years of his life have been spent. He was commissioned chaplain of the 16th Michigan infantry and served for sixteen months. Then failing health compelled his return. He was a member of the order of Odd Fellows and of the county and State pioneer societies, also of the Sons of Temperance. He was one of the founders of Bay View.[1] The details of his privations, struggles and hardships, would fill a volume. His was a rugged character. He was self reliant, persevering and energetic to a remarkable degree. Had this not been so he could never have accomplished one-half what he did. He was sturdily honest and open in his dealing. He knew no methods but those that were straightforward. He was never politic, never resorted to circuitous and devious paths to reach the desired end. He will be missed sorely in the community in which he has been so important a factor. He has been a success in life because he has fitted the place which was assigned him, and it was an important place.

Of the last hours and the funeral services of Bro. Brockway, Pastor R. W. VanSchoick writes as follows:

My Dear Dr. Potts:

In reply to your inquiries concerning Brother Brockway's sickness, death and funeral, I will say that Nov. 16, the day after his return from conference, he went out on the street for the last time. Returning to his residence, his symptoms were so alarming that the family physician, Dr. Collins, was summoned. His judgment, as well as that of all who called to see him, was that this was his last sickness. No effort to relieve his sufferings or stay disease gave the least promise of success. His devoted wife and near friends did all in their power to restore his failing strength, but all in vain. As his pastor, I was at his bedside nearly every day until the last. He said to me: "I think my work is done. Heretofore when the doctors have given me up I said I wouldn't die, and I didn't. But now I feel that I am having my last sickness; disease has too strong a hold on me to be shaken off. I would like to live longer for the sake of that little woman (his wife) who has done so much for me and for my children. It also seems as if there was more work I could do, but if God wills otherwise, it is all right." I

[1] A Michigan Chautauqua on Lake Michigan near Petoskey and a successful summer resort.

told him how we were praying that God would permit him to stay with us. "Well," he said, "that is very kind; it is so kind in them to think of me. I didn't know so many were interested in me. I have tried to do my duty. I haven't made any great profession, but have done my duty as I understood it. I wish I could have done more." The day before his death he sent a beautiful bouquet of cut roses to Mrs. W. R. Clancy, who is very sick, accompanied with the characteristic message: "It's a race between us which shall get to heaven first." On his last night, while his wife and Prof. Dickie were at his bedside, he repeated:

"On Christ, the solid rock I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand."

A little before this he selected his bearers, saying: "I want my neighbors from the different churches to carry me to my grave." Death and the grave held no terrors to him. Brave of heart, trusting to Jesus, he was not afraid to die. His funeral was held in the Albion Methodist church Saturday afternoon, Oct. 24. Dr. Fiske, who had charge, spoke of his relation to Albion college; the pastor, of his relation to the Albion Methodist church; Dr. M. M. Callen of his relation to Michigan Methodism; Rev. Washington Gardner spoke of him as a citizen and soldier, and Dr. D. F. Barnes of his relation to Bay View. Rev. Geo. S. Hickey and Dr. Levi Master, former pastors, conducted the devotions. Prof. Scheffler presided at the organ, conducting the singing. The services throughout were very impressive. Among the ministers present were J. E. Parker, of Detroit conference, and the following from Michigan conference: James Hamilton, N. L. Bray, W. M. Colby, L. M. Edmonds, G. L. Mount, E. O. Mather, A. A. Knappen, A. Hunsberger, B. S. Taylor, F. J. Freeman, W. J. Elmer, H. P. Henderson, O. H. Perry, H. D. Jordan, B. E. Paddock, M. W. Knapp, and others.

The college faculty were present in a body; all the members of the Delta Gamma society; also delegates from all the college classes and fraternities; the Albion post of the G. A. R. were in attendance, and a vast concourse of the business men and citizens joined in the universal tribute of respect and love to Brother Brockway's memory. When his body was laid to rest in Riverside cemetery all felt that the new-made grave held all that was mortal of one whose record as a benefactor of Albion college and of the religious and business interests of Albion had never been surpassed.

Mrs. Lucinda Butler.—Lucinda, widow of the late Charles Butler, died at her home in Convis Centre, Thursday March 21, 1892, after a long illness of consumption. Lucinda Lusk was born June 11, 1834, in Lysander, Onondaga county, N. Y., and when eighteen years old came to Michigan with her brother, the late Jason Lusk of Fredonia township. In 1857 she married Charles Butler, of Convis, and has lived there ever since, loved and respected as a kind and affectionate wife and mother, and a neighbor whose acquaintance was prized.

Mrs. Leah Caldwell.—Mrs. Leah Caldwell, a resident of Battle Creek for fifty-five years, died at the home of her son, Josiah Caldwell, Battle Creek, Sept. 16, 1891, aged eighty-three years.

Mrs. Maurice Casey.—Johanna Hackett was born in Tullaroon, County Kilkenney, Ireland, and came to America in 1839, settling in

Vermont, where her brother, the late Tobias Hackett, followed her the next year. Soon after she married Thomas Callan, and to them were born four daughters and three sons. Mr. Callan died in 1858, and some years after she married Mr. Casey, they removing here in 1886. Mr. Casey died in Marshall about two years ago. Mrs. Casey was a kind and loving wife, mother, sister, and made friends with everyone whom she met. She was a zealous member of St. Mary's Catholic church of Marshall, and after her death, Dec. 15, 1891, her remains were buried in St. Mary's cemetery. One sister, Mrs. Patrick Conroy, of Marshall, and three sons, James B. Callan, of Bloomington, Ill., John P. Callan, of Aurora, Ill., and Thomas F. Callan, of Joliet, Ill., and one daughter, Mrs. Rose McGregor, of Minneapolis, Minn., survive her.

Andrew C. Chase.—Andrew C. Chase, an old and highly esteemed colored resident of Battle Creek, died Jan. 9, 1892, at his home on Frelinghuysen avenue, of pneumonia, aged fifty-seven years, two months and four days. The deceased was born in Philadelphia, and came to Michigan in 1857, locating in Battle Creek, where he has since resided. He leaves a wife and three daughters, also three brothers and one sister, all residing in Battle Creek, to mourn his loss.

Mrs. Mary A. F. M. Cogswell.—Mary A. F. Merriman, widow of the late Myron H. Cogswell, died Friday, May 20, 1892, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Stephen Briggs, in Fredonia.

Mary A. F. Merriman was born April 23, 1823, at Byron, Genesee county, N. Y. At the age of eleven years she came to Michigan with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Merriman, and three sisters, two of whom survive her. The journey was made from Toledo with an ox team and lumber wagon, attended by many privations and hardships. At that early date, 1834, there were but two houses in the village of Tekonsha. January 21, 1842, she married Myron H. Cogswell, of Tekonsha, who died Feb. 12, 1877, leaving her a wiidow with two children —Merriman G., of Detroit, and Mina S., Mrs. Briggs. She experienced religion under the preaching of Rev. Augur, of Hillsdale, and joined the Free Baptist church, organized in Tekonsha twenty-three years ago. Later she became a member of the Presbyterian church. She was a consistent Christian and exemplified the teachings of her Redeemer by a life of trust and patient resignation to His will. Her death had been anticipated for some time. Thus an aged and honored pioneer has passed on to a newer country to join the ever swelling company of those who have gone before. An affectionate sister and loving mother

has laid down the burdens of a well spent life to be clothed with the garments of immortality.

Fred H. Cole.—Fred H. Cole, a veteran of the war, as a member of Merrill's Horse, died April 6, 1892, at his home, No. 19 Lydia street, Battle Creek, of quick consumption, aged forty-nine years. The deceased has long been a resident of Battle Creek, was a member of Farragut Post, G. A. R., and of the A. O. U. W., and possessed a wide circle of friends who deeply sympathize with the sorrowing family in their deep bereavement.

William Cook.—Hon. William Cook, one of the most prominent men of Homer, died at his home in that village, Oct. 30, 1891. He had been suffering for some time from an incurable disease and his death was not unlooked for. He was born in Rome, N. Y., in 1819, and came to Michigan in 1831. Mr. Cook was not only well known in Homer, but had a large acquaintance throughout this part of the State. He represented this county in the State legislature from 1861 to 1864 as a member of the house, and again in the senate in 1875 and 1877. He has been supervisor many years. He was well liked by all who knew him, and few men in the county could have died who will be missed more than William Cook.

Mrs. H. H. Dorsey.—Mrs. H. H. Dorsey, whose death occurred in Albion, Jan. 21, 1892, after a brief illness of pneumonia, was a native of Massachusetts, but came to Michigan when a girl and has always lived in this part of the State, the most of her life having been spent in Homer. From her girlhood she was a member of the M. E. church, and though for many years in poor health, she was always faithful in attending church services when such attendance was possible. She had four children, one of whom, Lewis, died some years ago. Frank N., Nina, and Jackson H., are left with their father to mourn. Her sisters are Mrs. J. H. Howell, of Albion, and Mrs. F. G. Rice, of Paris, Mich., and the brothers, M. D. Hamilton, of Washington, D. C., and Rev. S. L. Hamilton, pastor of Haven M. E. church, Jackson. Her age was sixty-one years and six months.

David J. Downs.—David J. Downs died at his home in Battle Creek, Dec. 11, 1891. He was seventy-eight years of age at his last birthday in September. He came to Michigan from Orleans county, N. Y., with his father in the fall of 1839, settling near the present village of Ceresco, and a few years later he removed to Battle Creek, where he has resided about forty-five years. For most of this time he

has carried on the livery business, and has always been respected as an upright business man, a kind neighbor and a most estimable citizen.

He leaves a widow and four grown up children, as follows: R. J. Downs, of Chicago; Eugene P. Downs, of Battle Creek; Mrs. A. H. Tillson and Mrs. J. Norton. Mrs. A. O. Hyde, of Marshall, is a sister of Mr. Downs.

William H. Dunn.—William H. Dunn, formerly of Marshall, died suddenly, of neuralgia of the heart, at his home in Ionia, Sunday, Feb. 21, 1892.

Mr. Dunn was a son of the late John C. Dunn, of Marshall, and was reared among us. He was a member of the 1st Michigan infantry, three months men, and participated in the memorable first battle of Bull Run. After returning home, he re-enlisted in the 8th Michigan cavalry, served through the war, returning home as orderly sergeant of Co. A of that regiment. When a young man he worked for the late C. H. Beach, and learned the gunsmith trade, becoming very proficient. He had many relatives and friends in Marshall, who are pained to learn of his untimely death.

Hamilton Dunning.—Hamilton Dunning died in Albion, on Wednesday morning, Feb. 3, 1892, aged eighty-three years. Mr. Dunning has been a resident of Albion for over thirty years. As a member of the community he was honored by all. He was loved by his children and wife, as an exemplary father and husband. His widow, one son and three daughters, one of whom is Mrs. John D. Hays, are left to mourn his loss.

Mrs. Ann C. Fancher.—Mrs. Ann C. Fancher, whose death occurred Jan. 30, 1892, at the residence of Rev. Bela Fancher in Homer, was born in Westmoreland, Oneida county, New York, in May, 1810, and was consequently at the time of her decease in her eighty-second year. Her maiden name was Bradley, being the daughter of a Presbyterian minister of that name who for many years was pastor of the Presbyterian church of Clinton, N. Y.

While yet young she became a Christian and during her long life maintained unshaken confidence in her Savior. Her faith sustained her in times of great trial and affliction and under the repeated and severe bereavements that fell to her lot. She was called to part with the husband of her youth (a brother of Rev. B. Fancher) more than thirty years ago. She also followed three young children to their graves and last of all a son and daughter after reaching young man and womanhood and on whom she leaned for loving care and support, were taken

from her embrace by the fell destroyer. Thus she was left widowed and childless in the world.

Mrs. James R. Ferguson.—Mrs. James R. Ferguson who died at the family home, corner Green and Jefferson streets, Marshall, Thursday, Jan. 21, 1892, was born in Vermont in 1826, and in an early day removed with her parents to Ypsilanti, in this State. January 1, 1846, she was united in marriage with Mr. Ferguson, and in December, 1853, they removed to this city which has since been their home. In 1847 she was converted and united with the M. E. church in Ypsilanti, and on removing to Marshall joined the church of that denomination here, of which she has since been a consistent and faithful member. She was for ten years assistant superintendent of the Sunday school and president of the Ladies' Aid Society. Her benevolence was often spoken of by many poor families who had cause to bless her for baskets of food, clothing, etc. She had been in poor health for some years and bore her sufferings with a patience and cheerfulness that came from her perfect trust in her Savior.

Mr. Ferguson and their two sons, Walter, of Marshall, and George H., of Chicago, survive to mourn the loss of a devoted wife and mother.

Francis Flynn.—Francis Flynn, a resident of Marshall since 1847, died Dec. 18, 1891, after a brief illness, having been sick only one week. Mr. Flynn was an honest, upright man, a good citizen and did not know what it was to have an enemy.

Warren Frink.—Warren Frink was born Aug. 14, 1813, and was married to Betsey Baker in western New York, Jan. 16, 1845. Mr. and Mrs. Frink moved to Michigan in 1854, and have resided since that date on the farm on Goguac prairie, where Mr. Frink died Sept. 8, 1891. Deceased was a warm-hearted man, strong in his attachments to his friends and always outspoken in their favor. He was an energetic worker, a good neighbor, an indulgent husband and father, and his many acts of kindness, his pleasant social qualities, his earnest convictions and many other sterling attributes of heart and mind, gave him universal respect and friendship during his residence of thirty-seven years in our community.

He leaves a wife and one daughter, Mrs. Martha Rimes, to mourn his loss.

Horatio Gale.—Horatio Gale, the youngest of the three brothers who founded the Gale Manufacturing Co., whose inventions have given

the institution its prominence, and who held the position of general manager, has been in failing health for some time, and lately has been at the sanitarium in Battle Creek, died March 26, 1892. His age was fifty-three years. He leaves a wife, one son, and one daughter. Probably no man has contributed more to the growth and prosperity of Albion than Horatio Gale.

Jacob Goodenow.—Jacob Goodenow died at his home in Albion, at an early hour Thursday morning, Sept. 17, 1891. He was the father of D. H. and E. E. Goodenow, until recently, merchants in Albion, and of George I. Goodenow, of Kalamazoo. His age was seventy-three, and he had lived here more than twenty-five years.

Mrs. J. N. Hall.—Mrs. J. N. Hall, of Bellevue, died Dec. 21, 1891, at the residence of her brother, H. W. Flint, 14 Douglass street, Battle Creek, of tumor of the stomach, aged sixty-one years. Mrs. Hall was the mother of D. D. Ford, of Battle Creek, and H. F. Ford, of Hastings. The deceased was one of the pioneers of Battle Creek, having moved there with her parents, I. M. Flint and wife, in 1844. She taught school when a young lady, in this county, several years, and has many friends to mourn her departure.

William Stephen Harris.—William Stephen Harris, who died of Bright's disease, at his home in Eckford, Tuesday, April 12, 1892, was born May 14, 1843, in that township, and his home has been there ever since, with the exception of one year that he lived in Homer village. His occupation of farmer, drover, and breeder of fine swine, gave him a large acquaintance throughout southern Michigan, and he had many friends who will unite with the people of this vicinity in their sympathy for his bereaved wife, sister, and brother. He was a member of Cook's Prairie Free Will Baptist church, an earnest and faithful Christian, and died peaceably, regretting only that he must leave his loved ones behind for a time.

Mrs. Jasper Hayward.—Huldah Dudley Hayward, aged eighty-two years, four months, six days, died Dec. 23, 1891, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. C. C. Wheeler, of Convis township. Her last days were made as pleasant as possible by the loving attentions of her living children—three daughters and two sons, all of whom were with her when her life went peacefully out. Mrs. Hayward was a native of Connecticut, came with her husband to Michigan in 1831, settling at Tecumseh, Lenawee county, where they lived a few years. They then

removed to this county, settling in Convis, and her home has been among us ever since. Mr. Peter Mulvany,[1] of Marengo, who taught the school in their district and lived in their family for several years, in the early days, and has ever since kept up the acquaintance then formed, regarding Mrs. Hayward writes:

"She possessed in a marked degree all the sterling qualities of the pioneers from the eastern states, who have left the impress of their industry, their energy, and indomitable perseverance throughout the West. The trials and privations incident to the settlement of a new country gave her a realistic view of life and bravely did she meet its responsibilities, as a devoted wife, a loving mother, and accommodating neighbor, and a true friend. The old time hospitalities so common among the early settlers she retained to the last—she was untiring in her efforts to make her guests feel at home. She was a close student of human nature and her comments on many of the foibles and fashions of the day were exceedingly witty and amusing. She had enjoyed good health most of her long life. Indeed it was old age rather than disease that prepared her for the great change. Among her last words were, 'rest, rest,' which at last came quietly and painlessly."

John L. Hopkins.—John L. Hopkins, aged eighty years, a resident of Michigan since 1838, and of the township of Lee for upwards of thirty years, died at his home in Athens, Monday, Dec. 7, 1891. He leaves a wife, and one son, George A. Hopkins, who lives at the old homestead just east of Clute's corners.

Mrs. Elizabeth A. Hoyt.—Mrs. Elizabeth A. Hoyt, after an illness of nearly a year, died at her home in Marengo, Friday, May 20, 1892. Elizabeth A. Dunn was born at Cambridgeshire, England, Oct. 17, 1833; moved to New York with her parents the next year, back to England at two years of age, and thence to New York again at seven, shortly afterwards to Scranton, Pa., and thence to Marshall in 1856. The next year she was married to Ezra Hoyt, of Fredonia township. They lived there until 1863, when they moved to Marengo township, where Mr. Hoyt died in 1872, and where Mrs. Hoyt has had her home until her death. 'Tis enough to say that she lived for the good of those around her and died with a firm faith in Christ as the Savior of mankind. She was the mother of six sons and three daughters, of whom Mrs. Naver, of Union City, Inez, Lulu, William J. and Searl, of Marengo, and Byron L., of Battle Creek, survive. Two sisters, numerous distant relatives and hosts of friends attended the last ceremonies and sincerely regret the loss of "a friend indeed."

[1]Born in Cabas county, Meath, Ireland, March 12, 1822, came to Assyria, Barry county, Mich., Aug. 1, 1847, died at Marengo Calhoun county, July 31, 1906. Mr. Mulvany was much interested in this society and gave several dollars to aid its work.

Mrs. John Hough.—Mrs. John Hough died at Wheatfield, Aug. 19, 1891, of consumption, aged seventy-three years, ten months and seven days.

Eliza Harper was born in Batavia, N. Y., Oct. 12, 1817, came with her parents to Michigan in 1834 and settled in Marshall township. Dec. 30, 1841, she was united in marriage with John Hough, and the young couple began their wedded life in the town of Emmett where they resided for eight years. For forty-two years their home has been the old Harper farm, formerly owned by Mrs. Hough's father at Wheatfield, and the names Uncle John and Aunt Eliza have been synonyms of hospitality and good cheer. Five children were sent to gladden their home. Three sleep in the little cemetery where today the mother rests beside them. One son, Charles, has been for some years in the west, the youngest, Ned, remained upon the homestead soothing with filial care his mother's wasting life.

Stephen Hunt.—Stephen Hunt died Wednesday, Sept. 30, 1891, at the residence of his son-in-law, C. C. Richmyer, in Bedford, aged eighty-two years. Mr. Hunt has resided in Bedford for about forty years and built up for himself an enviable reputation as an honorable, upright man, a good citizen, a kind neighbor and an energetic farmer. He has been for six years treasurer of the township and performed all public and private duties devolving upon him with conscientious care and in a manner that met with general approval. He leaves four children to mourn his loss: William H. Hunt, of Bedford, Mrs. Solomon Fellows, of Schoolcraft, Mrs. C. C. Richmyer, of Bedford, and Mrs. T. McCormick, of Inland, Neb.

Ebby Van Buren Hyde.—In the death of this gentleman Calhoun county loses one of its oldest and best known farmers. He came from New York to Michigan in 1836, and has resided since that time on the farm in Fredonia township which his father located at that time, and which he helped to make one of the best in the county. The mother died in 1838, and the father in 1861, but Mr. Hyde and a sister continued their happy quiet life on the old farm until about three years ago when the death of the sister left him alone; but the careful attention which he always gave every detail of his farming and stock raising (he was the first to bring thoroughbred shorthorn cattle into this county, and has always been interested in them, having raised some of the finest specimens ever seen in this State) enabling him to keep his mind busy and thus throw off the effects of his loneliness. For a year past he has suffered much with rheumatism, by which his former robust

constitution was so undermined that he was unable to withstand the effects of a recent attack of la grippe, and he died very suddenly on the morning of Friday, March 11, 1892. Of his father's family of five children, only Hon. A. O. Hyde, of Marshall, and Mrs. Ehles, of Winona, Minn., survive.

Mrs. George H. Johnson.—Mrs. Josephine A. Johnson, who died at Battle Creek, Jan. 11, 1892, was born at Morgantown, W. Va. She was a Miss Stillwell and married Mr. George H. Johnson at Battle Creek. Mrs. Johnson was an aunt to Mrs. W. J. Dibble, of Battle Creek. She leaves a large number of friends to mourn her death, as shown by the attendance and interest both at Battle Creek and in Marshall. All who knew her were drawn towards her by her kindly, open and helpful nature. She was uniformly unselfish and sympathetic, ever thinking less of herself than of others comfort and happiness. Such characters add to the wealth of all that is pure and of good repute in human society, and those qualities were the product largely of a consistent Christian faith and religious habit that gave color to "a spirit still bright." It was remarked as a pleasing coincidence that Mrs. Johnson's last illness occurred in the home of Mr. T. B. Skinner, of Battle Creek, in the same room where she was welcomed as a bride and spent several weeks, so that her last hours were watched over lovingly by the kind hearts who greeted her upon the entrance of her happy married life.

Mrs. Kenyon Johnson.—Mrs. Kenyon Johnson, of Marshall township, died Wednesday, April 20, 1892. She was eighty years of age. She was one of the first settlers of Emmett township, having come here in 1833, the wife of Mr. Grinnell who bought from the government two hundred acres of what is now the Henning farm at Wheatfield. Mr. Grinnell died about 1840, and the widow afterwards became the wife of Mr. Johnson, and has always lived near Ceresco—nearly sixty years.

Thomas Knight.—Thomas Knight was born near Hull, Yorkshire, England, Dec. 20, 1805, and was reared on the banks of the river Humber. His father was an agriculturist, and young Knight's boyhood was passed without any advantages. At twenty-five years of age he determined to cast his lot in the new world, and in 1830 had become a resident of Detroit. The next year the father and mother came to be with the son, bringing with them Miss Ann Wass, who, upon reaching Detroit, became the wife of the son. The old people continued to live in Detroit some three or four years until their death, but in the meantime Thomas and his young wife had come to Calhoun county and

located a small farm which was ever after their home, for although at the time of his death Mr. Knight had been living with his son in Battle Creek for a few weeks, he still regarded the old farm as his home. By hard work and frugal living the young couple saved and accumulated until their original purchase of thirty-five acres had increased to a very large estate. They reared nine children, and all live to survive their parents. The wife and mother died in 1878. Their children are Charles F. and Sarah, wife of George Curren Bentley, of Marshall township, Thomas J., Eliza, wife of Charles Atmore, who lives near Denver, Col., William W., Jessie, and Frank, of Denver, Godfrey, of North Dakota, and John H., of Battle Creek.

He has repeatedly given of his estate to his children so that in his later years his homestead contained but two hundred acres, which was operated by his son John, with whom he made his home after giving up its personal supervision in 1885.

Mr. Knight was always an enterprising citizen, one of the foremost in every good work which was to benefit all. He assisted personally to build the first schoolhouse in his neighborhood, and helped to organize the school district. He was repeatedly honored by his townsmen, who elected him as supervisor and to other offices. He was once elected county coroner, but did not qualify for the office, as he that year (1866) went to visit his native land, and remained nearly twelve months.

His was a jolly, good-natured disposition, and as his mind was stored with an almost unlimited fund of valuable information, and he had sufficient of amusing anecdote, he was an interesting conversationalist and entertaining companion.

Mr. Knight always enjoyed good health up to the very last, only the weakening of his strength by old age causing inconvenience and keeping him at home during the past few months. Tuesday morning, April 19, 1892, he did his accustomed light work, ate breakfast with the family, and took a chair to read the morning paper when he suddenly gasped, the heart refused longer to do its work, and his spirit was gone.

Mrs. Mary Ann Lee.—Mrs. Mary Ann Lee was born in North Marsh, Kent county, England, Aug. 24, 1811, and died April 27, 1892. About two weeks previous to her death she went to visit her grandson, John Lee, of Tekonsha township, and was stricken down with inflammation of the lungs, and being unable to be moved home she died there. She had been a widow for many years and for about ten years has lived with her daughter, Mrs. Frank VanVoorhees near Lyon Lake. She was the mother of five sons and five daughters, of whom two sons and two

daughters survive her. She was converted when twenty years of age and united with the Wesleyan M. E. church of England, of which she held a membership until she, with her husband, Richard Lee, came to America. She then united with the M. E. church of Eckford. She was an affectionate mother, a kind neighbor and friend.

Mrs. Orenda Lyman.—Mrs. Orenda Lyman died Dec. 6, 1891, aged ninety-one years, ten months and twenty-seven days. Orenda Adams was born in Halifax, Vt., Jan. 9, 1800. Was married to Clark Lyman in the year 1819. In the year 1820 they moved to the (then) far west, the state of Ohio with an ox team, being forty days on the road, Mrs. Lyman carrying a young babe in her arms. Settling in Strongsville, they remained until the spring of 1837, when they again moved west to the town of Unadilla, Livingston county, Michigan, where they resided until Mr. Lyman's death, which occurred in the year 1866, after which she lived with her daughter, Mrs. Martha White, of Sheridan township, where she died. Mr. and Mrs. Lyman both joined the Presbyterian church over sixty years ago, and all these long years she remained a faithful follower of her Lord and Master. Of this union six children were born. One died when young. The eldest daughter, Mrs. Orenda Riggs, of Detroit, died July, 1891. Hollis Lyman, her son of Stockbridge, Mich., her daughters, Mrs. M. H. White and Mrs. H. L. Horton, were at her funeral. Mrs. G. W. Arnold, the daughter living in Jacksonville, Florida, was not present.

Mrs. Christopher N. Martin.—Mary Baldwin was born in Cayuga county, N. Y., March 6, 1821, and was united in marriage with Mr. Martin, Sept. 1, 1840. She came to Michigan with her husband twenty-three years ago and after living on their farm, in Marengo township, for about fourteen years moved to Marshall, where she resided until her death. She was converted when fifteen years of age, and united with the Presbyterian church of Cayuga, of which her parents were members, and about five years ago joined the Christian church of Marshall. She died at her home, corner Kalamazoo avenue and Union street, at 3 a. m. Wednesday, April 6, 1892, aged seventy-one years and one month. During her long sickness no word of complaint was ever heard from her; she bore her suffering as only a true Christian can, and frequently said to her friends that she was perfectly resigned to her fate, that she was only waiting the pleasure of her Savior to take her home. She was the mother of three children, of whom a daughter, Mrs. Sarah E. Southwell, alone survives.

Mrs. Elizabeth McNames.—Mrs. Elizabeth McNames, aged seventy-seven years and six months, died at her home, Green street west, Marshall, Friday morning, April 29, 1892, of la grippe complicated with heart disease. Mrs. McNames was the widow of the late Abram McNames, who died Nov. 12, 1886, aged eighty years. She was the mother of nine children, one of whom died in infancy in Canada, where the family resided before coming to Marshall in 1856. Her living children are Mrs. Mary House, Anna, wife of Charles W. Darling, Augusta, wife of George W. Watson, Salmon, Rodmon S., and John H., of Marshall, Nathaniel, of Kalamazoo, and Wellington, of Buffalo, N. Y.

Roswell T. Merrill.—The Birmingham (Mich.) Eccentric of recent date gives an account of the death of Roswell T. Merrill, which occurred suddenly at that place on the 12th of April, 1892. Mr. Merrill, who was eighty-eight years of age at the time of his death, was a native of Vermont, and came to Birmingham in 1832, and to Battle Creek in 1852, where he engaged with his son-in-law, the late William Brown, in manufacturing threshing machines. He subsequently went to Iowa, but a few years ago returned to Battle Creek, and after remaining a while he went to Birmingham to spend his closing days with his daughter, Mrs. Noble, formerly Mrs. Brown. For the last twenty-five years of his life he was a member of the M. E. Church. He will be remembered by our older citizens, as an active business man and good citizen. He was the first justice of the peace in Birmingham, made the first plat of the village in 1836 and built the first brick store in 1841. Mr. Merrill was president of the village of Battle Creek at one time during his residence here and was prominent in our local affairs. He was universally esteemed by his acquaintances. Mrs. Merrill survives him, and resides with her daughter, Mrs. Noble.

Henry G. Mitchell.—Henry G. Mitchell died at his residence in Clarendon and vicinity, he gathered around him a host of appreciative was born in Erie county, N. Y. When three years of age he removed with his parents to Michigan, settling in the southern part of Calhoun county. His marriage to Miss Mina Kennedy occurred June 8, 1887. Mr. Mitchell was an unassuming gentleman, genial and companionable, industrious and economical. Having spent nearly his whole life in Clarendon and vicinity, he gathered around him a host of appreciative friends and acquaintances. His last illness was brief and severe. His wife and little son, with brothers and sisters, mourn his loss.

John Moffit.—John Moffit was born in Onondaga county, New York, May 12, 1819, and died at his home in Convis, May 14, 1892, at

the age of seventy-three years, two days. He married in 1841 Miss Alzada Burlingam, came to Michigan in 1843 and settled on the farm where he died, and was the father of three children, two of whom survive him. He was a member of the Bellevue M. E. church for many years, but of late had not been a regular attendant, owing to ill health.

Mrs. Ira Nash.—Eliza Hollister was born June 6, 1804, in Saratoga county, New York, of which her parents were pioneers, having removed there from Massachusetts. She was the fifth of a family of eight daughters and three sons, was well educated for those times, and was a successful school-teacher in Ballston prior to her marriage with Mr. Nash, May 7, 1833. Four years after their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Nash came to Michigan, purchased 270 acres of land in Fredonia township, in this county, built a good house, barns, etc., broke up the virgin soil, and for fourteen years successfully conducted the farm, the wife always doing her full share of labor. In 1851 they removed to Marshall, that their children might have better school privileges. When the Michigan Central railway track through Marshall was straightened, in order to avoid the sharp curve at the entrance to the "deep cut" in Perrinville, Mr. Nash had the contract for preparing the roadbed and filling the marsh where the depot grounds now are. He also constructed most of the original telegraph line of the Michigan Central. For a few years Mr. Nash was superintendent of the Chicago & Aurora (Ill.) railway, leaving the wife in charge of the home, but he resigned to be with his family. He was tempted with a good offer from the St. Paul and Northwestern Railway Company, but declined it.

After returning home Mr. Nash sold his farm and they ever after lived a quiet life at the home on High street. Both Mr. and Mrs. Nash united with the Presbyterian church in their youth, and after coming to this vicinity were prominent members of the church in Marshall, being among its corporate members, and Mr. Nash having been a deacon so many years that he came to be familiarly known by that title. Mr. Nash died December 17, 1878, having been preceded to the grave by all but one of their two sons and three daughters.

The latter years of Mrs. Nash's life have been devoted to the education of her grandchildren, one of whom is now pastor of a Presbyterian church of Chicago, and another a pupil in the Michigan University. Declining health, which necessarily comes with advancing years, compelled her last year to close her home here and go to live with her daughter Sarah, wife of Rev. T. Dwight Hunt, at Westernville, N. Y. Thursday, April 14, she was stricken down with paralysis,

and not having sufficient vitality to rally, died Sunday, April 17, 1892, aged eighty-seven years, ten months, eleven days. The funeral was held at that place, but the remains were brought to Marshall for burial. Most of the few remaining among us who can be called pioneers, and many of her former neighbors and acquaintances, met the remains at the depot and accompanied them to the cemetery, thus testifying their respect for the memory of their departed friend.

Joseph E. Riddle.—Joseph E. Riddle of Battle Creek died August 10, 1891, at his home, aged eighty-three years. The funeral was held in the Baptist church, which he built forty-five years ago. He also built the first store building and schoolhouse in the village. He leaves a wife, four sons and a daughter to mourn his loss.

Otis Burton Rowley.—Otis Burton Rowley was born March 19, 1834, in Orleans county, N. Y., the third child of Azor and Mary Rowley. He came with his parents to Michigan in 1845; lived two years in Lapeer county, and removed to Marshall in 1847, locating on the farm which lies on the east side of beautiful Oakridge cemetery. Dec. 25, 1860, Mr. Rowley and Minerva A., daughter of the late Nathan Davis, of Marshall, were united in marriage, and to them have been born three children, Lulu, wife of Ed. L. Mingus, of Detroit, Miss Carrie, and Mr. Frank, all of whom survive their father. Mr. Rowley served three years in the War of the Rebellion, as a member of Co. K, 1st Michigan engineers and mechanics, taking part in all of the unusually active services of that regiment with the army of the Tennessee, and marching with Sherman from Alanta to the sea, and was mustered out at Washington at the close of the war. He was city marshal in 1876-7, and has always been actively engaged in some business in Marshall. He was a happy, companionable disposition, so it is not strange that his every acquaintance was a friend. He died in Detroit at the home of his daughter, March 17, 1892. Besides his own family, two sisters, Mrs. H. L. Platt, of Ypsilanti, and Mrs. S. W. Lester, of Troy, Pa., survive him.

H. A. Perrine.—H. A. Perrine, a prominent resident of Tekonsha, died at his home Sunday, Dec. 20, 1891, aged sixty years, eleven months and ten days, having been born in the city of New York, Jan. 10, 1831. At the age of fifteen he came with his parents and settled in Michigan. During the year 1857 he was united in marriage with Mrs. Sarah Doolittle, who was permitted to minister to his wants during his long and fatal illness. The fruit of this union was five children, two of whom

preceded him to the spirit land. Mr. Perrine gave his heart to God when eighteen years of age, and united with the M. E. church. He continued a faithful member of the same till his Savior and Lord called him to the fellowship of the church above. With his family he removed in 1868 to Missouri, where they remained twenty-one years, returning in 1889 and have been honored and respected residents of the village ever since. His wife and three children survive him.

Mrs. Harriet E. Sherman.—Mrs. Harriet E. Sherman, wife of Dr. N. A. Sherman, of Marshall, died at her home Dec. 4, 1891.

Harriet E. Gregory was born Sept. 8, 1823, in Johnstown, N. Y. She was married to Mr. Sherman, Dec. 23, 1841, at the home of her sister in Rochester, N. Y., and they lived in that city until 1853, when, in March, they came to Marshall and bought and settled upon a farm in Eckford. They were not fully satisfied, and, having a good opportunity in the following October, sold out. They then lived in Unadilla, Mich., and Rochester, N. Y., for eleven years, but in 1864 came to Marshall again, and purchased the property at the corner of Mansion and Liberty streets, which has since been their home. Their only child, H. Ben., was born in Rochester in 1851, and died in Marshall in 1886, so that Mr. Sherman is now left alone.

Chauncey K. Shepard.—Chauncey K. Shepard, aged fifty-eight years, who was a resident of Tekonsha, Fredonia and Marshall, from 1856 to 1887, with the exception of a short time spent in Iowa, and who will be pleasantly remembered by his former acquaintances in this county, died at 1 a. m., Feb. 10, 1892, at his home in Summertown, Tenn., to which place he and his estimable wife, formerly Miss Hattie Stevens, whom he married in 1867 in Iowa, removed when they left here. Mr. Shepard united with the Baptist church in Marshall in 1883, and retained his membership to the time of his death.

John Skinner.—John Skinner died at his residence in Eckford, Dec. 26, 1891.

Mr. Skinner was born in the village of Ticehurst, Sussex county, England, Feb. 28, 1820, one of a family of eight children, all of whom, though their parents were poor and toiled hard for their daily bread, received some schooling. But as John went out to work at the early age of nine years, his opportunities for learning were limited. At the age of fourteen he was converted, and joined the Methodist church. He grew up a quiet, thoughtful young man, not much given to play or childish follies. Quite a little musical talent was developed in the family,

and one of his daughters recalls the sight of her father as leader, with bass viol, in the gallery of the little chapel, while her Uncle Thomas played the flute, Uncle William the violin, and two of her aunts helped with the singing, the family furnishing a good share of the music for the services. This talent for music has been handed down to his own family, and, with him for leader, for many years they have furnished by far the larger part of the music at the Eckford Methodist church. Nov. 29, 1844, he was married to Mary Ann Rogers, and March 31, 1853, set sail for America with wife and four children, leaving sorrowing friends who missed him in Sunday school as superintendent, in song service and class meeting as leader, and in religious matters as counselor and friend. Arriving in New York, May 1, he spent the first summer near the village of Victor, N. Y., coming to Michigan the following November, and purchasing the first twenty acres of the farm in Eckford where he has since resided, and where by cheerful, steady industry he provided for his family the necessary blessings of life. Eight children were born to them, of whom six are living, are married, and are worthy members of Christian churches. Jan. 26, 1866, his wife died and was buried near her two children in the little cemetery close by and which he has cared for so faithfully. May 10, 1867, Mr. Skinner married Mrs. Fanny Avery, who survives to mourn his loss.

Mr. Skinner was one of the charter members of the M. E. church here, helped to build its present house of worship, and has always cheerfully and liberally sustained it in every way, for (as he often said) he loved the church. His body was carried to the church and to its last resting place in the cemetery, by his six sons-in-law, William A. Powell, Wesley Ball, Thomas J. Shipp, James McDonald, Lote C. Robinson, and George Fisher.

Mr. Skinner's life was a beautiful example of consistent, faithful and cheerful Christian living. He was respected and loved by all, and will be greatly missed as class leader, steward and trustee in the church, and as friend and wise counselor by all who knew him.

W. S. Sloan.—W. S. Sloan died at his home in Tekonska, Friday, Feb. 12, 1892, after a protracted and exceedingly painful illness. Mr. Sloan was born in Lenawee county, Mich., Feb. 21, 1847. Until his majority he worked on his father's farm, spending what time he could in the district school. Later he was a student in Hillsdale college, from which he graduated in 1874. He was married to Lydia A. Pratt, of Homer, N. Y., Jan. 18, 1877. To them were born eight children, seven of whom, with the devoted wife and mother, survive to mourn

his death. He was a faithful member of the M. E. church, charter member of Tekonsha lodge, A. O. U. W., a thoroughly honest and highly esteemed citizen, a kind neighbor, and an affectionate husband and father.

CATHERINE F. SMITH.—Catherine Francis Smith died May 7, 1892, in Fredonia. She was born in East Henrietta, N. Y., Dec. 18, 1854, and came with her parents to Michigan in April, 1855, and located in Fredonia where they have since resided. Miss Smith experienced religion and united with the Congregational church in 1874, and was a consistent member until her death. The last few years of her life she was an invalid. Her mother, a sister and three brothers survive her.

THOMAS TEMPLETON.—Thomas Templeton, aged fifty-five years, a resident of Convis and Marshall township since 1856, died Wednesday night, March 16, 1892, at the residence of his brother, Benjamin M., which has been his home for many years. He was a son of James Templeton, who, when he came to Michigan, settled upon the farm in North Marshall, now owned by George S. Sterling. Of the family of nine children Mrs. E. H. Brown, and Benjamin M., of Convis, John, of Battle Creek, and Theodore, of Kansas, survive; Thomas being the first of the sons to die.

MRS. BENJAMIN THOMAS.—Mrs. Benjamin Thomas died at her home in Partello, Friday, Dec. 11, 1891, and was buried Sunday morning. The funeral sermon was preached by Rev. Sloan, the minister who baptized and received her into the Christian church in 1847.

The following sketch of her life, prepared by her niece, Mrs. William Hamilton, was read by the pastor of the church. Mrs. Thomas was the last one of that generation of her family:

"Mrs. Polly Thomas, the daughter of Matthew and Susanna Bunn, was born in Aurelius, Cayuga Co., N. Y., in 1815. When a child, her parents moved to Sardina, Erie Co., N. Y., then a new, wild region, and they experienced some of the hardships which necessarily accompanied early pioneer life. In 1835 she came to Michigan with her parents and lived in Marengo village until her marriage to Benjamin Thomas in 1837. Few now living can remember her as the bright, beautiful bride, with the bloom of early womanhood upon her cheek and brow, full of hope for the future, ready to undertake any hardship for and with her early chosen life companion. Together they settled on the farm in Lee township where they lived half a century helping to change the wilderness into a garden. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, when tired of the cares

of the farm, and when old age began to make inroads upon their health, removed to Partello, and here celebrated their golden wedding in 1887. Their union was not blessed with children, but their hearts and home were open to welcome little ones of other families who needed their love and care.

In her life, Mrs. Thomas embodied the true elements of Christian character, charity, which is love to friends, to neighbors, to everyone. Her husband died in 1889, and his loss so affected her that she never fully recovered her former cheerful nature. A few years ago an accident rendered her a comparative cripple, and her health gradually failed, all physicians being unable to help her until the Great Physician, with all His sympathy and love, came to her relief, and the poor, emaciated body, with its burden of years, released the soul of this noble woman, to go to the God who gave it.

Mrs. Thomas' father, Matthew Bunn, served in the Indian wars subsequent to the revolution, was captured by the Indians at St. Clair's defeat and remained with them several years. After suffering many hardships at their hands, he made his escape, and afterwards published a narrative of his captivity, a few copies of which are still extant. He was one of the pioneers of Calhoun county and died in Marengo, in 1844, aged seventy-two years. Her grandfather, Matthew Bunn, entered the Revolutionary army at Roxbury, Mass., and died in the service in 1776.

Daniel Taylor.—Daniel Taylor died at his home in Marshall, April 18, 1892, aged fifty-nine years.

Mr. Taylor was born in Wheatland, Monroe county, N. Y., May 12, 1833, of Scotch parents. In May, 1859, he went to California, but returned in November, 1860. The following spring he came to Marshall and purchased the Nathan P. Fink farm, half a mile east of the northwest corner of Eckford township, and has made his home there until a few weeks ago, when he sold out and removed to this city. Dec. 12, 1861, he married Miss Marian Elyea, who died April 9, 1883, leaving three children, Carrie, wife of Allan Miller, of Eckford, Henry R., Maggie and Mary.

Mr. Taylor was a good citizen and kind neighbor, and a man of strong friendship, and several times was honored with public office by his townsmen. He was one of five members of that very select company of sportsmen known as the P. E. Club, and is the first of their number to be taken away. The other four, Henry C. Hulett, George Greenfield, Richard B. Fletcher and George S. Smith, acted as pallbearers at the funeral which was held at the house Wednesday after-

noon, Rev. J. M. Getchell, pastor of Grace church, Universalist, officiating. The remains were buried in Oakridge cemetery. The friends of the family furnished many beautiful flowers, the finest design being from the P. E. Club.

Henry Wandell.—Henry Wandell, aged ninety-one years, five months, twenty days, who had been a resident of Marengo township and Marshall during the past forty-one years, died Tuesday afternoon, April 12, 1892, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Sarah Spencer, corner Hanover and Liberty streets. Beside Mrs. Spencer, his other children who survive are Mrs. W. G. Parkis and Albert Wandell, of Marengo.

Mrs. Elizabeth B. Warren.—Mrs. Elizabeth Baker Warren, wife of Edward Warren, died of pneumonia, Tuesday, March 29, 1892, at her home in Ligonier, Ind., aged sixty-nine years and fourteen days. Deceased was born in Albany county, N. Y., March 15, 1826. At the age of sixteen she experienced religion and united with the Baptist church. She was formerly a resident of Ceresco and for many years a member of the Baptist church there. She was an earnest Christian, a lover of Zion. In her life she was called to pass through many trials, but through them all her faith in Christ remained firm. She was of a cheerful disposition always looking on the bright side of life. Her religion was sunny and penetrated her whole life. The remains were taken to Marshall for burial. Deceased leaves a husband and an adopted daughter, two sisters and one brother to mourn her.

Platt B. Weeks.—Platt B. Weeks died at his residence, No. 26 Nichols street, Battle Creek, Sunday morning, March 21, 1892, of paralysis, aged seventy-six years. Mr. Weeks was an old resident, having lived in Battle Creek for upwards of fifty years, coming to the city from Sandy Hill, Washington county, N. Y., where he was born. He was an expert mechanic, and for many years had no rival as a millright in central Michigan. His dealings were upright and his friends numbered all his acquaintances.

Mrs. Charles M. Whiting.—Sarah Jane, daughter of the late George and Eunice Brown Ketchum, was born July 30, 1829, in Bridgewater, Oneida Co., N. Y. Her father was the first settler of Marshall, coming here in April, 1831, with a party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Larcum Ball, Solomon M. Allen, White Ketchum, H. P. Wisner, and John Kennedy, and settling upon land which his brother Sidney located the previous summer. In the fall of the same year Mr. Ketchum returned to New York and brought his wife and little daughters here, arriving

Nov. 10. The family continued the home here, one daughter and three sons being born to them—Frank B., now of Sabetha, Kan., Fred B., now a physician in Louisville, Ky., Helen Louise, now the wife of J. P. Rundell of Milwaukee, Wis., and William D., now of Chicago. Nov. 25, 1851, (Sarah) Jane married Mr. Charles M. Whiting, who has been a resident here for two or three years. Soon after Mr. Whiting established himself in business in Union City, and of course his wife went there to look after the home he prepared for her. Two sons were born to them while living there, George K., who continues his home in that place, and Charles M., now of Detroit. In 1874 Mr. Whiting sold his business in Union City, returned to and made his home in Marshall until he died, Jan. 10, 1881. Since that time Mrs. Whiting has regarded the home of her son George in Union City as her home, and she died there April 30, 1892, aged sixty-two years, nine months. After the breaking up of her own home she spent much of her time at the home of her sister in Milwaukee, assisting in caring for her invalid mother, who died there August 26, 1891, and the balance of her time was spent with her sons in Union City and Detroit, and with Mrs. H. A. Tillotson, a cousin, in Marshall. Her father, who went to California soon after the first discoveries of gold, died and was buried there in 1852.

Mrs. Whiting united with the Presbyterian church in Union city during her first residence there, and was ever a consistent and worthy member. Her love for her girlhood home, Marshall, is well known, and she will be held in fond remembrance by a large circle of friends there, many of whom knew her in her youth and others as the gracious, intelligent woman whose friendship was a cherished boon. These all unite in sympathy for the family and regret at her death.

Peter V. Wyckoff.—Peter V. Wyckoff, aged seventy-two years nine months, died Monday evening, Feb. 22, 1892, having been sick only from Saturday evening before. Mr. Wyckoff was brought here by his parents in 1836 coming from Tompkins county, N. Y. They settled on section eighteen, in the township of Marshall, and that was Peter's home until 1863 or 4, when he removed to Marshall and has resided there ever since. Of his three children Isaac A. died several years ago, Mrs. Carrie Snyder, of Marshall, and Herman A., of Chicago, survive him.

James Vandenburgh.—Mr. James Vandenburgh was for fifty years a resident of Albion, having lived on a farm four miles south of there. He left there and went to reside with his relatives in Newaygo, when

death called him, Jan. 19, 1892, in his eightieth year. A kind and loving father and a steadfast friend was one of the characteristics of this gentleman.

CASS COUNTY

BY GEORGE T. SHAFFER

John Reagan, born in Ireland in 1824; came to Cass county in 1848, and died June 26, 1891.

Mrs. Thomas Brosnahan, died in Silver Creek, July 2, 1891.

Osborn Silver, a Pokagon resident and pioneer, died at Elkhart, July 27, 1891.

Mrs. N. F. Choate, of Dowagiac, died in Chicago, August 2, 1891.

Collins Frazier, died at Dowagiac, Aug. 10, 1891, aged eighty-one.

Andrew Van Buskirk, of Wayne, died Aug. 1, 1891.

Mrs. Wheeler, wife of Dr. Wheeler, died in Dowagiac, October 14, 1891, aged sixty-one years.

James Goble, born in Pokagon in 1836, died December 3, 1891, aged fifty-five years.

Charles Brownell, came to this county in 1854, and died at Dowagiac Nov. 26, 1891.

Orrin O. Hungerford, lived in Dowagiac forty-four years, and died at Fennville, Allegan county, January 11, 1892.

Orson Butrick, old-time Dowagiac citizen, died in Berrien, January 11, 1892.

W. H. Ferris, born in Chatham, N. J., August 9, 1818; lived in Cass county since 1856, and died in Dowagiac, January 18, 1892.

Mrs. W. H. Ferris, born in Summit, N. J., April 11, 1820, came to Michigan in 1856, and died in Dowagiac, January 17, 1892.

Mrs. T. T. Stebbins, born in Utica, N. Y., March 25, 1830, came to Dowagiac in 1856, and died January 19, 1892.

Abner Connine, came to Pokagon 1846, died January 20, 1892.

Vincenz Harder, born in Bavaria, 1832, came to Dowagiac in 1865, died January 27, 1892.

Mrs. Emily G. Tyler, born in 1816, came to Cass county in 1846, and died in Volinia, January 27, 1892.

James Moore, born 1812, came to Cass county, 1838, and died in Pokagon, January 28, 1892.

Stephen Tinkham, died at Summerville, February 10, 1892, aged sixty-five; old resident.

Mrs. Mary Benson, born at Bladensburg, Va., August 12, 1809, came to Cass county in 1869, and died at Pokagon, March 5, 1892.

Mrs. Emily F. Bond, born at Whitestown, N. Y., April 1, 1805; lived in Cass county since 1853, and died at Dowagiac, March 29, 1892.

Orr Allison, born in Ireland in 1811; lived in Silver Creek twenty-six years, and died April 7, 1892.

Frank Bowling, died at Dowagiac, April 25, 1892, after a residence of twenty-five years.

John Stretch, born in Wayne county, Ind., December 25, 1825; came to Cass county in 1833, and died April 30, 1892.

Mrs. Martha Rix, born at St. Johnsbury, Vt., in 1807; came to Dowagiac in 1872, and died April 28, 1892.

Barney V. Blew, born in New Jersey in 1809, lived in Dowagiac many years, died April 14, 1892.

Mrs. R. P. Barnes, born at Litchfield, Ct., 1819; came to Dowagiac 1862, died May 7, 1892.

Charles A. Codding, born in Onondaga county, N. Y., in 1824, lived in Cass county twenty-five years; died May 28, 1892.

Jane Helen Copley, wife of Hon. A. B. Copley, departed this life Sept. 20, 1890, aged sixty-three years and eight months. She moved into this State with her father's family (Abner Hathaway), in 1838, from Cayuga county, New York, settling in Volinia township, where she resided until 1874, since which time she has lived in Decatur, Van Buren county.

Mrs. Darcus L. Tomlinson, born in Delaware, May 9, 1810; came to Michigan, Cass county, 1835, died in LaGrange, Dec. 23, 1891, aged eighty-one years, seven months and fourteen days.

Henry Morton, was born in Nelson county, Ky., Jan. 6, 1822; came to Michigan in 1849.

Mary Francis Morton, daughter of the above, born in Calvin township, in 1854, died at thirty-seven years of age.

Ransom Dopp, born in New York in 1824, came to Michigan in 1840, died in Wayne township, Dec. 30, 1890.

Daniel Scofield died in Marcellus, April 28, 1892, aged seventy-three years.

Joseph Krise died May 2, 1892, in Marcellus, aged eighty-three years. An old pioneer.

R. H. Bates died in Newberg, May 15, 1892, aged sixty-six years.

William Crosby died Dec. 2, 1891, aged eighty years.

Mary Karsdorf, Marcellus, Feb. 3, 1892, aged seventy-five years.

John M. Kline, aged eighty-four years, died March 9, 1892. A long time resident.

Lewis Arnold, died March 24, 1892, aged sixty-three years.

Robert N. Martin, died at Wakelee, March 30, 1892, aged seventy-six years.

John Kent, died at Marcellus, April 21, 1892, aged eighty-three years.

Mrs. Mary Howe, May 25, 1891, at the age of eighty years.

Mrs. William Purdy, in Marcellus, July 16, 1891, aged sixty-three years.

Mrs. Nancy Bridge, resident of Marcellus, died in Colorado, July 20, 1891, aged sixty years.

Mrs. Rutherford, resident of Marcellus for many years, died at Burr Oak, Aug. 16, 1891, aged seventy-three years.

George G. Woodmansee, Sept. 12, 1891, aged sixty-seven years. Resident of the State for forty years.

John J. Roberts, Aug. 21, 1891, aged sixty-two.

Mrs. George Vleit, Sept. 30, 1891, aged sixty-eight.

Mrs. Amanda Bowerman, Oct. 12, 1891, aged seventy-three years.

Mrs. W. J. Sampson, died at Hillsdale, Nov. 24, 1891, aged forty-one years.

Mrs. Gabriel Eby Porter, died Nov. 7, 1891, aged sixty-five years. Came to Porter in 1837.

Mrs. W. F. Tinney, LaGrange, June 23, 1891, aged eighty-three; came here in 1845.

Isaac P. James, Penn, July 14, 1891, aged ninety-one years; resided here since 1846.

George W. Mansfield, Cassopolis, July 20, 1891, aged fifty years.

E. H. Anthony, LaGrange, July 17, 1891, aged fifty years.

Joseph K. Ritter, Cassopolis, July 30, 1891, aged sixty-two years.

Mrs. Charity Rich, for nearly sixty years a resident of Volinia, died at Decatur, Aug. 5, 1891, aged eighty-five years.

Livia C. Allison, Cassopolis, Aug. 29, 1891; resided here since '49.

Edwin T. Dickson, Berrien Co., Sept. 18, 1891, aged seventy years; settled on McKinnies prairie in 1828.

Nelson B. Goodenough, Volinia, Sept. 18, 1891, aged sixty years.

Mary F. Miller at Benton Harbor, Sept. 23, 1891, aged sixty; settled in Cass Co., in 1832.

Abram Cooper, Jefferson, aged eighty-one, resided there since '45.

John L. Cooper, Penn, Nov. 27, 1891, aged sixty-eight.

Mrs. H. E. Collins, Cassopolis, Dec. 14, 1891, aged forty-seven years.

Mrs. Hannah Bogue, Penn, Dec. 14, 1891, aged ninety-three years; settled there in 1831.

Mrs. Millard F. Truitt, Milton, Dec. 25, 1891, aged forty-seven years.

Isaac Hull, Fort Wayne, Jan. 7, 1892, formerly of Calvin.

Robinson Russell, Penn, Nov. 17, 1891, aged eighty-one years.

Mrs. Robinson Russell, Jan. 9, 1892, aged seventy-four years.

Dr. Jacob Allen, Riverside, Cal., settled here in 1835.

Mrs. Emma McCoy, LaGrange, Jan. 24, 1892, aged fifty-eight years.

Mrs. Martha A. Everest, Volinia, Jan. 21, 1892, aged fifty-four years.

Samson Lechner, Jan. 26, 1892, aged eighty-three years, came to Porter in 1844.

Thomas O'Dell, Porter, Jan. 30, 1892, aged sixty years; settled there in 1829.

Sarah Alexander, Vandalia, Feb. 23, 1892, aged sixty-three years; settled there in 1829.

Isaac Shingledecker, Audubon, Iowa, Feb. 22, 1892, aged seventy-four, settled in this county in 1845.

James A. Mitchell, March 9, 1892, aged seventy-two years.

William Russy, Jones, March 19, 1892, aged eighty years.

Sampson Norton, Calvin, May 3, 1892, aged seventy-one years; settled in the county in 1829.

Emory Chapman, Newburg, June 3, 1892.

Mrs. James Lowman, Jefferson, June 4, 1892, aged sixty-eight years.

John Revels, Calvin, Jan. 17, 1892, aged ninety-one years; resided there since 1857.

Mrs. Joseph Hirons, Oct. 16, 1891, aged eighty-three.

Mrs. Hannah Anderson, Nov. 10, 1891, aged seventy years; an early settler.

Mrs. George Williams, Milton, December 31, 1891; aged fifty-two years.

John H. Harwood, Ontwa, Jan. 14, 1892, aged fifty-two years.

Albert Coverdale, March 15, 1892, aged sixty-five years.

Mrs. Lydia Stuart, April 17, 1892, aged eighty-five years.

John A. Bogart, April 21, 1892, aged sixty-one years.

Mrs. Lydia Parker, an early settler of Calvin township, died Tuesday, Jan. 12, 1892, at the advanced age of eighty years.

Mrs. Hester Ann Gookin died at her residence in Pokagon, Thursday, Jan. 7, 1892, in the seventy-first year of her age. She came to this county with her husband, from Cooperstown, N. Y.

Mrs. Charles Smith died at the home of her son-in-law, William Mabus, Brownsville, Monday, January 11, 1892, aged sixty-six years and two months.

W. D. Reames died at his residence in Cassopolis, Tuesday, January 12, 1892, aged seventy-one years. He came to this county with his parents in 1828.

Mrs. A. C. Ellis died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Lewis Barney, in Dowagiac, Saturday night, Jan. 9, 1892, aged sixty-seven years. She was born in Granville, N. Y., in 1825, came to Michigan in 1844, was a resident of Wayne township thirty-six years, and of Dowagiac the last nine years.

Stephen Jones, an early settler in this county, died at the residence of Nathan Jones, his brother, in Penn township, Tuesday, January 12, 1891, aged seventy years. He was born in Ohio in 1821, and moved to Penn in 1829. He at one time owned an excellent farm on the north side of Young's Prairie, and was one of the best known and most highly respected citizens. For the last few years he has been a resident of Hastings, this State, and at the time of his death was in this county on a visit.

Mrs. Nancy Putnam died at her residence in Cassopolis, Tuesday, January 12, 1892, aged about sixty-five years. She came from Bradford county, Penn., to this State over forty years ago, and about forty years ago was married to James Corbit, who lost his life in the Rebellion. She subsequently married Ira J. Putnam. She was always an industrious, self-reliant woman. She leaves three children by her first marriage, one daughter and one son in Cassopolis, and one daughter at Sister Lakes, north of Dowagiac.

Mrs. Sarah, wife of William Baldwin, died at the residence of one of her daughters at St. Joseph, where she had gone to assist in taking care of a sick grandson, Monday, January 11, 1892. She had only been there a few days when her own family at Pokagon received a telegram announcing her serious illness. She was born in Stark county, Ohio, January 31, 1822, and came to Michigan with her parents in 1835. She was married to William Baldwin, November 21, 1842, and one year afterward they settled on the farm in Pokagon township where they have ever since resided. She was one of the noble pioneer mothers of Cass county, ever ready with tender sympathy and helpful hands to cheer and aid the unfortunate and distressed. She had been a member of the M. E. Church for over thirty years.

Mr. Henry Bloodgood died at Cassopolis, January 7, 1892. He was born at Albany, N. Y., early in the present century, and spent part of his nonage at Litchfield. Conn., the native place of his mother, who afterwards made her home with him, and went to her rest at the ripe age of ninety-two years. Thence he migrated to this county in 1838,

residing first at Young's Prairie seven years, and then moving to Cassopolis, and building up the home in which he has dwelt ever since. He was probably attracted to this region by his brother, Dr. James Bloodgood, who had preceded him in taking up his abode here, and who will be remembered by our older citizens as having practiced medicine here several years, a long time ago. In 1855 he married Miss Laura Nicholson, formerly of Batavia, N. Y., who with their two children, Dr. Charles Bloodgood, of Kalamazoo, and George B. Bloodgood, of Cassopolis, survive him. Mr. Bloodgood was much respected in this community, and will be greatly missed as one who was fondly devoted to his family, attended strictly to his work, and dealt honorably with his fellow men. Thus, one by one, our aged citizens are leaving us, and soon all the pioneers will be gathered in.

Charles Haney died at his residence two miles south of Edwardsburg, on Friday, January 8, 1892. Mr. Haney was born in Baden, Germany, January 29, 1809, and at the time of his death was almost eighty-three years of age. His youthful days were mostly spent on a farm, but he managed to obtain some instruction in the watchmaker's business, and after coming to America in 1831, he engaged in peddling and repairing clocks, and while in this business came to Cass county, this State, and formed the acquaintance of Miss Jane Smith, whom he married March 27, 1834. They settled on the farm in Ontwa township on which the deceased has lived ever since. He was the father of five children, all of whom are living except Lewis C., who was killed in the Civil war. The deceased was a quiet, unobtrusive but highly esteemed citizen. He built one of the first frame barns in the township, and by the aid of his faithful wife, who survives him, amassed a comfortable competence. Although never a seeker for public office, he was elected supervisor for Ontwa township on the Democratic ticket, of which party he was a life-long member, from 1853 to 1867, excepting two years, or eleven years in all, a longer period of time than any other individual has ever been chosen to serve in that position in that township.

Mrs. Mary Shurte, daughter of William R. and Sarah Wright, wife of Isaac Shurte, deceased, died at her home in LaGrange township, January 5, 1892, aged ninety years, six months and twenty-four days. She was born in New Jersey about thirty miles from New York city. Her father was a farmer, and a soldier in the War of 1812. She came with her family to Butler county, Ohio, and while living there met and married Isaac Shurte, with whom she came to Cass county, settling on the farm in LaGrange township, where they lived the remainder of their lives.

her husband preceding her, over the river, about six years ago. They came to Cass county in 1829, having lived one year in Niles. She was a typical pioneer wife and mother; self-reliant, full of resources, and of indomitable courage. She was of great assistance to her husband, each doing their part to conquer the wilderness. The yarn for all their wear, both linen and woolen, was spun in the house, and for a number of years they did not have a linen sheet. The first election in the township was held at their home, and when the Black Hawk war scare occurred, she encouraged her husband, and he took command of a company of men, and marched to the supposed scene of the conflict to assist in protecting the settlers, while she, with other Spartan mothers, remained at home to take care of their own firesides and little ones as best they might. They had ten children, five of whom are now living. At an early age she experienced religion and joined the Methodist church. Her last words were, "Jesus, take me."

EATON COUNTY

BY DAVID B. HALE

Samuel Arnold.—Samuel Arnold died at his home in Chester, Thursday forenoon, January 28, 1892, after a long illness of gangrene, aged seventy-six years and eight days.

In the death of Mr. Arnold the county has lost one of its oldest pioneers and most honored residents, and the Republican party one of its staunchest supporters. He was born near Harrisburg, Pa., Jan. 20, 1816, but moved directly from Ontario county, N. Y., where he lived for some time, to this county in 1853. He was one of the founders of the Republican party "under the oaks at Jackson" and during all these many years has never swerved from the line of devotion to the party which he helped to organize. He was possessed of great strength of character and of many qualities that made him a prominent and highly respected citizen whose death will be sincerely mourned the county over. He was married twice and is survived by his wife, and six children by his first wife, all of whom, with the exception of Edward Arnold, of Denver, were present at his death.

Henry Baughman.—Henry Baughman died at his home in Charlotte on Saturday, August 1, 1891, after a painful illness of four weeks, aged

seventy-six years, five months and eighteen days. He was born in Cumberland county, Pennsylvania, Feb. 13, 1815, and was married to Miss Catharine C. Armstrong, April 1, 1836, in Richland county, Ohio. In June, 1854, himself and family settled in Eaton county on what is known as the Ames farm just south of Charlotte. He kept the old Eagle hotel for a time, and for many years drove a team between there and Battle Creek, carrying the mail until the railroad was built. For about thirty years past he has held for the greater part of the time the office of justice of the peace and been best known as Esquire Baughman. The funeral was held Monday afternoon from the residence, Rev. Geo. D. Lee, officiating. Mr. Baughman was an Odd Fellow and the brethren of the order attended in a body and took charge of the burial services. During a long acquaintance with the deceased we never heard a word lisped against him and it is safe to say that he was universally beloved and esteemed. His widow and seven children survive him.

Mrs. Dolly A. Bean.—Mrs. D. A. Bean died at the home of her son in Eaton Rapids, Monday, Jan. 18, 1892, of la grippe followed by double pneumonia, in the seventy-ninth year of her age.

Dolly Adelia Wales was born in Hartford, Conn., June 13, 1813, and two years later moved with her parents to Smyrna, N. Y. In the year 1836 she was married to Abner Kneeland Marsh, a native of Shoreham, Addison county, Vermont, and in 1851 they moved with their family to Eaton Rapids, Mr. Marsh dying a year later. In 1868 she was married to St. Clair Bean of Spring Arbor, Jackson county, and was again left a widow in 1870. During the greater portion of her life since 1851 Mrs. Bean has lived in Eaton Rapids, and had a large circle of friends, who regarded her as a woman of considerable ability, her conversation being refined and entertaining.

She was the mother of seven children, five of whom survive her, as follows: Mrs. H. M. Roberts, of Grass Valley, Cal.; Mrs. Marion Todd, of Chicago; Mrs., wife of Dr. Wilkins and W. W. Marsh, of Eaton Rapids, and W. R. Marsh, of Ionia.

Abner H. Brainard.—Abner H. Brainard died in the city of Eaton Rapids, Oct. 18, 1891. He was born in Durham, Greene county, N. Y., Aug 29, 1810, and was married to Cornelia M. Dedrick, March 28, 1833. He moved to Ohio in 1840, from there to Jackson, Mich., in 1846, and came to Eaton Rapids in 1856. His wife preceded him some two years to that home he had long been seeking for. He was a member of the

M. E. Church, having lived in communion with the church more than fifty years. He celebrated his golden wedding in 1883.

Dexter Carlton.—Dexter Carlton died in the township of Windsor, Eaton county, Dec. 7, 1891. He was born in Vermont, Nov. 27, 1811, and came to Michigan with his parents, who settled in Plymouth, Wayne county, in 1825. In 1833 located one hundred and sixty acres of land from the government in Windsor. He married Miss Rose Ann Stewart in 1840, and settled on his land in the almost unbroken forest, where he has since lived.

Samuel V. Coulter.—Samuel V. Coulter died at his residence on Bostwick avenue in Eaton Rapids on Wednesday, January 6, 1892, aged seventy-nine years and seven months.

Mr. Coulter was a Pennsylvanian by birth, but had lived in Eaton Rapids since October, 1844, a period of forty-seven years. For many years he worked at bridge building and, it is said, superintended the first bridge built across the Mississippi river. He celebrated his golden wedding nearly a year ago. His aged wife and five well-to-do children survive him. Mr. Coulter had been a devoted believer in spiritualism many years prior to his death.

Mrs. Louisa Benjamin Courter.—Mrs. Louisa Benjamin Courter, who died in Windsor, Dec. 23, 1891, was born Dec. 5, 1816, in Mendon, Monroe county, N. Y., being the sixth child of a family of fifteen children. She came to Michigan with her parents in 1831, and was married to John Courter on December 19, 1833, who survives her. She settled with her husband in Windsor, Eaton county in 1839, on land located from government. She had been married over fifty-eight years.

Thomas Warren Daniels.—Thomas Warren Daniels was born Nov. 11, 1833, in Rutland, Vermont, and with his parents came to Albion, N. Y. when about one year old, where he lived until 1853, when he came to Albion, Mich. In 1855 he came to Eaton Rapids and for several years was a clerk in the store of E. B. Frost. He subsequently entered the mercantile business for himself in which he was very successful, amassing an independent fortune. He was married to Miss Nancy Ann Sherd on Oct. 20, 1858. He died in the city of Eaton Rapids, Sept. 7, 1891.

Mrs. Grace Dow.—Mrs. Grace Dow died in Roxand, Eaton county, Sept. 12, 1891. She was born in Broadalbin, Montgomery county,[1] N. Y., (now Fulton county), on July 22, 1805. She was the daughter of

[1]The county seat of Montgomery county is Fonda and Johnston is of Fulton County.

Samuel and Mary Searles. She came to Michigan in 1845, and with a brother settled in Charlotte, Eaton county. She was married to John Dow, Nov. 26, 1846 and settled in Roxand. In 1851 they removed into Sunfield when that portion of Eaton county was mostly an unbroken wilderness. In 1883 she, with her husband, moved to Vermontville, where her husband died in 1885 after which she went to live with a granddaughter in Roxand, where she died.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Earl.—Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Earl died at their residence on South Sheldon street, Charlotte, Wednesday, Dec. 30, 1891, of the grip, aged respectively, eighty years and three months, and seventy-seven years and three months. The city and county lost two pioneers and honored residents in the death, but a few hours apart, of Mr. and Mrs. Earl. After a long life of married happiness, and after an illness of about two weeks of the grip, superinduced in Mr. Earl's case by heart trouble, their final parting and death, so near each other was particularly sad and touching. Mr. Earl was born in Orange Co., N. Y., in Sept. 1811. Mrs. Earl, *nee* Mary Rice, was born in Monroe county, in the same state, in Sept. 1814. They were married in March, 1838, and removed, in 1850, to Michigan, where for twenty years they had been residents of Charlotte and vicinity, respected and honored by all who knew them. They were the parents of six children, five, namely, D. R. Earl, of Detroit, E. J. Earl and Mrs. O. N. Lumbert, of Elkhart, Ind., Mrs. P. Bennett and Miss Martha Earl, of Charlotte, survive. All were present at the time of their death. Mr. Earl died about four o'clock in the afternoon and Mrs. Earl at midnight. They were buried together from O. N. Lumbert's residence at Elkhart, Ind. Both of the deceased were for many years members of the Congregational church.

Asbury Fassett.—Asbury Fassett died Nov. 21, 1891, in the city of Eaton Rapids, Mich. He was born in Winchester, Essex county, New Hampshire, Dec. 8, 1812. His parents moved to Orleans county, N. Y., when he was about three years old. He came to Spring Arbor, Michigan, in 1831, where he was married to Esther E. Welch in 1838, who lived but a year or two. He subsequently moved to Parma, Jackson county, and in 1851 was married to Miss Fannie Wilcox, of Leonidas. Two children were born to them of whom one is living. In 1857 he was married to Mrs. Sarah M. Brooks, of Coldwater. One son was born to them who is now living.

Asa Fuller.—Asa Fuller died at the residence of D. H. Snyder in Charlotte, January 11, 1892, aged eighty-six years and three months.

Mr. Fuller was born in Massachusetts and when quite young removed with his parents to Ohio. In 1833 he came to Michigan, since which time he has lived in Eaton county. A little more than a year ago he had a stroke of paralysis which rendered him nearly helpless. Ten days before his death his appetite failed and he grew gradually weaker until his death. He had not been sick for thirty years. He leaves two daughters, Mrs. D. W. Driscoll, of Kalamo, and Mrs. D. H. Snyder, of Charlotte.

Andrew P. Green.—Andrew P. Green died at his residence on Prairie street, Charlotte, Thursday morning, April 28, 1892, of nephritis of the kidneys, aged fifty-three years.

In the death of Mr. Green, Charlotte loses one of her best citizens and his family a most exemplary husband and father. The following sketch of Mr. Green which appeared in the Tribune of September 25, 1888, will be read with interest at this time:

"Andrew Perry Green was born November 7, 1840, in Madison, Lake county, Ohio. His parents were Amos M. Green and Sarah Lockwood Green. His early home was on the banks of Lake Erie where he could see passing vessels at all hours of the day. Many happy days of his boyhood were spent in playing with his brothers in the water and on the sandy beach of the lake. Andrew and his brother Philip, now Dr. P. L. Green, of Vermontville, were always together. They began to do work for other people when very young, husking corn, riding horses to plow out corn, and gathering chestnuts to buy boots, etc., poverty being the constant companion of the family. Yet there was never lack of food or bed. The necessities were provided by all being at the wheel. The old adage was often repeated, 'He who eats must work.' When eleven years of age, a revival in religion found Andrew among the eight boys converted, and at the age of thirteen he joined the Baptist church. As the family grew older the few acres of land seemed inadequate to their increasing needs and in 1853 the home by the lake was left forever and a farm of one hundred acres purchased and located in Vermontville, Michigan. There was no building on this place save an old log house which, with its leaky roof, initiated the family into the Methodist custom of sprinkling and pouring which was not entirely pleasing to a Baptist family, and a new log house was built in the woods. The summers and falls were spent in hard labor, interspersed with hunting and fishing. In the winter, three months were passed in the old log schoolhouse on the hill where Andrew gained his first

instruction in the three R's—reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic. In 1856 with his brother Philip, he began going to school at Olivet college. Together they had saved thirty-three dollars, and by boarding themselves and practicing close economy, this amount was made to meet the extra expenses of their new life. In the winter of '59 Andrew was a pupil of Philip in the Hovey district in Benton, Andrew chopping wood to pay for his board. The following fall found both the boys at Olivet and the next winter Andrew taught the Hovey school earning sixty dollars, all but five dollars of which was given to his father to build a barn. In 1860 the exciting campaign was the all absorbing topic; the cloud of war was lowering and during the winter while teaching in his own district he, with other boys, was seriously considering the questions before the country. School closed and the young schoolmaster, eager to go deeper into knowledge, decided to go to Albion college. A gentleman by the name of Sprague, who owned a scholarship, kindly offered it to him and this with fifty dollars of his own earnings offered excellent opportunities. School began but for him it was of short duration. Abraham Lincoln called for 75,000 soldiers. Fort Sumter had fallen. All was excitement and after five weeks he enlisted at Marshall in the 1st Michigan infantry under Captain Devillo Hubbard. An accident on the cars, in which he nearly lost his life, sent him to be cared for by loving parents, who up to this time had no knowledge of his enlistment. On August 5, 1861, he again enlisted in Co. H. 6th Michigan infantry, going to Baltimore, Fortress Monroe, Ship Island, New Orleans, battle of Baton Rouge, Storming of Port Hudson and Bank's Red River campaign. He was commissioned first lieutenant in 10th colored heavy artillery. In May, 1865, his father died and, resigning his position, he came home to care for his mother and sisters and work the farm. On January 1, 1866, he married Lydia A. Sprague and moved into the old log house where his mother died about two years after. Three children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Green, Jennie, Myron and Walter. Mr. Green is one of those fathers who know how to keep close to the hearts of his children and is one of the men which Frances Willard says has strayed into this generation to show us the possibilities of the coming man in the home. Close application to farming, combined with the economy learned in early life, brought financial success to Mr. Green. He was often elected to responsible offices in the township; was school inspector, justice of the peace, supervisor for six years, and chairman of the board of supervisors for two years. In 1878 he was elected to the office of register of deeds and moved to Charlotte, where he has since lived. He was re-elected

in 1880. He was elected superintendent of the M. E. Sabbath school in 1879, which position he held for years but was finally compelled to resign because of poor health. He was a member of the school board in this city for six years, during five of which he was director, declining to take the office longer. In 1882 he formed a partnership in the hardware business with A. M. Barber and George Foreman. In 1887 failing health compelled him to sell his interest and he went to Dakota in hopes that a change of climate might afford relief. While Mr. Green has been in poor health for years, caused from malarial disease contracted in the swamps of Louisiana, he has never applied for a pension but believes that all soldiers are entitled to consideration and that Uncle Sam will soon pass a general pension law. Mr. Green has always been a Republican. He was a member of and adjutant in the G. A. R., and also a member of Charlotte Commandery, Knights Templar, in which order he held the office of prelate."

Mrs. Jane Hamlin Gallery.—Jane Hamlin Gallery, who died in Eaton Rapids, Oct. 14, 1891, was born at York Mills, April 8, 1835, and moved with her parents to Eaton Rapids, Eaton county, Mich., in October, 1837. She was married to Leonard McKinney, Jan. 19, 1852, who died in February, 1862, leaving one son. She was married to William Gallery in 1867. One son, by first husband, Amos McKinney, and one daughter, Grace Gallery, by last husband, survive her.

Mrs. Sarah A. Hartson.—Mrs. Sarah A. Hartson, wife of A. P. Hartson, died at her home on South Cochrane avenue, Charlotte, of la grippe following paralysis, on Monday, January 11, 1892, aged fifty-two years, five months and fourteen days.

Mrs. Hartson was born in Concord, this State, and was there married to Mr. Hartson thirty-two years ago. In September, 1869, they removed to Eaton township where they continued to reside until about three years ago, when, on account of Mrs. Hartson's failing health, they came to Charlotte. About seventeen months ago Mrs. Hartson was stricken with paralysis, since which time she has been unable to speak a word, or to move without help. She fully realized her condition and bore her sad lot without a sign of repining. For many years she had led an active and consistent Christian life.

Michael Hudson.—Michael Hudson died at his home, at ex-Mayor Robinson's, on east Lawrence avenue, Charlotte, Monday evening, Dec. 28, 1891, of kidney trouble, aged fifty-seven years.

Thus, in brief, is the sad announcement of the end of an honest,

upright Christian man and truly good citizen, whose death while unwept by a single relative in the world, is nevertheless sincerely mourned by very many people in Charlotte where his friends were legion and where he had not only the respect of every one who knew him but the love of many who knew him best. For a quarter of a century he had lived and been in business in Charlotte. In that time he has become one of our most honored citizens. He was seriously ill of heart trouble one year ago and has never been quite well since. Three weeks ago he was taken suddenly ill while at dinner at the Sherwood house from which he was, several days later, taken to Mr. Robinson's where he has gradually failed until his death occurred. Deceased was born in Ireland about fifty-seven years ago and came to America when sixteen years of age. For about ten years he clerked in New York city. At the outbreak of the war, April 19, 1861, he enlisted in Company H, 12th New York infantry, was discharged August 5, and reenlisted September 12, in the United States marine corps, from which he was discharged, as an orderly sergeant, October 25, 1865. He was given a medal of honor by the secretary of the navy for bravery in action in Mobile bay, August 5, 1864. After the war, in connection with J. C. Gregg and A. C. Walters, he came to Charlotte, the three young men opening a grocery store. Later he worked in Jackson a couple of years, after which he returned to Charlotte and clerked for E. T. Church. Still later he was associated in the dry goods business with H. F. Higby. At the time of his death he was a member of the firm of Robinson & Co., was a part owner of the Excelsior block and possessed of a considerable amount of other property. He was accounted an exceptionally good business man and was frequently called into service for others by reason of this fact. He was a member and clerk of and deacon in the First Congregational church, treasurer of the Sunday school, a member of A. S. Williams post, No. 40, G. A. R., and a member of Charlotte Commandery, No. 37, Knights Templar.

Wells R. Martin.—Wells R. Martin died in Vermontville on Thursday morning, April 28, 1892. He was born at Hoosack Falls, N. Y., March 18, 1811. He was married to Emily Robinson at Bennington, Vermont, on Aug. 26, 1835, and came to Vermontville in 1837. He was one of the twenty-two of the original colony from Vermont that settled Vermontville, Eaton county, at that early day. He was highly respected and enjoyed the confidence of his fellow citizens, being often called to occupy responsible positions. He represented his district in the legislature of 1848.

Hiram Mendell.—Hiram Mendell died in the township of Hamlin, Feb. 3, 1892. He was born in Deerfield, Massachusetts, Nov. 11, 1807, and moved with his parents to Conneaut, Ohio. He was married Sept. 29, 1832, to Emeline Harmon, in Conneaut, Ohio. He moved to Michigan July 10, 1842, and settled in Litchfield, and moved to Hamlin, Eaton county, in April, 1866.

Mrs. Isabella Nixon.—Mrs. Isabella Nixon, wife of Hon. Robert Nixon, died Thursday, August 4, 1891, at her home in Oneida, aged sixty-seven years, nine months and thirteen days.

She was born in Belfast, county of Downs, Ireland, and first settled in Eaton county in 1838. Herself and husband celebrated their golden wedding in February, 1889.

William O'Bryon.—William O'Bryon died Thursday, August 6, 1891, at his home in Charlotte, aged seventy-four years, nine months and five days.

Mr. O'Bryon has been a resident of Charlotte for forty-three years. His son, Charles O'Bryon, of Belding, and his two daughters, Mrs. Mary Potter, of Reed City, and Mrs. Belle Potter, of Washburn, Wis., attended the funeral.

Alfred Parker.—Alfred Parker was born in Scipio township, Cayuga county, N. Y., Dec. 17, 1814. He came to Michigan in 1840. He was married at Spring Arbor in 1841. His first wife died Aug. 28, 1843. He returned to the state of New York and was married to Lucena E. Force, in Attica, N. Y., on Dec. 31, 1845. He settled in Aurelius township, Ingham county, Mich., May 3, 1847, where he lived until 1884, when he became a resident of Eaton Rapids. He died April 26, 1892, in the seventy-eighth year of his life.

Alva Snyder.—Alva Snyder died in the city of Eaton Rapids, March 18, 1892. He was born in Castile, Genesee county, N. Y., May 29, 1827. Came with his parents to Ann Arbor in 1837. He was married to Caroline Schoonmaker in Lyndon, Washtenaw county, in December, 1849. He moved to Eaton county in 1862, and settled in Hamlin township, and subsequently moved to Eaton Rapids.

Mrs. Asenath Southworth.—Mrs. Asenath Southworth died in Charlotte, January 7, 1892, aged eighty-two years.

Mrs. Southworth was born in New York, January 7, 1810, and experienced the Christian religion at the age of fifteen. She was married to

William Southworth in 1827 and removed with him to Michigan in 1836. They had lived at their present place of residence for the past fifty-four years. She was an excellent Christian lady, highly esteemed by all who knew her.

Mrs. Jane E. Turner.—Mrs. Jane E. Turner, wife of Thomas Turner, died at her home in Charlotte, of la grippe, Saturday, January 9, 1892, aged sixty-nine years, three months and six days.

Mrs. Turner was born in the state of New York, and came with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. DeRiemer, to Eaton county about fifty-five years ago, thus being one of the earliest pioneers of the county. She was married to Mr. Turner in the early part of 1842. For the past thirty-five years they have lived in Charlotte. She leaves many dear friends besides a sorrowing husband and three sons to mourn her loss. Her death was unexpected and Mr. Turner, who was visiting relatives in New York, did not arrive till Monday morning.

Mrs. Elizabeth Marker Walter.—Elizabeth Marker was born in Hagerstown, Indiana, Feb. 23, 1823. She was married to Enoch Walter, March 27, 1843. In 1847, with her husband, came to Eaton county, Mich., and settled on the farm in Hamlin township, where she resided until her death, which occurred on March 8, 1892.

Mrs. Polly Walter.—Mrs. Polly Walter, whose maiden name was Arnold, died in the township of Hamlin, Eaton county, Mich., Sept. 12, 1891. She was born February 10, 1827, in Stark county, Ohio. She was married to Eli Walter in Northampton, Summit county, Ohio, on October 13, 1844, and moved to Michigan in September, 1851, and settled in the township of Eaton Rapids, now the township of Hamlin, where she resided until her death.

Samuel Waltersdorph.—Samuel Waltersdorph died in Charlotte, August 5, 1891, aged about seventy years.

He had resided in the county for about thirty-seven years and was highly esteemed by all who knew him.

Benjamin F. Wells.—Benjamin F. Wells died at his residence in Kalamo, Friday, December 25, 1891, after a week's illness of pneumonia, aged seventy-two years and ten months.

Deceased was a pioneer of Eaton county which has lost, in his death, one of its best known and most honored residents. He was born in New York State in March, 1819, and came to Michigan in 1837 where

he has ever since resided. For over thirty years he resided on the farm where he died. He was married twice, being the father of four children by his first wife and two by his second wife, who survive. All his children are living and all but one were with him at the time of his death. His universal popularity throughout his township and his sterling worth were attested, in part, by his election to various offices, notably, supervisor, justice of the peace and school director. In every position he manifested those splendid qualities that made him loved and honored. Mr. Wells was a devoted and enthusiastic Mason. He loved the order because of the good he saw in it and of the good it did him. Even in his later years, whatever the weather, he was almost certain to be in attendance on some Masonic meeting. The Sir Knight's of Charlotte Commandery, Knights Templar, never had a more zealous frater nor one who loved the order and its teachings better. His devotion was an inspiration to others. He went with the Sir Knights to St. Louis in 1886, to Washington in 1889, and on his death bed one of his last thoughts and expressions was with reference to the Denver pilgrimage in 1892, in which he had fondly expected to participate. In accordance with his wishes, Charlotte Commandery conducted the funeral services which were held at Kalamo, and which were largely attended by the blue lodges from Vermontville and Kalamo, and by a large concourse of friends.

Mrs. Zuba Wilcox.—Mrs. Zuba Wilcox died on Wednesday, January 27, 1892, at the home of her son, Norman Wilcox, in Onondaga.

Mrs. Wilcox was born on Feb. 29, 1809, and was nearly eighty-three years of age at the time of her death, which resulted from infirmities of her great age. She was the widow of the late Rev. George Wilcox and was one of the earliest settlers in this portion of Michigan. Her husband died about three years ago. Of their family of eight children, four survive their mother: George Wilcox, Lansing; D. P. Wilcox, East Springport; Norman Wilcox, Onondaga; Mrs. Kie Johnson, of Missouri. The deceased was a lady of remarkable qualities of mind and heart, and will be greatly missed.

Mrs. Elizabeth B. Wolcott.—Elizabeth Baldwin Wolcott, widow of the late William W. Wolcott, died on Friday, Jan. 22, 1892, at her late home in Hamlin, after a brief illness.

Deceased was a daughter of the late Thomas K. Baldwin, of Onondaga, was born at Dorset, Vermont, May 4, 1808, and the oldest of a family of eleven children, eight of whom survive her. In 1836 she came to

Michigan from Genesee county, N. Y., with Mr. Wolcott, the two traveling the entire distance with horses and wagon to the farm in Hamlin, where they endured in early times the hardships incident to pioneer life.

Mrs. Wolcott died as she had lived, an earnest Christian mother, faithfull in all the duties, cares and responsibilities of this life.

EMMET COUNTY

BY ISAAC D. TOLL[1]

Morgan Curtis.—On Friday, Dec. 18, 1891, Morgan Curtis, of Petoskey, passed away at the age of eighty-one years, having been born in Cortland county, New York, in 1810. He settled in Richland, Kalamazoo county, in 1836, where he cleared land in the summer and taught school in the winter. He married Miss Isabella Monteith in 1840, and became in time a most successful farmer, with large means, which he used liberally in Christian work. His interest in educational work did not diminish his natural capacity with his zeal, making him a useful and controlling spirit in the community, and the increasing years did not cause any abatement in his work. He removed to Petoskey in 1885, where his noble presence and ripe mental gifts attracted all alike. He gave largely to the Presbyterian church, of which he and his wife were members, and through his munificence the splendid church of his faith was erected on land donated by him. Mr. Curtis was a grand type of the old pioneers, frank, with the chivalry of an honest, charitable heart and a hater of sham. His survivors are the most estimable Mrs. Curtis, who was a true and noble helpmeet, a son, William L., a successful banker and ex-president of the village, and a Christian accomplished daughter, Janet, the wife of Hon. James R. Wylie, now president of the village, and a partner of his brother-in-law, Hon. William L. Curtis, of the Petoskey City Bank, and five grandchildren. His remains were interred at his old home in Richland.

Watson Snyder.—The loss of Watson Snyder, of Petoskey, who passed away Tuesday, January 19, 1892, from la grippe, deserves a record in our collections. Mr. Snyder was born in New Jersey in 1832, and removed to Ypsilanti, in this State, in 1860, while there he was foremost in advocacy of every Christian work, and instrumental in suppres-

[1]For sketch see *Mich. Biog.* p. 640.

sion of intemperance. In 1876 he became one of the founders of Bay View, Emmet county, a noted health resort, giving much time and money also in establishing its Christian regulations, Methodism predominating. Afterwards he built several brick stores in Petoskey, and as everywhere his unselfish, benevolent character was conspicuous. A more fearless, zealous advocate of the right, as he deemed it, and practiced as well, could not be found, and he left a memory fragrant of every Christian virtue. He died at his new, beautiful home he had just completed at Bay View. Mrs. Snyder, three sons and a daughter survive him.

GENESEE COUNTY

BY JOSIAH W. BEGOLE

Norman A. Beecher.—Hon. Norman A. Beecher died March 23, 1892, at his residence in Clayton, of a complication of diseases, after a long illness.

Mr. Beecher was born at Rensselaerville, Albany county, N. Y., on April 22, 1830, and was a son of Calvin and Emeline Beecher, the ancestors of Calvin Beecher coming to New Haven, Conn., in 1638. His great-grandfather was a captain in the Revolutionary war and died in New York in 1818, being a cousin of Dr. Lyman Beecher, father of Henry Ward Beecher. The subject of this sketch obtained his education in the common schools and in the academy at Oswego, N. Y., and at the age of seventeen he began teaching and spent fourteen terms in that profession in New York and Michigan. On attaining his majority he went to Orleans county, N. Y., and in 1857 came to Michigan and settled on section 10 in Clayton. To his original purchase of eighty acres he added until at the time of his death he had a fine farm of 220 acres, conceded to be one of the finest estates in the county. Mr. Beecher was a well known authority on questions pertaining to horticulture and kept an orchard of about 1,200 trees. He took great pride in all matters connected with fruit growing and had written many articles on the subject.

Mr. Beecher was a Democrat until 1860, when he voted for Abraham Lincoln and from that time he affiliated with the Republican party. Although residing in a strong Democratic township he held many offices in the town and for several years served as township superintendent of schools. In 1885 he was elected representative from the second district

to the State legislature and was re-elected in 1887. He served as chairman of the committee on the Agricultural College and at the session of 1887 was chairman of the committee on Normal School. He was the father of the "Forestry" bill for the protection of timber throughout the State and in that work received the support of many of the foremost men in Michigan.

On September 19, 1855, Mr. Beecher was married to Miss Loverna D. Billings, of Albion, N. Y., sister of ex-Senator Billings, of Richfield. She bore him two children, Elbert L., supervisor of Clayton, and Calvin D., who resides at home. Mrs. Beecher died on September 21, 1874, and on December 1, 1875, Mr. Beecher was married to Miss Celia A. Wood. Of this union two children were born, Nellie A. and Fannie E. Mr. Beecher was a member of the M. E. church and was highly respected by all who knew him. He was a quiet, unassuming man of a studious nature, and his loss is a severe blow to the community in which he lived for so many years. He leaves two brothers, R. L., of Canandaigua, N. Y., and S. I., of Flint.

George M. Dewey.—George M. Dewey died at his home on Garland street, Flint, on Monday morning, December 24, 1891. He was suddenly prostrated by heart failure while upon the street the Wednesday previous, and had to be conveyed to his home. He was one of the best known, and at one time was one of the most prominent business men of Flint, where he has resided since 1838. He occupied the position of receiver of public money in the U. S. land office when located at Flint, under Presidents Taylor and Fillmore. Until late years he was prominently connected with St. Paul's church since its organization. He was also at one time called one of the largest land owners in the State. He was one of the projectors of the F. & P. M. R. R., and the company's first president; and was a member of the first common council organized after the city of Flint was chartered in 1855. He was born in Canandaigua, N. Y., January 1, 1817. A widow but no children survive him.

Mrs. Willard Eddy.—Mrs. Eliza Case Eddy, widow of Willard Eddy, died at the home of her son, Hon. Jerome Eddy, May 24, 1892. She was born June 6, 1804, at Rutland, Vt. In her early childhood she was deprived by death of both her parents, and at the age of fifteen years she went to Leroy, N. Y., to live with relatives. Here she was united in marriage, September 27, 1826, to Willard Eddy, of that place, with whom she came to Flint in September, 1837. On

coming to this city Mr. Eddy engaged in the building business, which he followed up to within a few years of his death, which occurred July 30, 1861. He was one of the first justices of the peace elected under the city charter, and was one of the organizers of the Genesee County Bank in 1848. Mrs. Eddy was at the time of her death one of the oldest residents of the city. She had seen the place grow from a little hamlet to its present pretentious proportions and was an authority on the earlier history of the city. For forty years she resided at the corner of Kearsley and Clifford streets, but about two years ago, on account of failing health, she went to live with her son, Hon. Jerome Eddy. She was a member of the Presbyterian church for 73 years and was a devout Christian woman. She was greatly esteemed by her numerous friends and acquaintances, to whom she had endeared herself by her pleasant ways and many excellent qualities of heart and mind. She was the mother of five children, three of whom survive her, viz.: Romulus A., of Saginaw, E. S.; Jerome and Albert C., of Flint. The other children were Frances A., who died July 30, 1855, and Helen Eliza, who died January 8, 1860.

Rev. John Hamilton.—Rev. John Hamilton was born of English-Irish ancestry in New York city, Nov. 23, 1835. He attended the primary school until eight years of age, when, on account of loss of both health and property, his father removed to Broomfield, New Jersey, thence to Cleveland, Ohio, and his children were obliged to work out to get subsistence. John continued in manual labor in various localities until he was twenty-five years of age, when he began his career as an itinerant minister. He was converted in his senventh year under a sermon by a Presbyterian minister, from the text, "Except a man be born again," etc. But his mother's pastor seemed to have no sympathy with the child's experience, and called him "a strange little boy" when he sought his counsel on the subject of religion. His mother, also, told him to wait until he became older, when he would understand these things and could join the church. As no one around him sympathized with his experience (though he never afterwards doubted the fact of his conversion as above stated) he grew disheartened, and at the age of twelve ceased to make any profession of religion. The subject troubled him, however. He lived a fair moral life until his complete reclamation under a sermon by Rev. S. Clement, presiding elder of Flint district, in the winter of 1856-57. He was now willingly led by the Spirit into the work of a preacher. He joined the Detroit annual conference in 1860 and was appointed to Tuscola and Watrousville, with Rev. J. O. Ban-

croft as senior. The year following the circuit was divided and Brother Hamilton became a preacher in charge at Watrousville, continuing until August, 1861, when he enlisted as a soldier in the twenty-third regiment, Michigan volunteer infantry, serving until the regiment was disbanded, July 23, 1865. He again entered the Detroit conference in 1869, and was appointed to Midland. His service since has stood as follows: 1870-2, Mt. Morris; 1873-5, Linden; 1876-7, Grand Blanc; 1878-9, Ishpeming; 1880-2, Calumet; 1883-4-5, Perry; 1886-7-8, Birmingham; 1889-90, superannuated; 1891, Mt. Morris. While superannuated he supplied various pulpits as he felt able. During last spring and summer he served as chaplain of the prison at Marquette.

Brother Hamilton was first married in 1862 to Miss Elizabeth Griffith, who died June 8, 1886. He was again married to Miss Margaret J. McCormick, who survives him. Five children by the latter marriage are living. Brother Hamilton was a sturdy, manly man, greatly blessed in his ministerial work, saying at one time he would not abandon it to be made governor of Michigan for life. He sought to serve God with all his might. He was respected by everybody. His military record gave him the sobriquet of "the fighting chaplain." He lived well, and though he died at Mt. Morris very suddenly at nine p. m., Tuesday, December 22, 1891, we have no doubt that all was well with him.

Thomas R. Hill.—Thomas R. Hill, one of the pioneers of Genesee county, died on December 29, 1891, in Genesee township of nervous prostration after an illness of two years. The deceased was born in Wisbech, England, February 7, 1818, and was consequently nearly seventy-four years old. He came to this country in 1851, and after living near Ann Arbor for about three years, bought the farm on the southeast corner of Genesee township, and moved on to the same in March, 1854. He has owned and lived on it ever since, a period of thirty-seven years. He was noted for his great industry, his power of endurance, and his strict integrity, he being scrupulously particular to liquidate every obligation promptly, insisting on paying cash for all purchases made and services performed for him, in almost every instance; obliging his physicians and similar creditors to take their pay before leaving his farm. His farm, while not large, is one of the best managed and most productive ones in the county, and he has always been esteemed as a successful agriculturist. He was of a modest and retiring disposition, and a man of few words; consequently he never took any active part in public affairs, though he always filled with care and strict fidelity minor school district offices which he was called upon at

times to occupy; and did his share in transposing the wilderness of 1854 to the wealthy and prosperous county that Genesee now is. He was twice married, the first time in England. His first wife died in 1881, and in 1883 he married Mrs. Thomas Page of Flint, who, with three sons, Robert N. and Frank H., of Genesee, and Thomas W. of Cleveland, survive him, and mourn the loss of a true friend, a faithful, kind husband and father.

Mrs. Mary M. T. Lankton.—Mary Maria Teachout, wife of Caleb Lankton, died at the family residence, No. 727 Liberty street, Flint, at eleven o'clock Monday night, December 14, 1891, aged seventy-four years, five months and twenty-four days. Deceased was born in Canada in 1817, July 9. She was married in Richfield to Mr. Lankton July 4, 1837, the first marriage that ever took place in Richfield. Ten years later they moved to Flint, where they have resided ever since. The only living child is Mrs. W. H. Foote, formerly of Flint, now of Davison. Deceased leaves a husband, five sisters and two brothers, all living in Michigan.

Captain Peter Lennon.—Captain Peter Lennon died at his home in Flint, October 26, 1891. He had been in ill health for years, and for the last eighteen months had really been an invalid. It had been known for months before his death that he was suffering from an incurable malady, the effects of a wound in his head received in the battle of Williamsburg in the war of the Rebellion.

Captain Lennon was born of Irish parents in Wayne county, Pa., August 3, 1839. He had one sister. At the age of fourteen his parents removed to Clayton, in this county, where his father took up some land on section 30, and commenced carving a home out of the wilderness. Here the subject of this sketch wrought as other boys on new farms have done, working and going to school alternately, until he grew to manhood with a strong physical frame, industrious habits, a mind brightened by study in the common school, an honorable ambition to be a good citizen and do something worthy of his father's name.

When the war of the Rebellion broke out he had attained to manhood on the 7th day of August, 1861. When he was twenty-two years and four days old, he enlisted as a private in company D, 5th Michigan infantry, and went to the front. He was in the army of the Potomac and fought in the battles of Williamsburg, where he got the wound in the head that finally killed him, at Bull Run, Chancellorsville, Fredericksburg, in seven days fight before Richmond, at the awful battle of Gettysburg, in the draft riots in New York, Bristoe

Station, the Wilderness, and was in at the finish in the storming of Petersburg. He was in General Kearney's division and was decorated with the Kearney cross for bravery in the battle at Chancellorsville. Though he entered the service as a private, he went up, up, till he came out with the rank of captain. He was taken prisoner October 27, 1864, at Hatchie's Run, and brought up in Salisbury prison, N. C., but escaped with fourteen others in January and after innumerable hardships, and more than 400 miles of midwinter travel, mostly in the night, he found refuge within the Union lines in Strawberry Plains, near Knoxville, Tenn. In his wanderings, as he informed the writer of this, he was at or near Asheville, N. C., the now famous health resort, and followed down the beautiful French broad river a long distance.

Michigan is full of gallant soldiers, men who went into the service not to get promotions but to do their duty as soldiers, to fight bravely and die not less bravely, if need be, but among them all, there never was a truer soldier than Peter Lennon. He knew no fear and duty was his constant watchword. His State has recognized this fact, and when a commission was formed to represent Michigan in erecting suitable monuments to the memory of its gallant dead killed at Gettysburg, Captain Lennon was made one of the commissioners, and he rendered valuable service to the State in this patriotic work.

After the war, Captain Lennon returned to Michigan, and to his home in Clayton. He soon after came to Flint, and engaged in lumbering and was for several years superintendent of the Flint Boom Company, a position he filled with entire satisfaction, till he gave it up to go upon his farm in Clayton. Since 1875 most of his time has been spent there, where he had one of the finest pieces of property in the county, consisting of five hundred acres of fertile land, under a high state of cultivation, with an elegant house, immense barns, valuable stock and teams, etc.

Captain Lennon was largely instrumental in getting the Durand and Saginaw R. R. built, and was the father of the village bearing his name on its line. Here he built a fine elevator, stores, shops, etc., and gave the new village a good send off, and getting a postoffice located there which still bears his name. He was treasurer of his town and also for several terms its supervisor. In politics he was a Democrat till about six years ago, when he began to act with the Republicans, and has done so ever since.

In 1872 he married Miss Susan Trainor. Four children were born to them, only two of whom survive. The death of his eldest son, occurring

a few months ago, was a cause of great sorrow to him, for he loved his family with warm affection. His first wife died several years ago, and he married Mrs. Holland, a widow, whose maiden name was Buchanan, of Detroit, sister of the famous newspaper correspondent, Mrs. Sullivan, who survives him and has ministered to his sufferings with an intelligent devotion, affection and tenderness rare even among women.

Something more than a year ago failing health compelled him to give up all work, and he removed his family to Flint, where he could have perfect rest and constant medical care.

He belonged to Governor Crapo Post, G. A. R.

Mrs. Susan B. McCreery.—Mrs. Susan Barker McCreery, wife of the late Hon. Reuben McCreery, one of the pioneers of this county, and long a resident of Flint, died August 3, 1891.

Mrs. McCreery was born in Greenville, Greene county, N. Y., July 7, 1813. When about twenty years of age she was married to her husband, who died March 25, 1881, having lived together forty-six years. Soon after their marriage they removed to Mt. Morris, Livingston county, N. Y., where they resided till 1839, when they removed to Flint, Michigan, then but an insignificant hamlet, which has been her home since, and where she has spent most of her married life.

Their four children are Col. William B., U. S. consul at Valparaiso, Chili, South America; Rev. Charles H., of St. Paul, Minnesota; Mrs. Charles F. Draper, of Detroit, Michigan, and George B., who died in June, 1874.

When one passes away, who has resided among us, and held such a place in the hearts of our people, and especially among the earlier settlers, who knew her so long and loved her so well, it seems proper that we should say a word in regard to her character and influence while she was with us. As a mother, we can say, she believed that her first duty was in the *home* which she adorned, and to the children whom God had given her. On them she bestowed her labors, her prayers, and tears. Soon after her married life she became a Christian, and in due time united with the Presbyterian church in Flint, then under the care of the Rev. H. H. Northrop, and during her long life was a consistent and much loved member, ever engaged in the work of the Lord. Mrs. McCreery was by nature an optimist. She was seldom or never despondent. When dark days overshadowed her, when sorrows began to multiply and to human view, "all these things seemed to be against her," she always looked through the cloud—and saw the merci-

ful hand of a loving Father. When news reached her of her first-born having been slain in battle, she did not complain, but in deepest sorrow yielded all up to God; and when news came that he was still alive, she maintained the same tranquil spirit with thankfulness for sparing mercies. Mrs. McCreery was not only a true Christian mother, who consecrated her children to God for His service, but gave two sons to her country in the hour of her peril, who left noble records in the war of the Rebellion, and who did much service and endured much suffering. They were this mother's gift. To save this broad land, she was glad to give her choicest jewels to redeem and save the land she loved. She was a patriot who did what she could to save this great country from that destruction which seemed to await us in that terrible Rebellion. Mrs. McCreery was not only cheerful and happy in her views of life, but sparkling with wit and mirth when in the social circle. Her religion was not only calm and peaceful in all circumstances and conditions, but full of joy and sunshine which made her a center of attraction in the society in which she was wont to move. The last years of her life were spent in the loneliness of widowhood, mostly in the families of her children. But she was never heard to complain of her desolation, or to repine at the Providence that had broken up her home and family; but to her friends and children often recounted her blessings and mercies. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."

"The memory of the just is blessed." Mrs. McCreery will leave a vacancy in her large circle of friends, and will be sincerely mourned by the citizens of Flint, and especially by those who for the last forty years have been her companions and associates, and her children have the sympathy of the inhabitants of our city.

Mrs. Lura C. Partridge.—Mrs. Lura C. Partridge was born to James and Nancy M. Penoyer, in the town of Flushing, Genesee county, Michigan, May 25, 1839. These parents of excellent lineage, whose early homes were in the state of New York, united their lives and fortunes in Westfield, Medina county, Ohio, June 11, 1838, and soon made their permanent home in Flushing. This daughter, the second while girl born in the town, and three sons, constituted their family. The early experience and training of our lamented friend eminently fitted her for offices of kindness and helpful sympathy, especially in times of affliction and suffering and want. Beyond the advantages afforded at home, she was permitted to complete a course of study in the high school at Saginaw city. At the early age of thirteen years, she became a Christian. Her

clear, living faith inspired a zeal for the church that knew no bounds; no sacrifice was deemed too great, if only perishing souls could be won to Christ. In 1861, February 9, she was united in marriage to Azariah S. Partridge, of Holly, Orleans county, N. Y. There they resided until November, 1864, when with their only daughter, Sarah, they settled in the township of Clayton. After four years upon a farm, they removed to their present home in Flushing. Three sons were added to the family. For some time the health of our sister had been delicate. At 8 p. m., May 11, 1892, at Flushing, without any marked premonition, she was called from earth to the brighter home above. To some, her sudden demise may have seemed almost premature, but like a sheaf of golden grain ready for the reaper's sickle, her life was rich in the fruits of heroic faith. Ever active in the various spheres of Christian service, including mission and Sunday school work, social and temperance reform, and timely ministrations to the poor, our esteemed friend finished her course with joy, having kept the faith. By the floral tributes presented and the marked sympathy and attention evinced, eloquent testimony was given to the personal worth and works of our departed sister. She was eminently an illustration of that charity which is patient, thinketh no evil and is kind, for Christ's sake a true and abiding friend of her pastor, whoever he might be.

Robert Patrick.—Robert Patrick, one of the very early settlers of this county, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. H. B. Wolcott, in Mt. Morris township, on May 10, 1892, aged eighty-four years. There are few people in Flint who have lived here ten years or longer, that do not remember "Uncle Bob" Patrick. He came to Flint about 1835, and was identified with nearly all public improvements and work in early days. We think he was one of the constructors of the old plank road between Flint and Saginaw. He lived in Flint, and upon his farm adjoining the city, for years, and until a few years ago, after the death of his wife, he went to reside with his daughter. He was father of the late William S. Patrick, who was mayor of Flint in 1869, and also of George, Robert Jr., James, Charles, and Abram Patrick, and Mrs. Mackey, as well as Mrs. Wolcott. George is the only member of the family residing in Flint. Although not possessed of a large fortune, Mr. Patrick enjoyed a much richer blessing, the confidence, respect, and friendship of every person with whom he came in contact.

Chandler H. Rockwood.—Chandler H. Rockwood, an old and respected resident of the county, died in Genesee township, November 1, 1891.

The deceased was born in the township of York, Genesee county, New York, on May 17, 1825. At the age of twenty-three years he came to Flint and engaged in the manufacture of fanning mills, his factory building being located at the corner of Court and Church streets. At the end of five or six years he disposed of his business and turned his attention to farming, settling on what was then known as the A. Atherton farm in Burton township. About ten years later he purchased and located on the Knickerbocker farm in Genesee township, where he lived until 1867, when he moved upon the farm on section thirty-five in that township on which he passed the remaining years of his life.

The name of the deceased is inseparably connected with the political annals of Genesee county and the connection is such as to reflect honor upon the man and credit upon the constituents whose suffrages elevated him to the several positions of public trust which he so ably and faithfully filled. He was a member of the House of Representatives from this county in 1867-68 and from 1880 to 1884 held the office of county treasurer. He was appointed assistant assessor of internal revenue in Flint in 1871 and held the office for eight years. He represented his township on the board of supervisors for fourteen years and in that capacity served his constituents so faithfully and well that he could have held the office for many more terms if he had so desired. He was for many years prominently identified with the Genesee County Agricultural Society and did much to advance the welfare of that organization. He took considerable interest in educational matters and at the time of his death was director of the Kearsley school. The deceased was a man of unswerving devotion to principle and was scrupulously honest and honorable in all his dealings with his fellow men. His sterling worth was universally recognized in the community in which he moved and he leaves behind him as a legacy to his family and a monument to his memory an untarnished name and the record of a life that had been lived to good purpose. He leaves to mourn his loss a widow, with whom he traveled life's pathway for forty years, and four children, viz.: William C., Mrs. Mortimer Hammond and Edmund H., of Genesee, and Charles R., of the state of Washington. He also leaves a sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Carrier, of Marseilles, Ind.

William G. Simpson.—William G. Simpson of Flint township who died December 30, 1891, was born at Caledonia, N. Y., July 1, 1821. He was one of a large family of children, several of whom, when young men and women, located in Flint and were prominently connected with the early history and development of the place. The deceased came to

Flint and settled here about the year 1850, although he had been here for a short stay previously. For years he was with the late Alexander McFarlan in the lumber business, and at different times dealt more or less in farming lands, but the last few years of his life were devoted entirely to the business of his handsome farm upon which he lived and seldom left. Few men of so quiet and diffident a nature ever acquire the large acquaintance enjoyed by Mr. Simpson. He was just and honorable to the last degree of his dealings with men. To know him was to respect him. He loved his friends and his friends loved him. He enjoyed, we believe, the utmost confidence of every person with whom he ever had business dealings, great and small. He is gone, leaving a handsome property for his family, and what is better still, a good name.

A wife and three sons survive him, William G. of Detroit, Alexander P. of Saginaw, and Lewis H., who manages the business of the farm.

The deceased was a brother of the late Alexander P. Simpson, at one time a resident of Flint, and also of Mrs. Reuben Van Tifflin, the late Mrs. Alexander McFarlan, the late Mrs. J. B. Walker, the late Mrs. H. M. Henderson, and the late Mrs. A. T. Crossman, all of Flint.

Mrs. Mary Stevenson.—After being confined to her room for but three days, Mrs. Mary Stevenson (mother of Justice Stevenson), quietly fell "asleep in Jesus," on Sunday evening, June 18, 1891, at the home of her son on Garland street, Flint, leaving behind an unblemished Christian character, and a wide circle of loving and bereaved friends.

The deceased was in her ninety-third year, and the oldest Methodist in Michigan. The funeral services were held at the Garland street M. E. church on Tuesday afternoon. The pallbearers were official members of the Garland street and Court street churches. Touching and appropriate addresses were delivered by Rev. G. W. Jennings, of the Garland street church, and Rev. J. P. Fryer, of the Court street church.

We append a short biographical sketch of Mother Stevenson, as read by her pastor at the funeral exercises:

"Mrs. Mary Stevenson was born near Dromore, County Down, Ireland, August 1, 1799. Her maiden name was Johnston. Her ancestors, for many generations, were Scotch Presbyterians, and when almost a child she became a member of that church. In her twentieth year she attached herself to the Methodists then not yet claiming to be a church, and a people generally spoken against. Her membership tickets, received quarterly, she preserved with great care, the earliest bearing date March, 1819.

In 1829 she married Thomas Stevenson, an earnest and devoted Methodist local preacher. The work of the local preachers in those days was almost equal in importance to that of the regular itinerant. Mr. Stevenson especially devoted himself to the work of securing new places for the preaching of the word, and many societies were formed as the result of his labors. He died in 1846, leaving her a widow with an only child, Justice Stevenson, of Flint.

So much was Mr. Stevenson esteemed, as an earnest and faithful Christian worker, that during his last illness the Episcopal clergyman, the Catholic priest, and the Unitarian minister met at his bedside, an instance of Christian liberality then deemed phenomenal, but now possible in any Christian community.

Mrs. Stevenson's hopes were now centered in her son, and in May, 1847, after much prayerful consideration, she consented to accompany him to the United States of America. As her son was only in his seventeenth year, the boldness of the enterprise made it the subject of much solicitude to the friends she left behind. During her whole after life, she loved to recall the last day spent in her Irish home, especially a special service of prayer, at the "Methodist preaching house," (as the Methodist churches were then called), to invoke the blessing of God on the widow of her son, who were to sail the next day to seek a home in a foreign land.

After remaining a year at Troy, N. Y., she came with her son to Flint in 1848, and they at once made their home on the north side the river, where they have resided for more than forty-three years, separated only by death.

During her whole residence in this city, Mother Stevenson has been a faithful member of the Methodist church. When the Garland street church was formed, she was one of its charter members. Her room at the house of her son was visited regularly by the older members of the church in Flint and vicinity, as well as the early itinerants, who had often enjoyed her hospitality.

For many years she devoted herself especially to reading, and has not of late years required spectacles. The New York Christian Advocate was her religious paper for more than forty years, but she read with interest the daily secular papers, and kept well informed in regard to public affairs. The Bible she had read many times, and was so familiar with the hymns of Charles Wesley that she could repeat scores of them. Some minutes before she breathed her last, her son seeing that she

desired to say something, stooped down to listen. She repeated distinctly without missing a word, the following verse:

'I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.'

Her death was painless, no symptom of disease being manifest. It was simply the giving out of a carefully cared for, but worn out machine. Her happy disposition, and keen appreciation of favors, made her a most agreeable companion, and in the household of her son, 'Grandma' will be greatly missed."

HILLSDALE COUNTY

BY WILLIAM DRAKE

Lorenzo Abbott.—Lorenzo Abbott, a pioneer of Hillsdale county, died at his home in the township of Reading, January 14, 1892, aged eighty-five years. Deceased was a wealthy retired farmer, having taken up the farm of 320 acres, upon which he died, from the government in 1835 and by hard work and strict attention to business adding to it until his possessions amounted to over 600 acres. He leaves a large family of children.

Peter Beam.—Peter Beam died at his home in Hillsdale, January 28, 1892, aged eighty years. Deceased was a pioneer of Hillsdale county having lived here about forty-five years including a residence of some twenty years in the city. He was a member of the M. E. church, a quiet, unassuming and peaceable citizen, respected and beloved by all of his large circle of acquaintances. His wife, who is at present in feeble health, and two children survive him. The children are Alva Beam, of Hillsdale township and Mrs. James Velvic, of Ft. Wayne, Ind.

David Beckhardt.—David Beckhardt died suddenly at his home in Hillsdale, April 9, 1892, aged seventy-two years. Deceased was of German birth and ancestry; born in the city of Hamburg, November 9, 1819, he remained there until 1840 when he made his way to Havre, France, and boarded a sailing vessel, reached New York after a voyage of fifty-three days. He afterwards went to Albany where he worked in

a pork packing concern for two years. From Albany he went to Buffalo, then to Lodi where he went into the grocery business. Here he was married and after a short time returned to Buffalo where he bought a stock of dry goods and notions and continued in trade until 1850 when he came to Hillsdale and has ever since been one of our leading merchants and a prominent citizen. Probably no man in the county is as well known to the farmers as David Beckhardt and he will be greatly missed in the ranks of the buyers and shippers of the farmers' products.

Mr. Beckhardt was the father of nine children, six of whom survive him. The sons, Edward T., Louis F., and George, are residents of Hillsdale and have of late managed the business of the two stores of the firm. The daughters are all married. The youngest, Mrs. John G. Wolf resides in Hillsdale, Mrs. Porter Thomas lives in South Haven, Mich., and Mrs. Carl D. Andrews lives in Minneapolis.

Dr. Daniel Beebe.—Dr. Daniel Beebe died at his home in Hillsdale, January 22, 1892, aged eighty-two years. Dr. Beebe was born in Madison county, N. Y., October 9, 1809, and came to Hillsdale in the spring of 1848, living here ever since. He was well known by old and young and had been identified with many societies and associations in the city and county. He always took great interest in public and political matters; was an able writer, a good talker and a profound thinker. He was elected a trustee of Hillsdale college in 1855, when that institution was founded and held his position on the board until 1878. He was treasurer of the county agricultural society for three years and was the first president of the Farmers' Insurance Co., of Hillsdale county and the possessor of the first policy issued.

He leaves his wife and two sons, William Beebe, of Hillsdale, and Thurlow Beebe, of Dakota.

Mrs. Jonathan Benson.—Mrs. Jonathan Benson died at her home in Moscow, Nov. 16, 1891, after a long and severe illness, aged seventy-six years, two months and five days. Mrs. Benson, who was the daughter of Salmon Sharpe, was born in the town of Lock, Cayuga Co., N. Y., September 11, 1815. She came with her parents to the territory of Michigan in 1835 and settled in the neighborhood where she died. October 26, 1837, she was married to Jonathan Benson. Together they traveled the path of life for fifty-four years. She was the mother of ten children, three sons and seven daughters; one son and three daughters have died. Two sons and four daughters with the husband and father remain to mourn the loss of a devoted wife and a true Christian mother.

She experienced many of the hardships of a pioneer life, coming as she did to Hillsdale county when it was almost an unbroken wilderness. She taught the first public school in her township in a log schoolhouse about a mile from her home. Her father helped to survey the roads and took the job of building the first depot in Hillsdale. She was a member of the first M. E. Church in Adams, from its earliest history to the time of her death, and she was one of the six members that constituted the first class organized in Adams, all of whom have gone to their reward. Her last days were days of great suffering, yet her faith in God was steadfast, saying repeatedly, "He who has been with me through life will not forsake me now. I have a glorious hope. Jesus has prepared a place for me in my Father's house of many mansions."

JOHN K. BOIES.[1]—John K. Boies, of Hudson, died August 21, 1891, at Washington where he was under treatment for nervous prostration by Dr. Hammond.

Mr. Boies' youthful appearance and vigorous mental and physical condition while in life left the impression that he was a much younger man than the date of his birth really shows him to be. Probably few except his most intimate friends would suspect that he was born on December 6, 1828, and that at the time of his death he was nearing sixty-three years of age. His birthplace was Blandford, Hampden county, Mass. He received an academical education, and in 1845 removed to Michigan, locating at Hudson, where he has ever since resided.

He served two terms in each branch of the State legislature, being a member of the house in 1865 and 1867, and a member of the senate in 1869 and 1875. In the latter year's session he was president *pro tem.* of the senate. He was a familiar figure in county, district and State conventions of the Republican party, and was a valued member of the Republican State central committee. He was one of the commissioners of the United States Indian board, and in 1882 received the nomination for congress in the second district, but in common with a number of other Republican candidates that year, failed of election, being defeated by Mr. Eldridge. In 1884 he was a delegate to the Republican national convention. In the same year he presented Cyrus G. Luce's name at the convention which selected a State ticket, his speech being described as a model in candidate-presenting oratory. At the time of his death he was

[1]This should be in the Lenawee county report, as Hudson is part of that county.

one of the six commissioners on the State board of control of railroads.

Mr. Boies was a man of great energy and individuality, who was actively identified with the leading public and private enterprises in the community in which he lived. He was a merchant, farmer, banker and lumber dealer, and had a wide acquaintance and strong following in Lenawee county, and many admirers in all parts of the State. He was prominently mentioned as a candidate for Governor during the weeks which preceded the convention at which Mr. James M. Turner was nominated. He was about five feet ten inches high, weighed about 200, wore a short, heavy, brown beard and had a strong face. It was only recently that a gray hair was seen on his head. He was a forcible and convincing talker.

Samuel T. Cooley.—Samuel Thurman Cooley was born at Pittsford, Rutland Co., Vermont, March 30, 1806. Moved to the state of New York with his parents when about six years of age. Came to Detroit in 1830 and settled at Pontiac, Oakland county, Mich. Removed to Pittsford, Hillsdale county, Mich., in 1835, where he resided until July 14, 1890, at which date he removed to Jonesville, Mich., where he resided with his son William until his death which occurred Jan. 4, 1892. He was married in 1830 to Miss Electa Woodruff of the state of New York, who died April 5, 1843 at Pittsford, Mich. He was again united in marriage with Mrs. Lydia Carter in 1844, who died at Pittsford, Mich., Nov. 19, 1887. Three sons and one daughter survive him by his first marriage, one son by this marriage dying in infancy. Byron Cooley, born Jan. 28, 1834, Woodruff Cooley, born 1836, died in infancy; Rebecca O. Cooley born March 30, 1839, William Cooley, born April 10, 1841, James W. Cooley, born March 12, 1843. He leaves no children by his second marriage. He was a consistent Christian and a member of the M. E. church his whole life.

John D. Freed.—John D. Freed died at his residence in Frontier, Mich., April 29, 1892, aged fifty years, ten months and twenty-seven days.

When but fourteen years of age his father died and left upon him, for the most part the care of the mother and the children, of whom there were six boys and two girls, he being the oldest. He never betrayed his trust but continued to be a loving and wise counselor and helper until his death. When seventeen years of age he removed from Stark county, Ohio, with the family to Woodbridge, Mich., where

Frontier now stands, and encouraged by an uncle, set up in the sawmill business, besides running a small farm. His mother died in 1873.

He assisted two of his brothers and became a partner with them in setting up a sawmill in the "north woods" in Montcalm county. His first wife dying, he married in 1874, Mrs. Matilda Andridge. He leaves two children by his first wife and one by the latter. His gristmill in Frontier was erected in 1878, and in Hillsdale about seven years ago, he and his brothers erected a roller gristmill which has been a great help to the farmers of this county. He leaves the business which he built up in excellent hands. Two of his brothers preceded him to the spirit world. He embraced religion March, 1884, and united with the church of the United Brethren in Christ, of which he was a faithful member until death.

Mrs. Samuel Gilmore.—Mrs. Samuel Gilmore, of Hillsdale, died February 22, 1892. Mary Swift was born in Seneca county, N. Y., November 25, 1816, and came to Adams, this county in 1837. She was married to Samuel Gilmore April 5, 1842, and had she lived until April 5 this year they could have celebrated their golden wedding. Mrs. Gilmore, although not a member of any church, was an exemplary Christian woman, ever ready to lend a helping hand to all undertakings inaugurated for the promotion of the cause of morality, and as far as declining years and feeble health would permit was a regular and constant attendant at the Methodist church.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilmore were the parents of two children, one Mrs. L. S. Ranney, the other Mrs. J. T. Fitzsimmons who, with the bereaved husband, survive her.

Frederick M. Holloway.—Col. Frederick M. Holloway, of Hillsdale, died at his residence, corner South and West streets, Wednesday, Sept. 9, 1891. Mr. Holloway had been afflicted with a slow paralysis for some time. During the past year he has been confined to his room. Several different times during the past two years his death was daily expected, but recovering from these attacks he would rally for some time, until about three days before his death he became unconscious, from which he did not recover. Col. Holloway was born in Bristol, Ontario county, N. Y., Jan. 18, 1815. He came to Michigan in 1833. In 1837 he was married to Miss Sybil B. Bassett, who survives him. In 1840 they settled in Jonesville, where they resided until 1850, when Mr. Holloway was elected county register of deeds, then they removed to Hillsdale. In 1853 he was appointed postmaster at this place, the

duties of which he attended with his already established insurance business, made him a busy life. In 1854 he was elected secretary of the Hillsdale County Agricultural Society, to which he was continuously elected annually until three years ago, when he declined the position on account of his health. To his untiring efforts and good judgment the Hillsdale county fairs annually met with success unequaled by any county fair in the State. The improvements of the fair grounds are due to his untiring energy and good management, for which he will ever be remembered. In 1861 he removed to his farm, about three miles from Hillsdale on the Jonesville road. Here he resided, taking great interest in the improvement of live stock, with which he made a success. In the spring of 1883 he sold his farm and returned to Hillsdale. After his return he was twice elected mayor of the city, and during his administration he took great interest in the improvements and welfare of the city, and faithfully performed the duties devolved upon him, in which he never failed in all the many positions and trusts entrusted to him by his fellow citizens. He was elected a member of the Hillsdale College board of trustees at the organization of the board in 1853, of which he had continuously been a member until his death. In educational matters he always took a deep interest and an active part, holding prominent positions on the school board in Jonesville during his early residence there between the years 1840 and 1850, also, as a member of the school board of Hillsdale after his removal there. Mr. Holloway was a prominent member of the M. E. church from early life and he always took a deep interest in its welfare. Politically Mr. Holloway was always a Democrat, and prominent in the councils of local and State politics with his party, by whom he was nominated for governor in 1880. As a citizen he was among the first to advocate and assist in carrying out all public improvements suggested for the welfare of our city or its citizens. He leaves an aged, feeble wife, two sons, George A., of Chicago, and Leroy, of Janesville, Wis., and one daughter, Mrs. H. E. Reed, of Greenwich, O., who were present at the funeral held at the family residence Friday afternoon, attended by a large circle of friends of the city and country; among whom were the officers and directors of the county agricultural society, with whom he had been associated for so many years.

Ezra L. Koon.—Hon. Ezra L. Koon died at his home in Hillsdale, Feb. 9, 1892, aged 59 years. Ezra L. Koon was born at Tyrone, Steuben county, New York, December 31, 1832. His early education was gained

in the district schools while assisting on his father's farm. In addition to this he attended Franklin academy one term of four months.

In 1844 the entire family consisting of the parents, six sons and two daughters, removed to Hillsdale county, settling in Allen township, where they opened a farm of 320 acres. At the age of twenty Mr. Koon returned to New York, and taught one winter. Returning thence to Michigan, he worked on a farm one summer; the next winter taught school in Branch county. The following summer he clerked in a dry goods store, teaching again the next winter in the same county. He then went to Kankakee, Ill., where he taught school two years, meanwhile beginning the study of law. In 1858 he returned to Hillsdale, entered the law office of C. J. Dickerson, and at the end of the year was admitted to the bar. He at once formed a partnership with Mr. Dickerson which was continued until the fall of 1862, when Mr. Dickerson entered the military service as Lieut. Colonel of the tenth Michigan infantry.

Mr. Koon continued alone in the practice of law until the fall of 1866, when he took into partnership his younger brother, Martin B. This partnership continued until April 1878, when his young brother removed to Minneapolis, where he has since risen to the position of district judge of Hennepin county.

In 1860 Mr. Koon was elected circuit court commissioner, which office he held two years. Following this he was elected prosecuting attorney, continuing in that position four years. In 1868 he was elected to the state senate from this district, which then comprised Hillsdale county alone. Three years later he was chosen by Governor Baldwin, with Hon. Charles Upson, to examine and certify to the correctness of the then existing laws of Michigan, compiled by Judge Dewey. In 1881 he was elected mayor of Hillsdale and re-elected the following year. He was made a director the Second National bank in Hillsdale in 1865, and ten years afterwards its vice-president. When the Second National was changed to the Waldron bank, Mr. Koon became vice-president. Upon the absconding of the president, C. W. Waldron, the vice-president promptly and honorably came forward and made up the deficiency to the depositors.

Mr. Koon had been a member of the board of trustees of Hillsdale college since 1875, and a member of the prudential board during the entire time. He was also several years a member of the Hillsdale city school board. In the fall of 1882 he was elected to the state senate by the Republicans of the ninth district, composed of the counties of Hillsdale and Branch. He served as chairman of the judiciary com-

mittee, and member of the committees on expiring laws, rules and joint rules, and State prison.

As an attorney Mr. Koon met with marked success. He was interested in nearly every important case in the county after beginning his practice, and his voice has often been heard in the halls of the supreme court.

In October of 1865 Mr. Koon was united in marriage to Miss Lottie M. Peabody, a native of Lyons, New York. To them was born one child.

MAURICE J. LICKLY.—Maurice J. Lickly died at his home in Wright, Hillsdale county, Mich., December 31, 1891. Deceased was born in Putnam county, N. Y., August 20, 1829, hence was a little over sixty-two years of age at the time of his death.

At the age of seven years he moved with his parents to Hillsdale county, and since that time has lived here for the most part. In 1852 he was married to Miss Harriet Cooper, whom he leaves with five sons and one daughter, numerous relatives and a large number of friends to mourn his departure.

Just as the old year went out the spirit took its flight, as he said, "To awake in a new light," which words were strangely prophetic of the end so near.

Although the call was sudden he was found ready, for he was a most earnest and consistent Christian. He was deeply interested in Sunday school and Christian endeavor work, and the many weeping eyes on the day of the funeral, testified to the strong hold he had upon the young people. When the Congregational church was formed at Lickly's Corners he was warmly in favor of the movement and took a very active part. He was appointed one of the deacons and superintendent of the Sunday School. He dearly loved the study of the bible and inspired others with the same love. He was a conscientious but outspoken man. He always had the courage of his convictions but worked first to know what was truth and right.

JAMES W. MCKEE.—Mr. James W. McKee passed away, January 14, 1892. He was sixty-four years old and had lived in Hillsdale forty-four years, having immigrated to this country and Michigan from Ireland, his birthplace, forty-six years ago. Excepting about three years of his residence here he was an employe of the Lake Shore road in different capacities and one of the oldest in their service. As a citizen he was esteemed and respected and a large circle of friends will miss him in daily life. He was an honored member of the Masonic order in this

city, which body conducted the funeral services. He leaves an aged wife and five grown children to mourn his death. The sons are John and James, the daughters, Mrs. D. E. Bryant, of Lansing, Mrs. Frank Warriner, of Battle Creek and Mrs. J. G. Crozier, of Constantine, all of whom were present during the last sad rites.

Oliver E. Mosher.—Oliver E. Mosher died at his home in Hillsdale, April 29, 1892, aged seventy-four years. Mr. Mosher was born in Saratoga county, N. Y., where he resided until 1839 when he came to Michigan and settled in the town of Somerset where he was engaged in farming until 1878, when he removed to Hillsdale where he has lived until his death. Mr. Mosher was a much respected and prominent pioneer citizen of Somerset, where he leaves many friends. He leaves a wife and two sons.

Leonard Olney.—Leonard Olney died at his home in Hillsdale, May 31, 1892. Mr. Olney was born in Niles, Cayuga Co., N. Y., Aug. 7, 1815, where he resided until 1844 when he removed to Indiana. In 1846 he removed to Hillsdale and settled on a new farm about half a mile north of the city, which he improved and cultivated until a few years ago when he removed to his fine residence on college hill on account of failing health, leaving one of the finest and best cultivated farms in the county. Mr. Olney made a confession of Christian faith at the age of fifteen years when he joined the Baptist church. He had been a trustee of Hillsdale college for many years. He leaves a wife, three sons and a daughter, Benjamin L., Auburn, N. Y., Rev. Eugene C., of Troy, N. Y., Henry, of Hillsdale, and Mrs. Hortense A. Downing, of Grand Rapids.

Israel Post.—Israel Post was born October 30, 1819, died Jan. 23, 1892. He was the son of Aaron and Elizabeth Post. Was converted and joined the Christian church at Castile, N. Y., when fourteen years of age. Was married to Marilla Chittenden in 1844. Moved to Michigan the following year and settled on the farm which was his home when he died. This marriage was blessed with three children, Israel and Millard Post and Mrs. Eliza Williams, all of whom live to mourn his loss. His wife Marilla, died Aug. 27, 1852. He was married March 16, 1853, to Elizabeth Mull, who remains to mourn his departure. This union was blessed with one child, Marilla Jane, who died Sept. 7, 1888, preceding her father to the glory world. At his death he was the oldest charter member of the Adams Christian

church. He was a faithful member and was always ready to help in all church matters. The church has lost one of its best supporters, his wife has lost a faithful husband, his children an affectionate father, and the neighborhood a good neighbor, the poor a kind friend. He always took a great interest in Children's Day, distributing candy to the children and talking to them so kindly. Edith Paine, a little girl of seven says, "Who will give us candy now Uncle Israel is gone?" He fulfilled the scripture in being kind to the widow and fatherless, and many stars will be added to his crown for almsgiving. "Those who knew him best loved him most." He leaves five brothers and one sister who feel that they have lost a kind and affectionate brother, and many neighbors and friends who tender their deepest sympathy to the bereaved family.

John W. Sampson.—Another of the pioneers of Hillsdale county and early residents has passed away. After a long and lingering illness John W. Sampson died at his residence in Hillsdale, May 20, 1892, aged seventy-three years. Mr. Sampson first settled two and one-half miles north of Hillsdale, on the Jonesville road, in the year 1844, on land then a wilderness which by industry and energy he made into a profitable farm, where he resided until 1865 when he removed into the city. He leaves a wife, one son, Warner, of Lansing, and one daughter, Mrs. William Morris of Fort Payne, Ala.

Lyman Smith.—Lyman Smith, died at his home in the town of Fayette, Saturday, May 14, 1892, of heart failure, aged seventy-seven years and six days. Deceased was born in Wilkesbarre, Penn., May 8, 1815; when three years old he came with his parents to Livingston Co., N. Y., where he resided with them about twenty-five years. After being in business in Ohio ten years, he came to Jonesville, Mich., in 1854, at which place he has since resided. In 1857 he was married to Clara Kimball, and to them were born three children, two sons and one daughter, all of whom survive him.

Lucius C. Whitcher.—Lucius C. Whitcher, son of Joseph and Mary Whitcher, was born at Covington, Genesee county, N. Y., died in Wheatland, March 30, 1892, being seventy-one years, two months and seventeen days old. Moved with his parents to the township of Lodi, Washtenaw county, Michigan in September 1831, was married to Caroline C. Brookins in April, 1847, moved to Wheatland, April 23, 1848. To them were born five children, Marcenius M., Hortensia A., Ida A., Inez E., and Elgiva E., who died January 4, 1880. Words cannot make

or unmake a life, and yet when a life of usefulness has been lived it seems quite proper to speak of the virtues of the deceased. In regard to Mr. Whitcher, it may be said, he was an industrious, hard-working man, upright in his business affairs and although he had never made a public profession of the Christian religion, yet he was a firm believer in the teachings of the Bible. He was a man who was respected by those who knew him best, and the people of Wheatland feel that they have indeed lost one of their most useful citizens.

Richard Willitts.—Richard Willitts died at the residence of his son, Solon, May 18, 1892, of apoplexy. He was born in the state of New Jersey, September 19, 1804; at the age of seven with his parents he removed to the state of New York, where his father died two years later, leaving a wife and five children, of whom he was the eldest, and upon whom the cares of the family with his mother rested. His education consisted of only three months' schooling, the balance he worked out at home, studying evenings by the light of a bark candle, and working in the daytime. He was married in 1828 to Miss Rebecca White, of the same state, where they resided until 1846, when they removed to Michigan and settled on Moscow Plains in Hillsdale county. Three years later he removed to his farm in Cambria, six miles south of Hillsdale, where by struggling with the adversities and trials of pioneer life he succeeded in clearing and improving the farm now owned by Volney Sebring, but in all those busy years he always found time to take part in public affairs, especially temperance, giving lectures for the cause, whenever he could find a few minutes time. He was always ready to help in all educational matters, spending a great deal of time and money in soliciting subscriptions to build the beautiful college that adorns the city of Hillsdale. He has been a member of the Friend's church nearly half of his life. Two children survive him out of a family of six, Mrs. William Fleming, now living in Clinton county, and Solon Willitts of Hillsdale with whom he has made his home since the death of his wife in 1875.

Dr. Lewis Wood.—The Hillsdale Standard of March 29, 1892, has the following notice of Dr. Lewis Wood who recently died at North Adams, and was buried in Sandstone:

"Lewis Wood was born in the town of Scipio, county of Cayuga, state of New York, on the 24th day of January, 1827. He graduated at the Geneva college of medicine in New York, June 10, 1848, coming immediately after to Michigan. He located in Tompkins, Jackson county and commenced the practice of his chosen profession. April 11, 1853,

he married Miss Margaret Huntley, of Tompkins township. One daughter was born unto them on the 17th day of April, 1857. August 9, 1857, his wife and child died. His affliction rested heavily upon him and for a number of weeks he was also prostrated with a severe fit of sickness. February 22, 1859, he married Mary Jane Bennett, at the town of Sandstone, Jackson county. Soon thereafter he came to North Adams where he has followed his profession successfully up to the time of his death. His wife, Mary Jane Wood, died suddenly nearly eleven years ago, May 16, 1881, since which he has experienced something of a lonely life. He leaves one son to mourn his loss, also an aged father, the Hon. Amzi Wood, of Auburn, New York. Judge Wood, father of the deceased, was born January 5, 1803, eighty-nine years ago last January, and was in too poor health to attend the funeral."

HOUGHTON COUNTY

BY THOMAS B. DUNSTAN

Capt. William Harris.—Capt. William Harris was born in Carn Brea, Cornwall, England, Jan. 8, 1818, and died at Lake Linden, Michigan, Oct 4, 1891.

February 21, 1846, he married Elizabeth Tregoning, four years later crossed the Atlantic with the great tide of emigration that rolled westward, making his way to Lake Superior, then, as it is still, the principal cynosure of every miner's eye.

The first four years in America were passed on the Canadian side of the lake, employed four months on Michipicoton Island, thence opening the Bruce Mine, sleeping under an Indian canoe until more favorable lodgings could be provided.

In 1850 moved to Minnesota Mine, Michigan, serving fourteen years as mining captain for this then great mining company. He succeeded in opening up a mine the history of which is well known. His great achievement there made him favorably known and during his captaincy the famous 500-ton mass was cut and taken out for shipment.

In 1864 Captain Harris was promoted to the position of agent, which office he held for eight years, making twenty-two years of continuous service with the Minnesota Mining Company. The remainder of his life was spent in Keweenaw and Houghton counties, among the most active, prominent, honored and successful of those busy communities.

In 1878 he gave up active mining duties, and thereafter was only associated with mercantile business.

In politics, a staunch, zealous Republican, being twice elected to a seat in the legislature. When Lake Linden became incorporated he was made its first president.

He was a member of the Masonic fraternity.

"It seems superfluous for us to pay any tribute to the worth of Captain Harris as a man. He was too well known to our people for that. Generous to a fault, no needy suffering man or family was ever brought to his attention but that instantaneous and liberal aid was furnished, and in the early days of mining here his purse was continually being called upon and emptied for charity. By all his workingmen he was esteemed, almost idolized, and in the turbulent and somewhat unsettled condition of society in the days of the Minnesota Mine, Captain Harris' word was law. During all his long years of residence in the upper peninsula he has always commanded the respect and esteem of all classes of citizens, and his memory will always be held sacred. He leaves his aged wife and three daughters, Mrs. M. A. T. Sutton, Mrs. L. H. Overfield, and Mrs. M. H. Plews."—Ontonagon Miner.

Another clipping speaking of noble men said: "Such men do not die; they are simply transferred to a nobler sphere. Solomon says, 'A good man leaveth an inheritance to his children's children.' The inheritance of a good name and pure character is the best kind of a legacy to leave to one's children. William Harris has left such a legacy behind him, and his children will rise up and call him blessed."

Funeral at 2:30 p. m., Wednesday, October 7, the remains being borne from the house to the Methodist church of which he was a useful member, by Captains William E. Parnall, James Cruse, Samuel Bennetts, James Hosking, Edward Bawden and S. B. Harris. Calumet paper pronounced it the largest funeral seen in the copper country.

INGHAM COUNTY

BY C. B. STEBBINS

This report contains the names, ages, and date of death of forty-nine pioneers who have passed away in Ingham county during the past year. Doubtless it is not a complete record; but it comprises all the names I have been able with some care through the year to secure and record as the deaths occurred.

The ages are as follows:

Number at the age of ninety years, one; eighty-nine years, one; eighty-eight years, one; eighty-seven years, two; eighty-five years, two; eighty-four years, one; eighty-three years, one; eighty-two years, one; eighty years, three; from seventy to eighty years, thirteen; from sixty to seventy years, eleven; from fifty to sixty years, seven; from forty to fifty years, five.

Appended to this report are obituary notices of several whose ages and prominence in the community and state, or remarkable history, seem to entitle them to especial mention.

Name	Date	Residence	Age
Miss Eliza Andrews	June 11, 1891	Lansing	44
Mrs. Martha E. Amrhein	Sept. 11, 1891	"	89
Mrs. Elsie Arnold	Feb. 22, 1892	"	80
Mrs. Margaret S. Baker	Jan'y 8, 1892	"	73
Mrs. Betsey M. Bartow	July 4, 1891	"	77
Sanford Bennett	Feb. 27, 1892	"	69
H. E. Bigelow	June 9, 1891	Meridian	69
Mrs. Aurelia J. Bisbee	Sept. 17, 1891	Lansing	80
Joel J. Bishop	July 13, 1891	"	79
B. P. Christopher	Jan'y 10, 1892	"	46
Capt. J. P. Cowles	June 6, 1891	"	85
Mrs. Marion Creyts	Oct. 2, 1891	"	54
John B. Dakin	July 14, 1891	Williamston	65
James Fitzpatrick	Jan'y 11, 1892	Lansing	79
Almond Harrison	Jan'y 31, 1892	"	90
Mrs. Almond Harrison	Jan'y 31, 1892	"	87
George W. Harrison	Nov. 20, 1891	"	48
Mrs. Clara A. Hazard	Oct. 29, 1891	"	59
Gotleib Henesy	Jan'y 29, 1892	"	77
James W. Hinchey	Sept. 9, 1891	"	67
Mrs. Annie Hoffman	Aug. 16, 1891	"	87
Mrs. Robert Holmes	June 3, 1891	"	62
Isaac W. Howe	Feb. 1, 1892	"	73
Mrs. M. B. Hungerford	July 13, 1891	"	56
O. B. Ingersoll	Jan'y 17, 1892	Delta	70
Whitney Jones	March 1, 1892	Lansing	80
Mrs. R. C. Kedzie	Dec. 17, 1891	"	63
Bernard C. Kelly	May 2, 1892	"	56
J. H. Kilbourne	Nov. 1, 1891	Okemos	82
Mrs. Marinda S. Kilbourne	Jan'y 13, 1892	"	68

Name	Date	Residence	Age
Garrett Y. Lansing	Sept. 6, 1891	Lansing	51
Mrs. Elizabeth J. Larned	Jan'y 31, 1892	"	69
Mrs. Leverett Munson	April 8, 1892	Milletts	55
Mrs. Eliza Kent North	June 18, 1891	Lansing	69
Mrs. Elizabeth North	Jan'y 4, 1892	"	65
Mrs. Sally Oatley	Jan'y 29, 1892	"	85
Mrs. Rose Peyton	Jan'y 11, 1892	"	75
John W. Post	Feb. 2, 1892	"	70
Mrs. John W. Post	Nov. 22, 1891	"	70
Mrs. J. A. Reed	Feb. 17, 1892	"	46
David W. Rikerd	Nov. 18, 1891	"	78
Mrs. Mary Ann Rogers	Feb. 18, 1892	Stockbridge	84
Mrs. P. D. Stace	March 6, 1892	Watertown	75
Hiram Sturgis	Jan'y 10, 1892	Lansing	57
James Tobias	Oct. 30, 1891	"	41
B. F. Waite	Feb. 23, 1892	"	72
Ebenezer Walker	Feb. 8, 1892	Okemos	88
Alvin Warner	Feb. 8, 1892	Lansing	83
Jacob Willet	July 7, 1891	Vevay	60

JOEL J. BISHOP.—Joel J. Bishop, aged seventy-nine years, one of Michigan's pioneers, died of the infirmities attending an advanced stage of life, July 13, 1891, at the home of J. A. Turner, 703 Seymour Street. Mr. Bishop was born in Orange county, N. Y., in 1812. He has been a resident of Michigan for thirty-six years, and of Lansing for ten years. He is a stepfather of Mrs. J. A. Turner and Mrs. Silas Freeman.

JOSEPH P. COWLES.—Joseph P. Cowles (familiarly known as Captain Cowles) died June 6, 1891, at his home on Washington avenue, Lansing, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. Two years ago last October he was afflicted with a paralytic stroke that crippled his left side, and since then has gradually sunk until released by death from his decrepitude and feebleness.

Ever since the capitol has been located in Lansing, or since 1847, he has been a resident of the city or near the same. He supervised the framing of the first state house erected on the ground occupied by the handsome H. H. Smith block opposite the Hudson house. For many years he was recognized as one of the active jobbers that did much to build up the city. He was the first justice of the peace under a city charter for the first and fourth wards of Lansing, which office he filled

with marked ability. He was also one of the first to become identified with the Masonic fraternity of the city, having been raised to the sublime degree of a master Mason in May, 1850, and at the time of his death was a member of Lansing lodge No. 33. He was an ardent lover of the order and took great pride and interest in all its movements. He was buried with Masonic rites.

GEORGE W. HARRISON.—George W. Harrison, aged forty-eight years, son of Mr. and Mrs. Almond Harrison, and a prominent Lansing citizen, died of typhoid fever November 20, 1891, at his home 1175 Michigan avenue east, after a three weeks' sickness.

G. W. Harrison lived in Lansing from a boy up, and earned many warm friends by his sterling qualities. For many years he was an employé at Frank Wells' drug store. He graduated from the Agricultural College at an early age, and since has devoted himself to business. During the past three years he has been engaged in the manufacture and sale of Harrison's cough cure, a remedy which secured a large and ready sale, and when overtaken by grim death his prospects were at their brightest.

MR. AND MRS. ALMOND HARRISON.—"Lovely and pleasant were they in their lives, and in their deaths were not divided" may be truthfully said of that aged and honorable couple, Mr. Almond, and Mrs. Eliza D. Harrison, both of whom died at their home January 31, 1892, he at the age of ninety and she at eighty-seven. The death of this venerable husband and devoted wife demands more than a passing notice. The one was born in Massachusetts on March 14, 1802, the other in Vermont on February 26, 1805. They were married in 1825, and in the spring of 1826 removed, as many had done before them, from their pleasant eastern surroundings to what was then "the far west" settling first in Blissfield, Lenawee county, Michigan, where farming and milling were the chosen avocations. The privations and sufferings of those early days were borne with a heroic spirit, for they were both possessed of energy and great natural ability. In the year 1860 they removed to Lansing township, and carved out of the wilderness the beautiful farm and home which has furnished for so many years their pleasant residence, just west of the Agricultural College grounds. To their children they gave the advantages of that institution, and were always its devoted friends, delighting to attend the Sabbath afternoon services there, as well as the yearly commencement exercises. For many years Mrs. Harrison and her family attended the old First Presbyterian church on

Washington avenue, of which society she was a consistent and honored member. Five children survive these aged parents: Mrs. W. Hubbard, Clement L. and Joel Harrison, Mrs. G. E. Truman, and Dwight A. Harrison.

Mrs. Morgan B. Hungerford.—Mrs. Morgan B. Hungerford died July 13, 1891 at the family residence, 602 Ionia street west, Lansing, of Bright's disease, after a lingering illness, aged fifty-six years.

Mrs. Hungerford was born at Lyons, Ionia county, June 29, 1835, being the first white child born in that county. Her maiden name was Antoinette Chubb. Her early life was spent in the vicinity of Lyons, and in 1857, she was married to Rev. Aaron Bowser, who died in 1861. Four years later she married Morgan B. Hungerford, who with a sister, Mrs. F. A. Stow of Fowler, Clinton county, and a brother, James Chubb of Lyons, survive her.

Mrs. Hungerford became a resident of Lansing township in 1867, removing to the farm of her husband on the western outskirts of the city where they resided until 1881 when the family took up their residence at the beautiful home, corner of Ionia and Chestnut streets. She was a member of the Central M. E. church, had been president of the ladies' aid society, treasurer of the woman's foreign missionary society, in which societies she was an earnest worker, and her kindly smile and Christian spirit will be greatly missed by those with whom she came in contact.

O. B. Ingersoll.—O. B. Ingersoll of Delta, aged seventy years, brother of Harley Ingersoll of Lansing, died of pneumonia, Jan. 17, 1892, at the home of his niece, wife of ex-Senator Huston, in Ypsilanti, where he had gone on a brief visit. The death was totally unexpected, as he had been sick but a few days.

O. B. Ingersoll was one of the pioneers of Ingham county, locating in Delta where he has managed a farm for the major portion of his life, long before Lansing was named. He was one of Delta's most respected and highly honored citizens and was a member of the Congregational church there.

Whitney Jones.—By the death of Whitney Jones March 1, 1892, Lansing lost a man who, without question, has done as much for the good of the city as any one man extant. He was a man of exceedingly generous nature and of the finest sensibilities. It was he who gave outright the ground where now is located the L. S. & M. S. railroad depot and the adjacent right of way that is now held by that corpora-

tion, in order to secure that road's facilities for Lansing, and in every possible way was always connected with enterprises for the general public good. He gave a big lump of cash toward the starting of the iron & Engine Works which is now among the foremost factories of the State, and was connected with a score of other deals that have developed into big enterprises and brought wealth and vim into the city.

Col. Jones was with the commissioners when the capital city was located and exerted no small influence to secure its location here, and his entire life has been marked by generous actions and kind deeds of the finest nature. At one time he owned a great deal of property in the city, but business reverses made him in his later years comparatively poor, and ill health increased his misfortunes, which culminated in a severe attack of grip last April, that since Thanksgiving day confined him to his bed. His sufferings were very painful, but he bore them with that gentle, patient manner that has been a characteristic trait of his life. Toward the last, aware that his end was drawing near, he requested that his funeral be a private one, with only his family in attendance, and his wish was carried out to the last.

Whitney Jones born near Jamestown, N. Y., May 2, 1812. He received a common school education there, and when very young became popular to such an extent that he was William H. Seward's right hand man for the western part of the state when that patriot was Governor of New York. In 1839 he moved to Michigan, settling at Delta, where he was a country merchant, supervisor and postmaster. He came to Lansing in 1840; was representative in the legislature for the counties of Eaton and Ingham in 1845-6, and was postmaster from 1849 to 1853. In 1842 he married Miss Louisa Stimpson at Marshall, who survives him. From 1855 to 1859 he was Auditor General, being the first nominee of the Republican party for that position. In 1859 he was State Senator from Clinton and Ingham counties; United States assessor for the third district from 1862 to 1868; postmaster again from 1868 to 1871; and was treasurer of Ingham county from 1883 to 1887.

Col. Jones was a leading Whig until 1854, when he was one of the chief organizers of the Republican party at Jackson, having as much influence regarding that organization as any one man. He was a great personal friend of Horace Greeley, and when that giant of intellect ran for the presidency on the Democratic ticket in 1872, he worked for him to the best of his ability, though he was always a Republican and high tariff man at heart. One thing peculiar and decidedly commendatory about his public career, is that he never

asked nor sought one of the many official positions of high honor that he has held; they came to him unasked for and unsought.

Col. Jones moved from Lansing to Alameda, Cal., in 1887, where he remained for two years, then returning to Lansing. He leaves a wife and three children, C. H. Jones of Jackson, S. D. Jones of California, and Mrs. E. B. Fairfield of Grand Rapids. Mrs. Fairfield and C. H. Jones were both present at the funeral. Judge Chapman is brother-in-law of the deceased.

Mrs. Harriet E. Kedzie.—Mrs. Harriet Eliza (Fairchild) Kedzie, aged sixty-three years, wife of Dr. R. C. Kedzie, the eminent chemist, died Dec. 17, 1891, of heart failure, at her home at the Agricultural College, after a brief and severe illness. For some years she had suffered from asthma, and a week before her death a cold settled on her lungs, greatly aggravating the disease. Her recovery was confidently expected until heart failure added to the gravity of the case, and on Wednesday she declined rapidly and during the night fell into a deep sleep from which it was impossible to arouse her and she sank into her final slumber without further pain or suffering.

Mrs. Kedzie was born in Ohio, May 31, 1828, and graduated from Oberlin College in 1847 in the same class with Mr. Kedzie to whom she was married in 1850. She was a daughter of G. and N. H. Fairchild and a sister of President Fairchild, of Oberlin College. She had three sons, William, who was professor of chemistry in Oberlin College and died in office; Robert, who was professor of chemistry in the Mississippi Agricultural and Mechanical College and died in office; and Frank, who is adjunct professor of chemistry at the Agricultural College, on the grounds of which his mother died. Mrs. Kedzie came to the Agricultural College in 1863 with her husband and has resided there twenty-nine years. She was a member of the Congregational church for forty years, a woman of strong character, upright life and warm sympathies; an affectionate wife and a good mother—a woman nobly planned. She will be greatly missed in the circle that knew her and prized her highly.

Joseph Henry Kilbourne.—Joseph Henry Kilbourne, father of S. L. Kilbourne, and who might be properly called the founder of Lansing, died of heart failure at 10 o'clock Sunday morning, Nov. 1, 1891, at his home in Okemos, at the age of eighty-two years. The funeral was held on the farm, Rev. W. H. Osborne officiating. The remains were buried at Okemos.

Mr. Kilbourne was born May 8, 1809, near Brockville, Canada, and was a farmer until twenty-seven years of age, when he entered the Patriot war as captain. In March, 1838, he was captured by the Royalists and thrown into prison at Toronto, from where he escaped nine days after, finding his way to Port Sarnia after many harrowing adventures. From there he crossed into Michigan by a rowboat, and walked to Detroit, where he found employment in a blacksmith shop. His family joined him two years after, and they moved to Northville and opened a store. In 1843 Mr. Kilbourne came to Ingham county and purchased the land upon which was afterwards founded the village of Okemos. He was one of the first supervisors of the township and was a member of the legislature which located the site of the State capitol at Lansing, and was more largely interested in bringing that about than any other man. After the capitol's location he came to Lansing and took charge of the Seymour interests, dealing largely in real estate in and about the city. He was elected a member of the first legislative body seated in Lansing, defeating J. W. Longyear, the Whig candidate, by one vote.

Mr. Kilbourne was one of the founders of the North Lansing Methodist Episcopal church, of which he died a member. In 1851 he took a company across the plains to California, having sold his Lansing interests and moved his family back to his Okemos farm. He remained seven years in California, and was once a candidate for that state's legislature, being defeated by a small majority. He returned to Okemos in 1858 and resided there until his death. By his first wife, Susanna Hughes, he had eight children, five of whom reached manhood and womanhood. His wife died in 1846, and he married Miss Louisa Turner, of Okemos, in 1848. She died while he was in California, and in 1859 he married Mrs. Mary Holden. She died after two years of happiness and he was again married in 1864 to Mrs. Marinda Salsbury, of Owosso, who survives him. He had no children but by his first wife. Of those, William B. Kilbourne, of Mendocino county, Cal., Joseph Henry Kilbourne, of Big Rapids, and Samuel L. and Emily L. Kilbourne, of Lansing, are now living.

Mr. Kilbourne was a man of remarkable physical strength and energy, and possessed a very fine intellect which was unimpaired to his last day. An iron will, great determination, simple habits, warm and tender sympathies made him what he was and gained him a large circle of warmly attached friends, who will sincerely mourn his death.

MRS. MARINDA KILBOURNE.—Mrs. Marinda (Salsbury) Kilbourne, wife of the late Joseph Henry Kilbourne, of Okemos, and step-mother of Hon. S. L. Kilbourne, dropped dead on the morning of Jan. 13, 1892, from heart trouble, at her farm near Okemos, in the same manner in which death overtook her husband on Nov. 1, 1891. Mrs. Kilbourne has a host of warm friends who will sincerely sympathize with the afflicted family. She was a woman of rare energies, thoughtful and kind, and will be sadly missed by Okemos in general.

MRS. ELIZABETH J. LARNED.—Mrs. Elizabeth J. Larned, mother of H. H. Larned, died January 31, 1892, of apoplexy and influenza, at her son's home on Walnut street, corner of Michigan avenue, Lansing. Mrs. Larned was born September 17, 1823 in Groton, Tompkins county, New York. In 1843 she was married to W. L. Larned, and they immediately moved to Hudson, Lenawee county, Michigan, where they remained until 1850, when St. Anthony, Minnesota became their home. After a few years they left for the gold fields of Montana, but had only arrived at the Dakota bad lands when the party of one hundred men and four ladies they accompanied was attacked by Indians, who besieged them, twenty being killed. General Sully came to their rescue and took the party back to Fort Rice on the Missouri river, where Mr. and Mrs. Larned remained until 1867, when they came to Lansing. Mr. Larned died in 1872.

MRS. SALLY OATLEY.—Mrs. Sally Oatley, aged eighty-five years, widow of William Oatley, and one of Lansing's respected pioneers, died January 29, 1892. Mrs. Oatley was born December 1, 1806, in Elmira, N. Y. and moved to York, Livingston county, when four years of age. In 1849 she moved into Michigan and settled in Lansing with her husband and children. Her husband, William Oatley, enlisted from Lansing in the twelfth Michigan infantry and never returned. He died a prisoner of war in Macon, Georgia. Mrs. Oatley's early life in Lansing was one of hardship and self abnegation. Gifted to a remarkable extent with the milk of human kindness she took it upon herself to be a general good Samaritan. In those early days a forest, for the most part, covered the capital city's present site and residents were few and far between, yet no one was sick or in need of help for miles around but Mrs. Oatley was sought for relief. She always gave her aid with a whole-souled sympathy and energy that won her not only friends, but an enviable fame, and to this day stories of her many acts of kindness are to be found in a thriving existence. Her loss is a deep one and

carries with it one more of the few links that connect the enterprising capital city of Michigan with that past when the hardworking and struggling pioneers worked in the original forest for existence.

Mrs. Rose Peyton.—The funeral of Mrs. Rose Peyton, who died at the home of Mrs. Mary Connelly January 17, 1892, was held from St. Mary's church and the body was taken to Detroit for burial. Mrs. Peyton was seventy-five years of age, and seldom has a lifetime been productive of so much noble, wifely devotion as hers was, and the story of her service in the Mexican war is illustrative of bravery that but few war veterans have ever equaled. Mrs. Peyton was born in Ireland, coming to America when a girl. She was married at Governor's island to Patrick Peyton, a private in the old second United States artillery, who, after five years of service, re-enlisted and was made sergeant. His regiment was ordered to Mexico when the Mexican war broke out, and he served on General Scott's line, between Vera Cruz and the city of Mexico. At Governor's island, Mrs. Peyton was a laundress in her husband's regiment, and a short time after the war broke out, in July, 1847, she left the island to join her husband at the front, going to Mexico in the same train with E. R. Merrifield of Lansing, who vouches for the correctness of the following account:

After a forced march of ten days between Vera Cruz and Pueblo, Mrs. Peyton joined her husband at the latter city, during Santa Anna's forty-days siege of that place. A small portion of the city was occupied by the United States soldiers and the Mexicans had possession of the remainder. Peyton had charge of a battery that defended one of the main approaches of the street that ran into the United States barracks, a most dangerous and trusted position, that was ably filled, while Mrs. Peyton was in Castle Loretto, above the fortifications. Mexican sharpshooters occupied the house tops commanding the opening between the fortifications and the castle and all day long poured a hot fire on whatsoever party was venturesome enough to travel between those two points. The loss of life by means of these sharp marksmen at this point was considerable, and it was a well recognized dangerous spot among the United States army lads. There was no pity or courtesy for anyone or anything from those deadly Mexican guns. Even a funeral party was put to flight one day. Yet, nevertheless, every morning, every noon, and every night, prompt and precise as a clock, Mrs. Peyton appeared at the entrance of Castle Loretto and started over the "open" to the fortifications with her husband's meal in a basket that hung from her arm. Heedless of the bullets from the Mexican sharp-

shooters on the outlying housetops, she traveled the "death road" with apparent unconcern, the bullets whistling about her close enough to phase the boldest soldiers. On numerous occasions her clothing was cut by the leaden messengers, but her will was simply inflexible. She never missed a meal. Her husband ate every morsel of his daily breakfast, dinner and supper by her side at the front of the fortifications, and then she returned to the castle. Remarkable as it was she was never hit by a bullet. Her bravery commanded the admiration of all who saw her, and it became customary for the veterans to watch for her appearance at mealtime and cheer her royally as she ran the gauntlet at the risk of her life to carry her husband his meals. Many an old Mexican veteran remembers this incident of the war to this day and vents his admiration of the brave woman with unstinted fervor. It is seldom that such qualities have remained comparatively unlauded and requited in later life, but all honor now to the brave wife of the Mexican war veteran who has gone to join her husband.

At the close of his re-enlistment in 1849 Peyton was discharged and came to Michigan, buying a farm of sixty acres near Bath, Clinton county, where he died nine years ago, since which time his wife has lived there, until her recent illness, when she came to Lansing to live with her relative, Mrs. Connelly, where she died at the ripe age of seventy-five years.

John W. Post.—John W. Post, aged seventy years, one of Michigan's pioneers, died Feb. 2, 1892, of the infirmities attending an advanced age, at his home on Walnut street north, Lansing, after a year of failing health, though he was confined to his bed but a few days before his death.

Mr. Post was born in New Jersey in 1822 and like many of that state immigrated to Michigan in time to be classed among the pioneers of this section, locating about three miles north of Dansville in 1847. By dint of much perseverance and hard labor he cleared and improved what has been considered one of the finest farms in this county. In 1867 he sold this farm and came to Lansing, where for twenty-seven years he has been a well-known and highly respected citizen. He joined the Franklin street Presbyterian church on his arrival and was elected an elder in the following year, which position he has held ever since. He was a man of integrity and a genial nature, which, united with a kind disposition, drew about him a large circle of friends who will sadly miss him. He leaves a sister, Mrs. Martha J. Hill, of Dansville.

HIRAM STURGIS.—Hiram Sturgis was born in Elmira, N. Y., July 7, 1834. He came to Michigan when twenty years of age and settled at Hartland, Livingston county. He was a contractor and house builder all his life after coming to Michigan, and has built a great many houses all over Livingston county, and was widely known in that county. He was married to Emily Brainerd, Sept. 30, 1863. In 1880 he moved to Perry, Shiawassee county, where he resided until 1891 when he removed to Lansing where he died January 10, 1892, aged fifty-seven years.

EBENEZER WALKER.—Ebenezer Walker, aged eighty-eight years, father of H. W. Walker, of Lansing, and one of the best known men in Ingham county, died Feb. 8, 1892, at his home in Okemos, of general debility, after a three weeks' confinement to his bed.

Ebenezer Walker was born in Perry, N. Y., in 1804, and came to Michigan in 1854, buying considerable property in Okemos, in fact almost the entire site of that enterprising village. He built a sawmill, a gristmill, and opened a general store and started Okemos upon its era of prosperity. He was a man of considerable energy, was postmaster of Okemos for twenty years, and has been one of its principal citizens from the time of his advent there. During his life he won a host of warm friends by his kind and considerate ways, who will mourn his loss. His only son is H. W. Walker, of Lansing.[1]

IONIA COUNTY

BY ALBERT F. MOREHOUSE

ISAIAH DECKER.—Another of the earliest settlers of Portland has fallen, and that form which for more than fifty years has been as familiar to our vision as the waters of our rivers or the hills which encircle our pleasant village we shall never look upon again in time. Isaiah Decker is dead. Mr. Decker was born August 8, 1817, in the State of New York. His native place was then a new country and he had educational advantages only in their elementary form, but of an industrious mind, he was inured to labor, so that when he came to Ann Arbor in 1840, he was prepared for all the vicissitudes of pioneer life. In 1841 he was married to Miss Arilla Clark and the following year removed to Portland, where the family continued to reside until the death of Mrs. Decker, August 22,

[1]Henry W. Walker died at Lansing, July 7, 1906.

1888, and the death of Mr. Decker July 7, 1891. On his arrival at Portland Mr. Decker at once commenced clearing land which was then but little more than a primeval forest. He was especially skillful with the ax, in the use of which he had no superiors. By steady perseverance and economy he secured enough of this world's goods to sustain them in old age. Mrs. Decker was of a kindly disposition and when neighbors were prostrated by the sickness so prevalent in those early years she was always present with those little attentions so grateful to the settlers in their new homes. After the death of his wife Mr. Decker's health gradually failed until his death.

Mrs. Polly Dye.—Mrs. Polly Dye died at 3 o'clock, a. m., Dec. 18, 1890, at the family homestead on Dye street, Ionia. Death came quietly and peacefully after a long illness.

Mrs. Dye was a daughter of Vine Welch, a substantial farmer of Herkimer county, N. Y. She was born Jan. 29, 1813, at Middleburg, N. Y. She was married to Richard Dye, in Herkimer, N. Y., March 3, 1832, where they resided until the spring of 1837, when they joined the colonists at Ionia, where they passed the remainder of their lives.

Eight children were born to them, five of whom are living: George H., Ionia, Mary E., died in 1856, Rebecca, died in 1838, John W., Ionia, Bloomfield U., Rocky Ford, Col., Charles R., Ionia, Franklin S., drowned in Grand river in 1862, and James K., of Rocky Ford, Col.

Richard Dye died Jan. 28, 1886. In her father's family were nine children, of whom John B. Welch of Ionia township is now the last survivor.

Mrs. Dye was for several years a member of the Presbyterian church, but in 1861 she joined the Disciples church at the same time as her husband, who became a convert under the ministrations of Rev. Isaac Errett.

Few of the early pioneers were more widely known or more generally esteemed than "Aunt Polly Dye," whose kindly heart and cheerful disposition made her a universal favorite. She was indeed a fine type of the pioneer character, ready in resource to meet an emergency, quick to proffer aid in case of distress, whose sympathies had been broadened and deepened by the endurance of common hardships and privations, and whose generous nature had been unspoiled by the more selfish and exclusive social spirit that animates modern life.

The annals of her life are filled with incidents showing the generous and sympathetic elements of her character. The history of Ionia county contains two incidents which we give as indicating her tact in an emer-

gency and as interesting in showing the conditions of early pioneer life in Ionia:

In the spring of 1838, the Indians were numerous in this section and frequent visitors at the homes of the white settlers. One day when Mr. Dye was absent, two or three stalwart "braves" with their squaws came to the house desiring to exchange maple sugar for turnips. Mrs. Dye had acquired a slight knowledge of the Indian language, and gave them to understand that she would give them two baskets of turnips for five pounds of sugar. The sugar was weighed and Mrs. Dye, followed by one of the Indians started for the cellar, which was back of the house, leaving her mother to watch the squaws who were much given to theft. She measured the turnips according to the bargain, giving him two baskets for every five pounds of sugar. He insisted that he was to have three. She told him in a very decided way that two was the number. He shouted three, and drawing a long knife jumped toward her and reiterated the assertion. Mrs. Dye, having much presence of mind and an insight into Indian character, looked him squarely in the face and told him he could have but two. Seeing she could not be intimidated, he placed the vegetables in his bag and the party went away.

On another occasion two drunken Indians visited the house at night with the idea that they could obtain whiskey. The family had retired, and Mr. Dye being absent, and by neglect the doors were left unfastened. The first intimation that Mrs. Dye had of their presence was being awakened by a bright light. She drew aside the curtains of the bed, and there in the center of the room, with torches above their heads, were two tall savages who demanded whiskey. She told them that there was none in the house, and in such a way that they were convinced, and by a neat little ruse got them out of the house and closed the doors.

Mrs. Juliette Lake.—On Friday morning, Jan. 15, 1892, at the home of Mrs. H. M. Wilson in Ionia, there closed a life that is entitled to more than a passing notice. The memory of Mrs. Juliette Lake lives in all hearts that knew her or came into touch with her sweet life. Born in the state of New York, she early came to Michigan, and with her husband was identified with many interests in the life of Ionia and other places. In 1854 she united with the First Baptist church of Ionia, and at the time of her death was a consistent member of the same and an earnest and devoted Christian.

All the members of her immediate family, with perhaps one excep-

tion, had preceded her in death. For many years she had made it her home with Mrs. H. M. Wilson and had devoted much of her time to the good of others. She was self-forgetful in all her works, gentle in all her ways, patient in all her surroundings and devoted to the good of all. Her sweet face was illumined by the purity of her soul and always cheered and blessed those upon whom it looked in trusting love. Every life associated with her or touched by her gentle ways was made better in the "substance of things hoped for."

Her threescore years and ten were not in vain. God wrought out of this gentle life in its quiet sphere influences that never could have been felt in all their power in other lines, had it been less sweet and patient and trusting. Her very presence, with that "look of love," was a benediction to every heart that trusted God or believed in his fellowmen. In the home, in society, in the church she left the impress of her pure, sweet, Christ-like life and it will live forever.

"Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God," is the inscription that should be cut into the stone above her grave. It tells as no other words can the worth of this life gone from us. In that lettering as resting down upon such a soul, we see clearly that life is worth living—that the future is sure.

Hence, though dead, yet does she live and her works do follow her. Such a life leaves its fragrance to perfume human hearts, and when it closes here it blossoms in its fruitage in the presence of God. One who knew her and loved her has well written,

"The death wind breathed on a blossom
Of gardens the best, most fair;
A garden of human spirits,
And one was no longer there,
The song died out of our lisping,
In darkness we groped, when lo!
Again came the angel whisper
Only asleep 'neath the snow.'"

—Her Pastor.

Alden J. Potter.—Alden J. Potter died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Nelson Wainwright in Danby, April 20, 1892, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. Mr. Potter was born in Washington county, New York, in February of 1808. He came to Ingham county, Michigan, in 1830, where he was married to Miss Jenette Howard, and in 1834 came to Portland where he resided some years, working at his trade—that of a carpenter. In 1845 he purchased a quarter section of land in Danby and moving upon it, by his own strong arms, cleared and otherwise improved it for a home for himself and family, occupying it until his death. He was a hard working and industrious man, honest in his

dealings and outspoken as to his opinions. It is to be regretted that he looked at Christianity with a distorted vision, and was therefore a skeptic in matters of faith. His aged widow and one daughter yet survive him.

Mrs. Mary J. Probart.—Mrs. Mary J. Probart, wife of John C. Probart, died at her home in Portland, May 4, 1892, aged sixty-five years. Mrs. Probart was the daughter of the late Warren Miner, and was born in Huron county, Ohio, February 26, 1827, and came with her father's family to Oakland county, Michigan, in 1831. The family came to Portland in 1836. On the 21st day of April, 1844, she was married, by Rev. L. M. S. Smith, to Mr. John C. Probart, who yet survives her. In 1843 she made a profession of religion and united with the Baptist church but subsequently left that denomination and united with the Congregational church, remaining in its membership until her death. Mr. and Mrs. Probart were no exceptions to the general rule respecting the first settlers. There were but few neighbors, separated in most instances by miles of dense forests, affording a home for bears, wolves and other offensive animals, and it was only a partial compensation that deer were also in abundance, to fill out the scanty supplies of the white settler, who also shared with his red brother in the stores of nature to supply the wants, common to them all. The early settlers were always tormented with dense swarms of mosquitoes, but their trials usually commenced with the first clearing. The hot summer sun shining on the decaying vegetation, produced a poisonous malaria which became evident to the settler in the loss of appetite, pains in the back and joints until every fibre of the body ached with pain and the flush of fever in the veins, succeeded by the chill freezing to the marrow, and then the settler was helplessly sick. All these experiences were the lot of Mr. and Mrs. Probart, but they were spared to outlive them, and they for many of their last years enjoyed the rich reward of their early privations.

James M. Webster.—In the death of James M. Webster, July 12, 1891, Portland has lost another link in the chain connecting the present with the times of the earliest settlers. Mr. Webster's father, Ira Webster, came from Monroe county, N. Y., having to cut his way through the woods of the last eight miles of his journey, and reaching Portland in 1837, when his son was of the age of eleven years. This township was organized in 1838, and at its first town meeting in April of that year, Ira Webster was elected supervisor. He was always a prominent man until his untimely death at the age of forty-five years. Soon after

attaining his majority the subject of this article was elected township treasurer, which office, with that of commissioner of highways, he continued to hold for a number of years. During the gold excitement in California, he with other citizens went to the Pacific coast; but not satisfied there he returned, and in company with R. B. Smith and J. M. Benedict, engaged in the manufacture of school furniture. Mr. Webster was also at one time engaged in buying and shipping wheat. Some years ago he built a large and beautiful residence on his farm which engaged his attention, until, with impaired health, he with his family removed to Portland, where he resided at the time of his death.

In June, 1869, Mr. Webster was married to Miss Mary Bailey, daughter of the late James Bailey, Esq., and sister of J. W. Bailey, former proprietor of the Portland Observer. By this marriage Mr. Webster had five children, now living. He was of a mild, amiable disposition, much liked by all his associates, and was at the time of his death a member of Portland Lodge No. 31, F. & A. M.; also of Portland Chapter No. 39, R. A. Masons; and of Ionia Commandery No. 11, Knight Templars. The funeral was under the auspices of the Portland Masonic Lodge.

IOSCO COUNTY

BY H. M. ELLIOTT

THOMAS GOULAIT.—Thomas Goulait, a very much respected gentleman residing at Oscoda, of French descent who was among the early settlers of this county, died in Detroit in August, 1891, from accidental injuries received while riding on a street car. Mr. Goulait was a boarding house keeper and made quite a success in that direction. He was the father of a large family, which he maintained and fairly educated by his own efforts and when at the time the maintenance and education of such a family brought out the great exertion and highest endeavors of the early pioneer. In the early days he lived in a house he made from slabs from a sawmill and which was known as the block-house. By continued efforts and redoubled zeal, he brought out of the unshapely structure, a fair building for a community like this. He died leaving some considerable property and his family suitably provided for.

WALTER DIETTRICK.—Walter Diettrick, an old and highly esteemed gentleman who resided about one and one-half miles north of Oscoda,

died during the fall of 1891. Mr. Diettrick formerly lived at East Tawas, which place at this time bears the brightest traces of his memory. He was known as the tree planter and he took great pride in planting trees for himself and inducing every one with whom he came in contact to plant trees. His great desire was to see the community well ornamented with shade trees. It is said of him that he planted all the trees which now shade the beautiful town of East Tawas and whose streets are so well lined with shade trees that during the summer season they are nearly always well shaded. He removed from East Tawas to Oscoda where he also induced nearly everybody to plant trees, and the fruits of his exertion in this direction still plainly show that he was successful in the object for which he seemed to live and it has become an adage in this section of the county, "That if you want your ornamental trees to live and grow, you must have Walter Diettrick plant them."

William T. Wakefield.—William T. Wakefield, another pioneer of Iosco county, passed away in the early part of May, 1892. He was one of those men who came to this country at a very early day and pushed forward into the woods and cut out for himself a home. He was also a veteran of the late war and a prominent member of the G. A. R. It was his pleasure during life to induce the settlers to improve their farms and plant and experiment with their land in such a manner and with such fruits, grain and vegetables as would be best adapted for the peculiar soil found in this section, and for this, if for no other reason, he is highly deserving of the honorable mention. In his latter days he proudly told the tales of warfare and everyone he met seemed pleased to listen to what the old man said. He died leaving but little property. His efforts having been mainly to develop the country, rather than the accumulation of a fortune.

JACKSON COUNTY

BY JOSIAH B. FROST

Name	Date of death	Residence	Birthplace	Age
Sidney Aldrich	Dec. 20, 1891	Spring Arbor	England	74
Mary Ann Austin	Jan. 28, 1892	Springport	New York	72
Lorenzo Badgley	Jan. 1, 1892	Leoni	" "	79
Lyman Baker	Mar. 10, 1892	Parma	" "	71
Nancy Baker	May 16, 1892	"	" "	64
John Bauman	Dec. 17, 1891	Springport		75
Lidia Bean	Mar. 19, 1892	Spring Arbor		83
St. Clair Bean	Nov. 13, 1891	" "	New Hampshire	82
Susan Bean	Dec. 2, 1891	" "	New York	73
James Bibbins	Jan. 27, 1892	Hanover	" "	80
Weston Blackmar	July 8, 1891	Napoleon	" "	74
William S. Blackmar	Sept. 28, 1891	"	" "	76
Henry Bliss	Nov. 3, 1891	Parma	" "	78
Emeline Bradley	Nov. 2, 1891	Jackson	" "	72
Sampson Bragg	Dec. 29, 1891	Spring Arbor		82
Ann Browning	Jan. 15, 1892	Grass Lake	England	75
Ann Bullock	Jan. 8, 1892	Jackson	New York	62
John Butters	April 11, 1892	Pulaski	England	65
George G. Byron	Nov. 28, 1891	Jackson	Connecticut	58
Matthias Calkins	April 19, 1892	Hanover	New York	85
Mrs. Harriet M. Campbell	Jan. 24, 1892	Jackson		84
Mary J. Conkell	June 30, 1891	Columbia	New York	62
Sarah Culver	Nov. 22, 1891	"	" "	67
David Diggs	Jan. 1, 1892	Jackson		59
Ann Dillon	Oct. 21, 1891	"	Ireland	60
Edward Dodd	Dec. 16, 1891	Hanover	New York	75
Hugh Donnelly	Dec. 24, 1891	Leoni	Ireland	76
Charles A. Dunham	May 1, 1892	North Sandstone		69
Amos Evans	Nov. 10, 1891	Grass Lake	Pennsylvania	86
Martha Field	Feb. 1, 1892	Henrietta	New York	67
Mrs. William P. Fifield	Aug. 6, 1891	Leroy	" "	
Charles M. Fleming	Mar. 19, 1892	Columbia	" "	73
Jacob Freyermuth	Dec. 3, 1891	Waterloo	Germany	83
Louisa Freyermuth	Dec. 6, 1891	"	"	73
Nicholas Greff	May 2, 1892	Tompkins		70
George G. Gould	June 3, 1891	"	New York	73
Pauline Graham	Aug. 26, 1891	Norvell	" "	80

Name	Date of death	Residence	Birthplace	Age
Hosea W. Griffith	July 21, 1891	Tompkins	Vermont	73
Lucretia H. Harrington	Mar. 22, 1892	Sandstone	New York	78
A. C. Hayes	Dec. 23, 1891	Hanover	" "	75
Lillian Hemenway	Mar. 5, 1892	Summit	Michigan	79
John M. Henry	Feb. 8, 1892	Rives	New York	78
Samuel Hitchcock	Oct. 28, 1891	Norvell	" "	67
Henry Holmes	April 18, 1892	"	England	82
John Holton	Mar. 28, 1892	Blackman	"	75
Hannah Howe	Dec. 14, 1891	Napoleon	New Hampshire	79
Ann Hulin	Oct. 7, 1891	Jackson	New York	77
Joseph Hullings	Aug. 20, 1891	Leoni	New Jersey	82
William Irving	Nov. 12, 1891	Parma	New York	73
Truman Jacobs	Sept. 18, 1891	Pulaski	" "	67
Daniel Keelan	Oct. 28, 1891	Columbia	England	81
Henry S. Kellogg	Oct. 19, 1891	Concord	New York	72
Fred A. Kennedy	Feb. 15, 1892	Jackson	England	80
Willard Knowles	Oct. 30, 1891	Pulaski	New York	82
David Lautis	Nov. 19, 1891	Waterloo	" "	63
Francis Levandowsky	Oct. 10, 1891	Jackson	Germany	64
Miles A. Martin	May 8, 1892	"		72
Esther Mayers	Jan. 21, 1892	Waterloo	Germany	92
Harriet Mead	June 20, 1891	Jackson	England	66
Louise Miller	June 22, 1891	"	Ireland	87
Elsie Mitchell	April 21, 1892	Horton	Canada	72
Sarah Mitchell	Jan. 26, 1892	Jackson	Ireland	70
Eliza C. Morrison	June 17, 1891	"	Jackson, Mich	64
Warren C. Moulton	Dec. 2, 1891	Summit	Michigan	76
Edward Murphy	Jan. 27, 1892	Jackson	Ireland	70
Fred Newell	Oct. 10, 1891	"		81
William Nixon	April 24, 1892	Summit	New York	77
Mrs. Eliza Olds	Jan. 21, 1892	Jackson	Baltimore, Md	84
Grass G. Pond	July 23, 1891	Liberty	New York	64
Isaac C. Quick	July 6, 1891	Leoni	" "	66
Rosella Reed	Jan. 29, 1892	Jackson	Massachusetts	77
Catherine Reyley	Jan. 16, 1892	"	Canada	67
Hannah Robbins	Jan. 16, 1892	"		72
Edward Robson	Sept. 16, 1891	Blackman	England	81
Hersey C. Rouse	April 17, 1892	Jackson		
Esther Sargent	Jan. 18, 1892	Leoni		89
Walker B. Shaw	Jan. 26, 1892	Columbia	Connecticut	69
George Sherwood	Jan. 25, 1892	Horton		

Name	Date of death	Residence	Birthplace	Age
Rebekah Sherwood	May 29, 1892	Jackson	New York	83
George L. Smalley	April 5, 1892	"	Vermont	70
Edwin Smead	Feb. 3, 1892	"		75
Almira Snow	Dec. 19, 1891	Concord	New York	62
Levi Snyder	Nov. 6, 1891	Sandstone	" "	69
Mary Snylandt	Jan. 20, 1892	Waterloo	New Jersey	77
Richard St. Clair	July 11, 1891	Jackson	England	65
Eliza Strand	Feb. 1, 1892	Blackman	New York	62
James Striker	Feb. 17, 1892	Waterloo	" "	82
Abba Swartout	Oct. 18, 1891	Columbia	" "	70
Freeman Swartout	Dec. 18, 1891	"	" "	73
Harvey M. Thompson	Mar. 4, 1892	Chicago, Ill		70
Elizabeth Thompson	Dec. 8, 1891	Hanover	New York	75
Rhoda Tunnicliff	April 3, 1892	Sandstone	" "	88
Russell Talmadge	Oct. 17, 1891	Jackson	" "	63
D. O. Tanner	Oct. 31, 1891	Hanover	Ohio	66
Aaron Taylor	April 26, 1892	Jackson	New York	67
George W. Thurston	June 15, 1891	Blackman	" "	71
Harman Tuttle	Jan. 14, 1892	Pulaski	" "	71
Almond Updike	May 25, 1892	Jackson	" "	70
Montgomery Updike	Dec. 15, 1891	Leoni		
Mary A. Van DeBogart	Jan. 30, 1892	Hanover	Canada	64
Mrs. Mary C. VanEtten	Mar. 29, 1892	Jackson		75
Gardner Waite	Oct. 10, 1891	Spring Arbor	New York	89
Amelia Walker	Jan. 15, 1892	Jackson	Canada	65
William H. Walker	Feb. 14, 1892	Grass Lake	Vermont	68
Elizabeth Ward	Dec. 8, 1891	Blackman	England	63
Arnold Watkins	Jan. 23, 1892	Grass Lake	Massachusetts	83
T. J. Watkins	Oct. 28, 1891	Fort Madison, Ia	New York	51
Mrs. S. S. Welling	May 6, 1892	Jackson	" "	60
Matilda Wheaton	Jan. 6, 1892	Grass Lake	" "	83
John Wiener	Oct. 10, 1891	Jackson	Germany	74
Andrew Wilcox	Dec. 26, 1891	"		66
James Wilcox	Feb. 16, 1892	Rives	New York	63
Alonzo P. Williams	Oct. 5, 1891	Jackson		78
Laura Winslow	July 29, 1891	Sandstone	New York	71

ORA B. BANGS.—Ora B. Bangs died Oct. 12, 1891, at Jackson, aged eighty-eight years. He was born in New York State. Mr. Bangs came to Michigan with his father in 1833; settled in Brooklyn, later in Napoleon, and has lived in Jackson for about twenty-two years, with his two sons L. and C. H. Bangs, his wife having died in 1843.

JOHN W. BARRY.—John W. Barry died very suddenly June 10, 1891, of heart failure. In the death of Mr. Barry Jackson loses a citizen who has been identified with the welfare of the city ever since he has lived here. He was born in St. Thomas, Ont., January 13, 1836, but while yet a baby his parents moved to Rouse's Point, N. Y. When he came to man's estate he went to New York city and went into business there. He came to Jackson in 1865 and has resided here most of the time since.

He was especially prominent in military matters, in which he was deeply interested. He was one of the charter members of the Jackson Guard, his name being third in the muster roll. He was appointed quarter-master-sergeant of the first regiment in 1876, and in 1881 was appointed quarter-master of the regiment, which position he held up to April 1, when he resigned. He took deep interest in the city militia and at the time of his death was quarter-master of the Jackson battalion.

He was also secretary of the Jackson county agricultural society. For three years he was supervisor of the fifth ward. He was a Mason, a Knight of Honor, and a member of the Order of Foresters.

JAMES BELL.—James Bell was born in Glenville, N. Y., June 26, 1817, and died at his home in the township of Liberty July 4, 1891, aged seventy-four years.

October 1, 1840, he was married to Miss Sarah A. Pangburn, and this happy union continued for fifty-one years, when it was severed by death, and his aged companion is left to pursue the rest of the journey alone, "and yet not alone because the Father is with her."

There were born to them nine children; four have preceded them to the spirit world, five are yet living and were at his bedside to render their ministries of love to father, and comfort their sorrowing mother. He was a kind husband, loving father, and a quiet inoffensive citizen. Domestic in his habits, the home was the place best loved, and there his qualities of heart and mind were best known and appreciated.

He was converted to God in early manhood and has for many years been a member of the Masonic fraternity, his name appearing as a charter member of the lodge at Liberty.

For some years he has been unable to engage in the active work of life, this induced conditions favorable to the disease (paralysis) that ended his earthly existence. The last four days were passed in unconsciousness until the feeble spark of life went out and it was said he is dead. Thus has passed away from the already depleted ranks of the pioneers another of our number.

BARNWELL BISHOP.—Barnwell Bishop died at his residence in Horton, April 17, 1892, aged eighty-six years, nine months.

Mr. Bishop was born in Coldrain, Mass., June 27, 1805. His parents moved to Sweden, Monroe county, N. Y., when he was but three years of age.

He was there married to Miss Eliza Burchell, July 2, 1827. He came to Michigan and settled in Jackson county in 1856. His second wife, Charlotte Harris, to whom he was married in 1883, still survives him.

Of his children, which number ten, two sons and three daughters are left to mourn his loss. He was a much respected citizen and was a friend to all who knew him.

SAMUEL CENTER.—Samuel Center died at his home in Pulaski, Monday, June 8, 1891, aged seventy-five years.

Mr. Center was born at Warsaw, Cattaraugus county, N. Y., and immigrated to Michigan in 1842, bringing all his possessions with teams. He settled on the farm in Pulaski where he has since lived and where he died. He leaves a widow and eight children: Mrs. J. H. Rowe, of Concord; Mrs. Albert Dunham, of Jackson; Mrs. James Nash, Mrs. Charles Dunham, Mrs. Angola Lyon, Mrs. John Gilmer, and Alpheus M.

THOMAS COWLEY.—Thomas Cowley died at his home on west Cortland street, Feb. 22, 1892. The deceased was born on the Isle of Man, off the west coast of England, in 1831. At the age of twenty he came to this country and was for several years engaged in the mining districts of California. He settled in Jackson soon after the breaking out of the Civil war, and engaged in the dry goods trade with the late ex-mayor, Dan V. Bunnell, in the Bronson block. Afterwards he was a partner in the wholesale and retail boot and shoe house of W. N. Woodsum & Co., and for the last eight years has been the senior member of T. Cowley & Co., and H. J. Davis & Co., at 121 east Main and 177 west Main street. In 1862 he was married to Harriet D. Bunnell, who survives him. He leaves one son, Bert. He also has a brother and sister residing in Wisconsin and a sister on the isle of his nativity.

The deceased was a man of rare amiability and integrity, considerate

and affectionate with his family and friends, and has so conducted himself in all his relations with his fellow men that he has won many enduring friendships and left no enemies. His memory will always be a pleasant recollection to those who knew him best.

DANIEL DOIG.—Daniel Doig died Nov. 2, 1891, of heart failure, aged seventy years.

Daniel Doig was born at the ancient town of Sterling, in Scotland, January 21, 1821, and had consequently reached the allotted threescore years and ten. He came to this country when a young man, and settled in Rome, N. Y., where he became acquainted with and afterwards married Miss Julia N. Tibbetts. He moved to Jackson twenty-seven years ago, where for about eighteen months he was engaged in business with Joseph Tibbets, after which he founded the concern which he carried on until the time of his death. Mr. Doig was a ceaseless worker, and as a fruit of his skill, energy and untiring industry his business was very successful, and he was regarded as one of Jackson's prominent business men.

His manner was ever quiet and unobtrusive, but his long life was full of kindly deeds and philanthropy, and he passes into the great beyond bearing with him the love and esteem of all those with whom he has been associated through the many years he has gone in and out among them.

His wife and three children, John Doig, Mrs. R. B. Coltrin and Miss Mary Doig, survive him.

EMMET M. EVANS.—Emmet M. Evans died at Jackson, June 8, 1891, after a brief illness of two weeks. Mr. Evans came to Jackson twenty-eight years ago, and has since that time been a resident of the city. He was born in Syracuse, N. Y., April 19, 1847, and resided there until 1863, when his parents came west and located here. He at first with his father conducted a meat market business under the firm name of E. M. Evans & Father; later he established the People's market at 113 North Mechanic street; which he himself conducted until some three years ago, when he sold out to B. J. Sullivan for the purpose of going into the wholesale business, when he established Evans' cold storage establishment on Pearl street—the first of the kind in central Michigan—and from that time to the time he was overtaken by the disease which ended his death, he energetically labored to make the business a success. He handled almost exclusively Armour's Chicago meat, and supplied the retail dealers in nearly every town in central and southern Michigan. He was one of Jackson's most wide awake busi-

ness men, genial, kind and generous, universally respected by all who knew him, and the sad tidings of his death will be learned with regret by a large circle of friends and acquaintances, while the community from which he has thus early been called away will long mourn his loss.

He leaves a wife, a daughter of the late Harry Hague, but no children. He was a member in good standing of both the Masonic and I. O. O. F. orders.

Rev. L. B. Fish.—Rev. L. B. Fish died at his home in Kalamazoo Sept. 15, 1891, aged sixty-eight years. The deceased came to Jackson county in 1835, and settled in Norvell township. He was familiarly known as "Singing Fish" by the older Baptists living in this vicinity.

Mrs. Sarah P. Gavett.—Mrs. Sarah P. Gavett died at the home of her son Carmon W. Gavett, aged sixty-three years, widow of the late Theodore P. Gavett, who died in Kansas three years ago aged seventy-six.

Mr. and Mrs. Gavett were old pioneers of Michigan, coming here in an early day from New York, settling in Ingham county near the capitol, removing to Jackson county in 1862, where they continued to live until 1880, when they, together with three sons, went west and settled in Kansas, leaving two daughters and one son still in Michigan, all of whom are still living to mourn the loss of father and mother.

Dwight F. Gillett.—Dwight F. Gillett died at the residence, 124 Seymour street, Jackson, June 5, 1891, of consumption.

Mr. Gillett was born in Parma and has lived in this county the greater part of his life. He was a son of the late Orrin Gillett and on arriving at manhood went into business in Parma. In 1876 he was elected county treasurer and served one term. He then removed to Chicago and lived there for several years.

Mrs. Joseph Hanaw.—Mrs. Joseph Hanaw died August 23, 1891. The maiden name of the deceased was Sarah Isaacs, and she was born in Edenkoben, Bavaria, and was the daughter of Michael Isaacs, a wealthy and influential citizen, who removed to America with his family many years ago. After the death of the father in New York, the family removed to Williamsburg, N. Y., and on September 25, 1855, the deceased was married to Joseph Hanaw. The deceased came to Michigan in 1856, and has been a resident of Jackson since that time. Their earlier residence in Jackson was spent in a structure upon the site now

occupied by the Ransom block, where their oldest son, Henry Hanaw, now a prominent attorney in Mobile, Ala., was born. During the same year Mr. Hanaw constructed his present spacious dwelling on Frances street. The deceased was sixty-two years of age.

She leaves a family of six sons and six daughters, all of whom are living. They are Henry Hanaw, of Mobile, Ala.; Ida, now Mrs. A. Brown, of Mobile, Ala.; Carrie, now Mrs. Samuel Eichold, of Mobile, Ala.; Flora, now Mrs. A. E. Smith, of Savannah, Ga.; Miss Betty Hanaw, of Jackson; Mrs. Amelia Ekstein, of Jackson, who is a widow; Ferdinand Julius, who is in partnership with his father; Louis, Albert, Minnie, and Milton, the youngest child, all reside in Jackson. Three sisters survive the deceased, Mrs. Rosenfield, of Jackson, and the others in New York and Mobile.

Henry Marvin.—Henry Marvin, a pioneer of Jackson county, died at his home in Rives, Feb. 9, 1892. Mr. Marvin was seventy-eight years of age and has been a resident of Rives for over forty years. He leaves a wife and five children.

Mrs. Sarah Hewlett.—Mrs. Sarah Hewlett died at her daughter's, Mrs. James Foster, in Chicago, June 4, 1891, aged seventy years.

She was born in 1820, in the county of Cayuga, N. Y. Was married to Randall Hewlett in 1840. Moved to Jackson county, Michigan, in the year 1862, where she resided until three years before her death. Her husband died very suddenly in 1873, leaving her a widow with seven children, five boys and two girls. Only the daughters survive her. The five sons were all stricken with that fatal disease, consumption. Two of the boys were prominent lawyers in Jackson city. The mother never fully recovered the loss she sustained. She was a patient sufferer from the disease of chronic bronchitis.

The funeral was held at her daughter's Mrs. E. L. Murray, of Leoni. Rev. O. F. Winton delivered a beautiful and touching sermon, taking for his text these words, "For I am in a strait betwixt two having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better."

Her Christian life was exemplified by her death. She died fully in the faith and went home to meet her Savior and loved ones gone before. The casket was covered with floral offerings, the gifts of her many loving friends.

Mrs. Edward H. Kingsley.—Mrs. Catherine Kingsley, wife of Edward H. Kingsley, died in Jackson, Oct. 5, 1891, aged fifty-seven years. She had resided in Jackson for forty-one years.

Mrs. Eveline Laverty.—Mrs. Eveline Laverty died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Philander E. Pierce, Jackson, Jan. 21, 1892.

Mrs. Laverty was aged eighty-seven years and twenty-two days. She came to Jackson in 1832 and has resided there ever since. Her father was a Revolutionary soldier and is buried in the old east cemetery, together with her mother and many other friends, and where she requested herself to be buried.

She leaves one daughter, Mrs. P. E. Pierce, and two grandchildren, C. E. Pierce, of Jackson, and Mrs. Lilian Fellows, of Sandstone. Her nephews and nieces of this place are, C. Darling, of Adrian avenue; B. F. Darling, east Ganson street; Mrs. Henry Monroe, Allen road; J. W. Davis, east Main street; Mrs. William H. Luce, Hamlin street; Mrs. Huldah Coleby, Pearl street; Mrs. D. Higdon, north Cooper street; Mrs. W. F. Johnson, corner Washington and Blackstone streets; J. P. Mitchell, Maple avenue, and a host of other friends who have known and loved the dear old lady so many years.

Samuel W. Miller.—Samuel W. Miller died at his home in Jackson, Oct. 29, 1891.

Mr. Miller was born in 1842 in Limerick, Ireland, and came to this country in his youth, becoming a resident of Jackson when but fourteen years of age, and has continued to live here for thirty-five years.

Early in life he established himself in business and was well known and respected by a wide circle of friends. He was the father of eight children, four of whom with his wife survive him.

He was a prominent G. A. R. man and a member of the Union Veterans' union. He also belonged to the A. O. H. and to the order of Elks, and was a member of St. John's (Catholic) church.

Mrs. William Mitchell.—Mrs. William Mitchell died at the residence of her son, Dr. John L. Mitchell, 221 Wildwood avenue, Feb. 14, 1892, aged ninety-six years. Mrs. Mitchell was one of the oldest residents of Jackson, having resided in that city for the past forty-four years. Mrs. Mitchell was descended from an old and historic colonial family of the Connecticut valley, who settled in that region in the seventeenth century and were prominent in the famous New Haven colony movement. Of this aggressive race of pioneers whom history designates as the "Makers of New England" were the Lewis family.

Eunice Hine Lewis was born in Naugatuck, New Haven county, Conn., Jan. 18, 1796, her father being Ezra Lewis. In 1814 she was married to William Mitchell, of Southbury, Conn., which was their home for twenty years, after which the family removed to Syracuse, N. Y. In

1848 they removed to Michigan, locating in Jackson. For seven years they resided at the lower end of Jackson street, and for thirty-six years in the family home, 41 Clinton street.

In 1867 Mr. Mitchell died. Five children were born to them, three sons and two daughters. Of these one daughter died in infancy, two sons died after reaching maturity and those still living are Dr. John L. Mitchell and Mrs. Catherine A. Palmer, widow of Gilbert D. Palmer. Both reside in Jackson.

Mrs. Mitchell was for seventy-eight years a member of the Methodist Episcopal church. For the past twelve years she had been confined to the house by the gradual failing of physical powers. She was of a family remarkable for longevity, her father and mother living to be over ninety. Her death was caused by the natural decay attendant upon old age. She was never known to be ill but twice during her long life. She was a woman gifted with most remarkable powers of memory, which she retained up to the time of her death. She often recalled very vividly many of the stirring incidents of the early part of this century and remembered being present when a child at the memorial funeral services held directly after the death of Washington, in December, 1799. Mrs. Mitchell was a woman of essentially domestic nature, devoting all her energies to the care of her family and home.

Dr. Edward L. Page.—Dr. Edward L. Page died at his home in Michigan Center, July 12, 1891, of paralysis. Deceased was born in Jackson in 1843, and has lived in this county many years. He practiced his profession in Muskegon for a period of ten years. Dr. Page was a graduate of the university of Michigan and possessed fine talents and ability. He served acceptably as assistant surgeon for some time during the war and was stationed at Lookout Mountain. The death of Dr. Page will be learned with sorrow by a large number of friends and acquaintances.

George Palmer.—George Palmer died at his residence, 710 East Main street, Sunday, October 25, 1891, of old age, aged seventy years.

Mr. Palmer came to Liberty about fifty years ago and carried on a farm in that township until about six or seven years ago, when he removed to Jackson, where he engaged in the grocery business until his health failed. He leaves a wife and nine children, all living at home. He also leaves a family of three children by a former marriage.

Darius R. Peck.—Darius R. Peck died at his residence, 408 Francis street, of heart disease, October 9, 1891, aged sixty-one years. He

leaves a wife and four children to mourn his loss: Mrs. James A. Porlier, of Hammond, Ind.; Charles M. Peck, of Grand Rapids; Ralph B. Peck, of Detroit; and Raymond W. Peck, of Jackson.

D. R. Peck was born in Fairport, N. Y., January 20, 1830. In 1862 he enlisted in Co. A, 129th Regiment Illinois Infantry Volunteers, and was mustered out at Washington, D. C., in June, 1865, having served three years. He has been a continuous resident of Jackson twelve years, and was a member of Pomeroy Post, G. A. R.

Chauncey Quick.—Chauncey Quick died at his home in Leoni, July 6, 1891, aged sixty-six years.

Mr. Quick was one of the pioneers of Jackson county, and had lived in the township of Leoni for nearly sixty years. He leaves a wife and three children, also two sisters and one brother.

Mark H. Ray.—Mark H. Ray died at his home near Concord, October 11, 1891, aged fifty-five years.

He was born in Herkimer county, N. Y., in 1836. He came to this county when but ten years of age and has since resided here.

In 1872 he was elected county treasurer. In 1888 he was elected to the office of county sheriff and he performed the functions of his position with great proficiency. In private life the deceased was a prosperous and thrifty farmer. As a man he was possessed of those peculiar traits which made him especially popular and beloved by all. In the home, the ex-sheriff was a loving, kind and exemplary husband and father.

Those of the bereaved family who survive him are a widow and three children, Mrs. Vernon Pemberton, Fisk Ray, of California and Pitts Ray.

Sylvester Riley.—Sylvester Riley died at his home in Napoleon, May 19, 1892, aged sixty-nine years.

Mr. Riley came to Michigan in 1835, settling in Jackson county. He leaves a wife and four children.

Amos Root.—Amos Root quietly ceased to breathe and entered his final rest Thursday, November 12, 1891, at the residence of E. W. Barber, in Jackson, which has been his home since 1878. Born at Fort Ann, Washington county, New York, April 8, 1816, he remained at home until sixteen years of age, and received such education as the village school of that time afforded. In 1832 he left home and found employment with his two elder brothers, Elias and H. G. Root, mer-

chants and manufacturers at Mohawk, New York. One of his first business ventures on his own account was borrowing quite a sum of money at a bank in Whitehall, N. Y., buying a lot of cows in Rutland county, Vermont, and driving and selling them to the farmers of Herkimer county. The enterprise was successful. In the fall of 1838, in company with Henry C. Orendorff, a fellow clerk with the firm of Root Brothers, he came west, settled at Michigan Center, and engaged in the mercantile business. Convinced that Jackson would be the business point for this region he moved his stock of goods to the village, then containing about one thousand inhabitants, in 1841, and thus for half a century has been closely identified with all its interests. He had the contract for building the first station erected for the Michigan Central railroad in Jackson, when it was owned by the State, and received in payment State scrip worth about sixty cents on the dollar. He continued to be a merchant until 1857, when he retired, and, through his great faith in the future of Jackson, invested all his means in real estate, which increased in value and laid the foundation of a comfortable fortune.

In 1846 the legislature granted a special charter to the Grand River Valley Railroad company, in which Mr. Root was named as one of the incorporators, along with Moses A. McNaughton, Joseph E. Beebe and other citizens. He watched this charter closely, at all times retaining control of it with his friends, and procured such legislation as was needed from time to time to keep it alive. In 1862 an organization was effected with a view to the construction of the line from Jackson to Grand Rapids, and in that enterprise Mr. Root was the central figure. Prior to this work he was actively interested and largely instrumental in securing an entrance into the city of the Jackson branch of the Michigan Southern, which really was the initial point in the railroad history of Jackson. But the Grand River Valley was his pet enterprise. He was made president of the company at the time active work commenced, retained the position till his death, and after several years of earnest effort he witnessed the completion of this cherished undertaking. He often alluded with gratification to the fact that no person was made poorer by the railroad enterprises with which he was connected, but that individuals and communities were greatly benefited by them. Before the last rail was laid upon the Valley road, in January, 1869, a permanent lease was made to the Michigan Central, which inured to the benefit of all concerned. Out of the railroad movements grew the location of the Central shops in Jackson, which have added much to its growth and prosperiity.

After the disposal of the Valley road, Mr. Root turned his attention to farming and to aiding in the obtainment of manufacturing industries for Jackson. To all public matters he has been a generous contributor. In his Portage farm, comprising 1,600 acres, located in the towns of Leoni and Henrietta, he took more interest during the last years of his life than in anything else. He enjoyed making permanent improvements, having excellent stock and raising good crops, much more than any profits that might accrue therefrom. He was satisfied only with the best the soil and cultivation could produce.

Mr. Root was never an aspirant for office, but always an earnest and efficient upholder of the cause he espoused. In early life he was a Whig, became a Republican at the organization of the party because he believed in freedom, and for the same reason acted with the Democratic party from 1872 until he voted for the last time at the spring election of 1891. He was elected a member of the legislature in 1854, served as a member of the village council and as an alderman of Jackson, was elected its fourth mayor in 1858, was appointed postmaster by President Lincoln in 1861 and served during the war, was a member of the board of public works for five years, served as inspector of the prison for nine years and for several of them was president of the board.

A recital of what Mr. Root has done during the half century of his residence in Jackson is the best tribute that can be paid to his memory. The strongest and steadiest purpose of his life has been to promote the interests and advance the prosperity of the city. Not a member of any church, but a believer in the doctrines announced by Emanuel Swedenborg, he has contributed of his means to aid all our religious societies in erecting places of worship. He always did his own thinking. In business matters, in railroad enterprises, in the preparation of legal papers and contracts, he was a man of excellent judgment, and was in no hurry to act until he had thought over all the details and could see the end from the beginning. Having thought carefully, he could state his views clearly and forcibly in private conversation or in a public meeting, and always had a marked influence upon others. Among the men who have planned and worked successfully for Jackson, none occupy a worthier position than Amos Root. In all its future history he will find honorable mention.

Of four brothers and two sisters, Mr. John M. Root, of Jackson, Mrs. John W. Fay, of Detroit, and Mr. H. G. Root, of Mohawk, N. Y., survive him.

Richard Sinclair.—Richard Sinclair died in Jackson, July 16, 1891, of pleurisy, aged sixty-five years, after a brief illness of less than two weeks. He was born in England sixty-five years ago, coming to America when in his thirteenth year. For forty-two years he had been in the employ of the Michigan Central railroad, removing to Jackson from Marshall when the shops were built at the junction. He was the oldest foreman in the company's employ at this point, was very popular with his workmen and associates, and was of almost inestimable value to the company. He was a gentlemen of learning and extensive study, a ready and staunch exponent of right and justice and a Democrat of the truest stamp. For ten years he was on the board of directors of the American Building association and was renowned for his exceptional knowledge in that line. He had been a Mason for thirty years, and under the auspices of that order the funeral was held at the residence, 126 W. Wesley street and was largely attended by his friends.

The services at the house were conducted by Rev. R. B. Balcom. A. F. Stewart, John McIntyre, Joseph Hoyt, John Jirou, Jay Roath and W. N. Case, foremen of the different departments of the junction shops, acted as bearers. The M. C. R. R. shops were represented by eighty-two employes, who walked in line to the house and thence to the cemetery. One hundred members of the Masonic order escorted the procession to the grave. Mr. M. F. Cottrell acted as marshal. At the interment the burial services of the Masons were conducted by A. J. Weatherwax, W. M. of Jackson Lodge. The large attendance expressed the sorrow felt for the demise of this good man.

Lewis Snyder.—Lewis Snyder died July 2, 1891, at his home in Horton, from injuries sustained by a fall some time ago, aged seventy-nine years.

Lewis Snyder was born in Otsego county, N. Y., September 2, 1812, coming to Michigan in 1834, stopping in Washtenaw county four months where he engaged in the brick-making business. He removed to Jackson county the same year, settling in Spring Arbor township, where he resided for forty-three years, then removed to Hanover township. February 5, 1837, he married Polly Peterson, and eight children were born to them, seven of whom are still living, viz.: Alfred, Charles, William and Mrs. Orville Tripp, of Horton; Mrs. J. D. Price, Jackson; Daniel and Mrs. Sarah Terpenning, who live in the western states. Mr. Snyder was also uncle of F. P. Snyder and Lewis Snyder and grandfather of Mrs. Charles N. Halsted, of Jackson.

Allison W. Taylor.—The ranks of the Grand Army of the Republic are rapidly being thinned by the inroads of death. One by one those who bore the brunt of battle in the nation's time of need, and returned to their homes victorious, are being vanquished by the great destroyer. The last one of those to lay down the burdens of life is Allison W. Taylor, of 317 New York street, who was called to a higher life May 26, 1892.

Mr. Taylor was well known in Jackson, where he had resided for twenty years. He was a veteran of the Seventh Michigan volunteer infantry, and served with distinction all through the terrible ordeal of the Civil war through which the nation passed, and carried the scars of battle to his grave. Mr. Taylor was an honored member of Edward Pomeroy Post, G. A. R., also of Jackson Lodge, No. 72, A. O. U. W., which orders will assist in the burial of the body of their departed comrade and brother.

Mr. Taylor leaves a sorrowing widow besides three children, all grown to man and womanhood, namely Miss Alice, Sidney E., and Daniel A.; Sidney being foreman of The Citizen pressroom and Daniel a compositor in the job department of that office.

Chester R. Taylor.—Chester R. Taylor, so well known in Jackson, died in Kalamazoo, December 19, 1891.

There are few old settlers in this county better known than Mr. Taylor. Born in Rochester, N. Y., in 1828, his early life was passed near Grass Lake when that village was little more than a howling wilderness. In 1859 Mr. Taylor moved to Jackson, bought D. G. Palmer's wagon business and continued the same for several years. He had ever been a strong worker in the temperance cause; was secretary of the first prohibition convention; was clerk and deacon of the Christian church; was a member of the State and county Pioneer societies, and for fifteen years he was secretary of the Michigan State Christian conference.

Mrs. Sarah A. Welling.—Mrs. Sarah A. Welling, nee Tompkins, widow of the late S. S. Welling, died May 6, 1892, at the residence of her son on West Trail street, Jackson. The deceased was born May 20, 1831, at Varysburg, Wyoming county, N. Y. She removed with her parents to Leoni, in this county, in 1835. In 1851 she married S. S. Welling, of Jackson, and has resided there continuously since her marriage. She leaves surviving her a son, Mr. Fred D. Welling, and an adopted daughter, Mrs. Mary M. Whiteman. Mrs. Welling united

with the Congregational church early in life, and has been an earnest, conscientious member during her entire membership.

MRS. ELIZABETH WOODWORTH.—Mrs. Elizabeth Woodworth, widow of George Woodworth, died from old age, in Blackman, March 31, 1892. Mrs. Woodworth was ninety years old, having been born in Rensselaer county, N. Y., April 28, 1802. That she was one of Jackson county's earliest settlers is attested by the fact that she and her husband came to Blackman in 1830 when Indians were more numerous than white settlers, and, when, too, the red men did not hesitate to heap all manner of indignities upon those whom they considered intruders in their domain. The journey from New York was long, wearisome and full of perils. From Buffalo to Detroit teams were used but Mr. and Mrs. Woodworth were obliged to make their way from Detroit on foot, Mrs. Woodworth carrying her babe in her arms. It took them eight days to walk that distance.

Eight children survive Mrs. Woodworth. They are: Dr. J. D. Woodworth, of Leslie; Mrs. Helen Morrell, of Dakota; T. J. Woodworth, of Kalamazoo; George Woodworth, of Jackson; LaRue Woodworth, of Blackman; Mrs. Nellie Markham, of Blackman; Mrs. Frank Saunders of Leslie, and Dr. Fred Woodworth, of Onondaga.

KALAMAZOO COUNTY

BY HENRY BISHOP

Name	Date of death	Age
William Arrowsmith	April 22, 1892	84
Anson Atwater	Mar. 5, 1892	77
Edrick Atwater	Jan. 9, 1892	82
Sarah M. Bishop	Aug. 8, 1891	73
John Brennan	April 9, 1892	75
Lemuel Bronson	Dec. 5, 1891	84
Mrs. M. A. Brownson	Aug. 24, 1891	71
Aaron K. Burson	Sept. 6, 1891	82
Frederick Bush	Jan. 9, 1892	60
Mrs. Lydia Carpenter	July 10, 1891	91

Name	Date of death	Age
James L. Chapman	Nov. 27, 1891	82
Stephen S. Cobb	Dec. 30, 1891	70
Isaac N. Cooper	July 28, 1891	73
Morgan Curtis	Dec. 18, 1891	81
Frank Deming	Nov. 15, 1891	70
Cintha C. DeYoe	Jan. 12, 1892	70
Parmelia Duncan	Dec. 8, 1891	81
Benson C. Ensign	Jan. 24, 1892	71
Dr. I. W. Fiske	Dec. 9, 1891	65
Sarah Foster	Dec. 25, 1891	93
John G. Garland	Jan. 24, 1892	85
Almira Hascall	Oct. 4, 1891	91
Thomas Hitchcock	Nov. 22, 1891	77
Mrs. Rensford C. Hoyt	Feb. 3, 1892	80
Alonzo W. Ingerson	April 29, 1892	72
Lawrence Ingersoll	May 10, 1892	77
Homer Kendall	Nov. 2, 1891	90
Lewis C. Kimball	July 23, 1891	75
Isabella C. Longbottom	Mar. 11, 1892	76
Edward L. Longwell	May 27, 1892	76
William Luker	Dec. 28, 1891	77
Lyman McComber	Aug. 8, 1891	79
James McElroy	April 3, 1892	58
Samuel McFadden	Jan. 28, 1892	84
John McLenn	April 24, 1892	84
William Moon	Nov. 2, 1891	80
Gillian M. Mottram	May 27, 1892	74
Dr. William Mottram	July 2, 1891	84
Charles Moulton	Feb. 10, 1892	72
Jonathan Parsons	Aug. 15, 1892	72
Robert Pursel	Aug. 18, 1891	93
Josiah Shank	Jan. 12, 1892	81
James Shea	Jan. 11, 1892	85
Clark Skinner	Mar. 7, 1892	75
Caryl Stich	Jan. 9, 1892	79
George Taylor	Aug. 29, 1891	88
R. F. Tolsma	April 18, 1892	69
Sallie D. Turner	Dec. 14, 1891	85
Francis H. Tuthill	Dec. 18, 1891	84
David Vosburg	Dec. 9, 1891	86
William H. Woodhams	Dec. 31, 1891	61

FREDERICK BUSH.—Hon. Frederick Bush, mayor of the city of Kalamazoo, died at 12 o'clock, noon, January 9, 1892, at his residence, 309 west South street.

Mr. Bush first came to Kalamazoo in 1844, and was at that time employed by Mr. W. A. Tomlinson, who kept a general country store. After remaining a year or so Mr. Bush went to New York city. There he became intimately acquainted with Mr. Thomas Paterson. The two came to Kalamazoo in 1856 and became associated together as builders.

The first building constructed in Kalamazoo by the firm of Bush & Paterson was the residence on Asylum avenue belonging to the Chapin estate. After this building had been completed the firm opened up a little shop, and from that time their business increased until it became one of the leading firms of its line in this section of the country, employing many hands and having erected numerous fine buildings, among which should be mentioned the Academy of Music, the First Presbyterian church, the G. R. & I. railroad depot, the new government building, not yet completed, and many stores, and the G. R. & I. railroad general offices in Grand Rapids.

Perhaps no man has done more in furthering the interests of Kalamazoo than Mr. Bush. He has on many occasions risked his fortune to procure some enterprise which would be a benefit to that place and her citizens, and in many cases had never been able to realize fully in return that which he had so liberally risked for the city. When the street railway project was first discussed, Mr. Bush was foremost among those who encouraged the scheme as he foresaw a possibility of great good to Kalamazoo. When the enterprise was about to fail for lack of funds, he put his hand into his pocket and drew forth the necessary cash to keep the road from sinking at once. He never received in return what he risked at that time, although he was at one time president of the road. It was due to his personal efforts that the Kalamazoo Electric company, of which he was president at the time of his death, was established, and furnished the light so much needed by the city. When the railroad from Kalamazoo to Hastings was first projected Mr. Bush was among the first to offer a share of his money toward making another railroad outlet for Kalamazoo. He became one of the directors of the company and president of the Kalamazoo & Hastings construction company, which company, built the road and turned it over to the C. K. & S. railroad company. Mr. Bush, on account of his executive ability, was elected to act as general manager of the road. He was a director of the Michigan National bank at the time of his death. He was active in procuring the State Fair in Kalamazoo in

1886, and was a leader in nearly every project for the advancement of Kalamazoo. He was instrumental in getting the original Kalamazoo Wagon company to locate a plant there, and it has been through personal work, financial sacrifice and influence on his part that many other large factories have located in Kalamazoo. Mr. Bush was foremost among the men who gave to Kalamazoo that beautiful theatre building, the Academy of Music, and he has ever been among the first to subscribe to anything that promised to be a public benefit.

Mr. Bush was one who furnishes a fine example of what a man of strict business integrity and upright character may accomplish. His success in a business way has been due to his own efforts and he has been able to help other worthy men in need of assistance.

There was one characteristic of Frederick Bush that was remarkable considering the high station he occupied as a citizen and promoter of the public welfare. This was his extreme modesty. The writer has met many public men, but cannot recall one who was so perfectly averse to having his good deeds recognized. Even when Mr. Bush was a candidate for the office of mayor and his party desired to make use of his many achievements for Kalamazoo, he shrank from the publicity in every sense. He once told the writer that he would be glad at any time to give the press the benefit of any information that he might possess on the history of Kalamazoo, but he would especially request that his own relations with the city's growth be left in the background or indeed passed over in silence. No man in the city, however, will be more widely mourned by those to whom he had endeared himself by his kindly acts.

Mr. Bush has been actively identified with the municipal government having acted as trustee for two terms under the old village government. Last spring he was nominated by the Republicans for mayor and was duly elected. His administration of city affairs was characterized by moderation and sound judgment.

Frederick Bush was born in Ashwick, England, Feb. 18, 1832. He was united in marriage with Miss Abbie Louisa Hindes, of Oshtemo, who survives him, Nov. 4, 1858. Three sons were born to them, one of whom died some years ago, The others, Benjamin A. Bush and Frank A. Bush, reside in Kalamazoo. Besides these, two sisters, Mrs. William H. Stout and Mrs. Mary Woolsey, of New York, and a brother, Mr. John Bush, of Utica, N. Y., mourn his loss.

Mrs. Lydia Carpenter.—Mrs. Lydia Carpenter was born in Stephentown, Rensselaer county, N. Y., Dec. 2, 1799; her maiden name

was James and she was married March 10, 1816, to Thomas G. Carpenter. She left Stephentown and lived some time in Orleans county. In the spring of 1837 she moved to Michigan, coming all the way by wagon through the then new country and located in Alamo, where she died, April 24, 1891, at the ripe old age of ninety-one years, four months and twenty days. The deceased endured all the privations incident to frontier life. She was the mother of ten children, five boys and five girls. Four boys and three girls survive her, Phœbe James, of Wisconsin; J. J. Carpenter, of Cooper, Kalamazoo county; Cyrus Carpenter, of California; Mrs. John Wheeler, Amos Carpenter, George W. Carpenter, all of Alamo, and Mrs. William M. Woodard, of Kalamazoo. Deceased had been a member of the M. E. church for the past sixty years. She retained until the last a wonderful memory and could recount her experience of times past, giving names and incidents. Her hearing only was slightly impaired. She became a widow seven years ago, since which time she has lived at the homestead with her son, George W. Carpenter, and was in the habit of visiting her children in Kalamazoo county once each year. Last year she visited her daughter, Mrs. William M. Woodard, west Main street, Kalamazoo, and was able to ride in a carriage for over two hours about the beautiful city, pointing out many old landmarks, which was very interesting to the company. Rarely does one see a mother so beloved by all. She was a devoted Christian and died in the full assurance of admission into the kingdom of her blessed Savior.

Stephen S. Cobb.—Hon. Stephen S. Cobb died December 30, 1891. The end came after nearly three weeks' illness.

He was born in Springfield, Windsor county, Vermont, April 10, 1821. His father, Dr. Moses Cobb, married Martha Prentice, and during many years' residence at Springfield, was widely known as a successful practitioner of medicine. Stephen S. Cobb, when twelve years of age, was placed in a dry goods store at Andover, Mass., where he remained one year and six months. He then entered the preparatory department of the Kimball Union Academy at Meriden, New Hampshire, where he remained one year. He was then placed in charge of his Grandfather Prentice's farm in Windsor county, Vermont. There he remained until 1842, when he came west, and settled at Schoolcraft, this county. There he entered into the mercantile trade and prosecuted the same until 1849, when he removed to Kalamazoo and continued a general mercantile business until 1868.

He married, July 21, 1847, Lucy A. Gross, of Montpelier, Vermont,

who died June 21, 1880. They had no children. In 1855 he was elected a member of the board of trustees of the village of Kalamazoo, and re-elected in 1856. In 1860 he was made president of the board of trustees of the village of Kalamazoo.

Mr. Cobb has been honored with many positions of trust. In 1871 he was elected as a director in the Kalamazoo and South Haven railroad company. Mr. Cobb's practical business ability was recognized by those who knew him, and desired that he should be called to care for their important pecuniary interests. In all matters connected with the advancement of Kalamazoo and Kalamazoo county, he uniformly evinced a degree of liberality which has characterized him as a valuable citizen.

On the enactment of the law in 1873, by which the office of Commissioner of Railroads of the State of Michigan was created, Mr. Cobb was appointed to the position by his excellency, John J. Bagley, governor of the State; and during his years of official life in this position, he exhibited peculiar fitness for its duties; and by the railroad officials of the United States, was ranked with Charles Francis Adams, Jr., commissioner of railroads for the state of Massachusetts. The two men, eminent in their official positions, are often quoted as authority by railroad commissioners of other states. Mr. Cobb's annual reports, submitted to the Governor of Michigan, embrace a large fund of knowledge, greatly prized by railroad men and invaluable in connection with all the railroad legislation in Michigan. Copies of his reports have been solicited by governmental authorities in Great Britain, Russia, Germany and France. Among dealers in Michigan railroad stocks abroad, his showing of the condition and business of the roads was deemed standard authority. His natural energy, improved by business practice; his thorough system and method in all his undertakings through life have qualified him for the discharge of official duties. He spared no effort in making the railroad system of Michigan as perfect as practicable. His quick perception and keen foresight enabled him to guard the great interests of the people in connection with the roads, and at the same time, to be just to the corporations. Cheap freights and low rates in passage traffic were insisted upon by the grange organizations throughout the northwestern states; and at times it has appeared as if the great railroad interests of the west would be completely profitless.

In Michigan, through competition, and the earnest efforts of Mr. Cobb, as commissioner, in demonstrating by the logic of facts and statistics, when the two lines of policy existed, seeming differences

were reconciled, and the antagonism between the people and the roads disposed of to the apparent satisfaction of all parties interested.

Mr. Cobb was one of the most active members of the trustees of Mountain Home cemetery. He was elected as a trustee May 24, 1861. He was superintendent of Mountain Home cemetery from April, 1870, until June, 1889, during which period he promoted many notable improvements in the grounds. After the death of L. H. Trask he acted as president of the board until his resignation from the superintendency in 1889.

Of late years Mr. Cobb had retired to private life and had not led an active life, merely looking after his interests, which have been considerable in extent. At the time of his death Mr. Cobb was treasurer of the board of trustees of the Michigan Asylum for the Insane, a director of the G. R. & I. railroad, of the Detroit Fire and Marine insurance company, and of the Michigan National Bank of Kalamazoo.

Mr. Cobb was a man of strong attachments and his devotion to his friends was remarkable. His nature was that of a genial, whole-souled man and he possessed friends in all parts of Michigan. The loss of such a man is one that Kalamazoo will feel severely, and he will be missed alike in business and social circles.

Mrs. Parmela Duncan.—The ranks of the pioneers of Kalamazoo county have again been broken, this time in the death of Mrs. Parmela Duncan, of Prairie Ronde. Mrs. Duncan was the widow of Delamore Duncan, who died May 1, 1870. She was a daughter of Joel Clark, and was born in Johnson, Lamoille county, Vt., August 18, 1811. She had therefore a little more than completed her fourscore years. Of these over sixty were spent in the home just made vacant by her death. On Tuesday morning, December 8, 1891, she quietly passed away.

Parmela Clark was married to Mr. Delamore Duncan, at Lyons, Huron county, Ohio, September 8, 1829. Her husband, the spring previous, had visited Prairie Ronde and selected the site of his future home. In less than a month after his marriage, he started back to Michigan to build a house for his bride, leaving her to come with her father which she did a short time after, arriving at what proved to be her lifelong residence, in January, 1830. From that time on for many years, she shared with her husband the labors and hardships of pioneer life. She was by nature well fitted for the lot that Providence had assigned her. Resolute, energetic, hopeful, kind, cheerful and of great executive ability, she was indeed a help-mate for the sturdy man who

had won her young heart and led her from her father's house to establish a home in the then wild and distant west.

Of her nine children, four grew up to manhood and womanhood. Of these, three survive her and now mourn the loss of one of the most devoted of mothers.

Besides her own children, Mrs. Duncan at different times cared for many others, giving them a home until they were able to care for themselves or were otherwise provided for. Thus the "measure of her days has been filled with usefulness," and she departs honored and loved by all who knew her.

She identified herself with the Baptist church in Schoolcraft soon after its organization and cherished her hope until the last.

William Mottram.—Kalamazoo has lost another of her distinguished citizens.

Hon. William Mottram, M. D., died July 2, 1891, at his residence corner of Burdick and Lovell streets, from the effects of the paralytic stroke he received Sunday, June 28.

No man in the community was better known than the deceased, and his familiar figure and genial and kind face will be missed. The loss of such a man is a public calamity and causes sorrow throughout a large circle of friends. At the time of his death Dr. Mottram was dean of the Borgess hospital medical staff and that institution, the academy of medicine and other bodies will take action on his demise.

Dr. William Mottram was born at Gilbertville, Otsego county, N. Y., in 1807. He received an academic and professional education. Soon after completing his study of medicine he removed to St. Joseph county, this State, and commenced the practice of his profession in 1834. He remained in St. Joseph county, with the exception of two or three years which he spent in a medical college at Philadelphia, until 1850, when he removed to Kalamazoo, where he resided until his death. He was in the harness until he was stricken with the disease which caused his death, having acted in a professional capacity the Saturday previous.

In 1835 Dr. Mottram was married to Gilian R. Lloyd, who came to this State from Loudon county, Virginia, in 1832. The immediate relatives, besides his wife, who survive him are two brothers, two sisters, a son, William K. Mottram, of Ottawa, Kansas, and two daughters, Mrs. Wyllys C. Ransom and Mrs. Alice Cook. His brother, Dr. Charles V. Mottram, formerly of Kalamazoo, but now of Lawrence, Kansas, was with the family and present at the bedside when he died.

In 1843 Dr. Mottram was elected to represent St. Joseph county in

the lower branch of the legislature. While acting in this capacity he took an active interest in educational affairs and had much to do with shaping the system which has arrived at its present excellence. He was the author of a bill providing for the compulsory taxation of townships for the support of public libraries. He was an old time Democrat and among his associates were Gov. Felch, Judge Green, Digby V. Bell and other well known citizens of that early day. It is believed that Dr. Mottram was the last surviving member of that legislature.

The deceased was active in his profession. He was one of the original founders of the Kalamazoo academy of medicine and acted as its president for some time. He had probably practiced more years than any other physician in Michigan, and was assuredly the oldest practitioner in the fourth congressional district.

Since residing in Kalamazoo he has always taken an interest in everything which went toward building up the prosperity of the place. He was health officer for two years, and while acting as such reorganized that department and did much toward bringing it to its present efficiency.

Dr. Mottram was very courtly in his address and his manner was that of the polished gentleman. He had a theory that the sight of a neatly dressed physician had a good effect on the patient and he put his theory into practice until he become noted for his scrupulously neat appearance at all times. He leaves a large circle of friends who have been associated with him both professionally and socially for many years.

Jonathan Parsons.—Jonathan Parsons died August 15, 1892, at the Strong Sanitarium at Saratoga, N. Y., where he had gone for treatment.

Mr. Parsons has been in a feeble condition since last winter and has had a bad cough. Deceased was born in West Springfield, Mass., on October 7, 1820, and lived there during his boyhood. When a young man he removed to Marshall, Michigan, and stayed there a short time, going from there to Bellevue, where he was a clerk in the employ of the late J. P. Woodbury. In the early forties he came to Kalamazoo and engaged in the dry goods business with the late Mr. William A. Wood, continuing in the same a few years. He afterwards engaged with the late Hon. Allen Potter and Mr. Henry Gale in the hardware business. March 1, 1860, a partnership was formed by him in the hardware business with the late Mr. Henry Wood, which continued until March 1, 1888, since which time he has not been actively engaged in business pursuits.

Mr. Parsons was a staunch Republican and had seen the party pass through many changes. He was three times elected to the State legis-

lature and served several times as a member of the village board of trustees. He had been a member of the first Presbyterian church for about half a century, and was a member of the session for many years. He was also an elder and was clerk of the board of elders at the time of his lamented death. Mr. Parsons was at one time a trustee of Michigan Female Seminary of Kalamazoo. His business interests were large and varied. He was a director of the Michigan national bank, a heavy stockholder in the Kalamazoo paper mill, and also had an interest in the Parsons Paper company of Holyoke, Mass. Mr. Parsons owned the old homestead at West Springfield, Mass., which has been in the family about two hundred years. Among his interests was a large mint farm at Decatur.

As a member of the legislature, Mr. Parsons served his constituency well, voting on all questions as he thought would best serve his State. As a trustee of Michigan Female Seminary, he had the best interests of that institution at heart. As an active member and supporter of the church he will also be missed, and as a business man his word was all that was necessary to obtain and hold the confidence of the people. Mr. Jonathan Parsons was a thoroughly good man and his life may well be considered an example in the community where he had lived so many years.

He leaves a wife, three sons and three daughters. Mrs. C. M. Phelps, of Holyoke, Mass., Miss Adella, of Kalamazoo, Mrs. Edward P. Bagg, of Holyoke, Mass., and Mr. E. C. Parsons, of Kalamazoo, Mr. George S. Parsons, of Holyoke, Mass., and Mr. Allen Parsons, of Denver.

KENT COUNTY

BY WILLIAM N. COOK

Jacob Barth.—The people of Grand Rapids were shocked and greatly grieved by the death of another of our most esteemed and valued fellow citizens. Jacob Barth passed away at his home on Sheldon street, corner of Island, at 10 a. m., Jan. 5, 1892, after an illness of less than a week. He was seized with grip which developed into pneumonia.

Jacob Barth, who was but fifty-one years old, in the prime of manhood and vigor, came here in 1863. He was engaged in trade as a merchant for more than twenty-five years, and his name was a synonym

for integrity and probity of the highest order, for absolute honor in his public and private relations. He was greatly esteemed by all who knew him. He had been an officer, treasurer of the Scottish Rite Masons since their organization here, was a director and treasurer since its organization of the Michigan Masonic Home board, and director and treasurer of the Masonic Mutual Benefit association of Western Michigan, and had held other positions of trust.

Mr. Barth leaves a widow, who has the most sincere, tender sympathies of a large circle of friends. He left no children of his own, yet several to whom he had given all of love and care that an own father could, have lost in him a friend and foster father, whose equal in kindliness, generosity and the highest qualities of fatherly love is seldom seen. At least five such owe to him happy homes and a good education and start in life. Our city, Congregation Emanual and the Masonic fraternity lose one of the very best men in the community.

Of his immediate family Mr. Barth leaves his wife, his brother, Dr. Louis Barth and Mrs. A. Levitt of Grand Rapids, two brothers, Nathan of New Mexico and Saul of Arizona, and a sister, Mrs. Hirschberg of Coral, Mich.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE MASONIC HOME BOARD

At the meeting of the trustees of the Michigan Masonic Mutual Benefit association last night the following preamble and resolution presented by a committee composed of General W. P. Innes and Messrs. J. S. Conover and H. W. Walker, were unanimously adopted:

"To the Board of Trustees of the Masonic Mutual Benefit association of western Michigan:

"Brothers—Your committee, to whom was intrusted the melancholy duty of expressing our deep sorrow occasioned by the death of our beloved brother and co-trustee, Jacob Barth, approach this duty with fear and trembling of our ability to faithfully set forth our feelings of irreparable loss we, as members of the board of trustees of the Masonic Mutual Benefit association and the craft at large, have sustained in the untimely death of this good man and Mason. In the prime of life, in the vigor of manhood, after a brief illness of a few days, our brother, surrounded by his beloved wife and numerous relatives and friends, laid down the burdens of this life to take upon himself the higher duties of the great hereafter. He died at his residence in Grand Rapids on the fifth day of January, 1892, at the age of fifty-one years.

"Brother Barth was a bright light in the Masonic world. He was

respected by the craft for his strict adherence to his Masonic vows. As a citizen he was upright and just, and his dealings with his fellow men were marked as upon the line of strictest integrity. But it was in the home circle that he was most beloved, honored and respected. As a husband he was everything which that name implies —loving, devoted and faithful. As a father he was painstaking, indulgent, and as a relative and friend, faithful and true.

"To his beloved wife we offer such consolation as only human hearts can give, but in this, her hour of trouble and deep affliction we commend her to the fatherly care of the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, who has given His pledge 'that He does not willingly afflict or grieve the children of men.'

"To the many relatives and friends of our departed brother, we join in their sorrow and mingle our tears with theirs.

"To the members of the craft we also send our words of sorrow, assuring them that we join in mourning with them the loss of our departed brother.

"*Resolved,* That a copy of the above be furnished the family of our deceased brother, and that the same be spread on the minutes of the association."

Anthony Boden.—Anthony Boden died November 5, 1891, at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. James Crahen, corner of Charles street and Wealthy avenue, Grand Rapids, at the advanced age of seventy-seven years. Mr. Boden was born at Matlock Baths, England, and came to the United States in 1831. After residing in Detroit five years he came to Grand Rapids, accompanied by William Mormon and Richard Vosper. He lived in the village six years, working at his trade (carpenter), and then moved into the township of Paris, taking up a half section of land, which he improved into one of the finest farms in the county, residing on it until a short time before his death. He leaves one son and two daughters, Mrs., wife of Dr. John Brady, Mrs. James Crahen, and Joseph Boden. Mr. Boden was a very kind-hearted man, of temperate habits and strict integrity, and much esteemed by a large circle of friends.

Mrs. Eunice Hull Booth.—Mrs. Eunice Hull Booth, who died on Tuesday, January 5, 1892, was for her years one of unusual mental as well as physical powers. Her interest in people she had ever known, her memory of incidents in their lives, whether of those she had known in childhood or of those she met in later years, was very remarkable.

Names, new names and facts that came to her knowledge, were as clearly fixed in her mind almost as in youth. She was born in Cheshire, Conn., November 12, 1798, and was one of a large family, of whom none survive save a brother, Julius Hull, Esq., of Cincinnati, O., who is in his eighty-fifth year, and remarkable also for his vigor. Her ancestry, her early education and surroundings were such as to form a character of unusual strength in principles of the New England type.

Mrs. Booth was the wife of the late Birdsey Booth, Esq., and with him and their two children, the late J. L. Booth of Rochester, N. Y., and Mrs. J. B. Wilson of Grand Rapids, removed to Cuyahoga Falls, O., in 1832. Mr. Booth as civil engineer platted the village and for thirty years was one of the public-spirited men in all the interests of the place, filling positions of public trust. In church work he and his wife were prominent.

Coming to Grand Rapids in 1861 to make it their home, both took an active interest in the Congregational church of which the Rev. S. S. N. Greeley was then pastor. Mr. Booth was suddenly called hence in almost perfect health after but a few months of life here, and there are citizens who still remember his genial face. And now another thirty years has closed, and weary, suffering, still fond of life—"Life is sweet," she said within a short time—the dread messenger came to this aged one, and most kindly, it would seem, took her hand and led her "through the dark valley." She was unconscious that it was in the "shadow of death" till her spirit entered the bright light of the glory beyond. Its rays seemed reflected in the dear face to comfort those who had watched over and cared for her so long.

No younger form and face in a flower burdened casket could look more restful and furnish a truer exhibition of the peace of a Christian soul after death than did hers almost buried among green wreaths and ferns, violets and heliotrope, brought by old friends whom she had dearly loved, and never ceased to talk of, though her infirmities had prevented her meeting them.

And now, in the winter of life, which had been softened to her, she was tenderly laid in the green-lined grave amid the winter snows, which ere another day dawned came as heaven's fresh mantle to cover her resting place.

James H. Brown.—James H. Brown, familiarly known as "Jockey Brown," died July 25, 1891, aged seventy-three. He was born in Schoharie, N. Y., in the year 1808. Came to Michigan, February, 1847. Occupation, farmer and trader. Leaves a large estate which reverts

to his two daughters who will guard the division of the property, which is valued at about $150,000.

Ebenezer Davis.—Ebenezer Davis, one of the few remaining pioneers of 1836 in this valley, died at his home in Wyoming township, Oct. 18, 1891, at the great age of nearly ninety-two years. Mr. Davis had been a remarkably hale, vigorous man until the last month, when he began to fail and his physicians declared that the dissolution from old age, the course of nature, had begun. He was ill but about three weeks and he passed away peacefully, quietly, in the confident expectation of a blessed eternity, and as full of the respect, esteem and admiration of all who knew him as he was of years.

Ebenezer Davis was born in Cumberland county, Maine, in 1800. His family removed to Niagara county, New York, about 1820, and sixteen years later he came to what is now Grand Rapids. He was a friend of Louis Campau and all the old settlers, and was connected in many business enterprises in the pioneer days of this community. He pre-empted a tract of land that lies between what is now Eighth street, Leonard street, Quarry street and the river. In 1850 he sold this city property and bought 200 acres in Wyoming township, and has lived there since. Mr. Davis served several terms as supervisor, township clerk and justice of the peace in Walker township, and had, at one time or another, held the principal township offices in Wyoming. He leaves three sons and four daughters, Reuben E. Davis, with whom he lived in Wyoming; Horace W., of Grand Rapids; James N. Davis, president of the board of public works of Grand Rapids; Mrs. Almira M. Knowles, of Grand Rapids; Mrs. Lucy J. Moody, of Wyoming; Miss Emeline B. Davis, of Wyoming, and Mrs. Elizabeth S. McCay, of West Superior, Wis.

Mr. Davis was one of the founders and first deacons of what is now the Park Congregational church, which was organized under the Presbyterian polity, and later became one of the pillars of the Presbyterian denomination. He was ever one of the most earnest, faithful consistent and generous promoters of religious influences and institutions and a man who lived in accord with his professions. He was indeed a Christian gentleman, and left an impress on this community that will never die out. He was faithful in all interests confided to him, and now sleeps the sleep of the just man.

Sypke Dykstra.—Sypke Dykstra, for thirty years a highly respected resident of Grand Rapids, died Jan. 11, 1892, at his residence, 236 Sheldon St., at the age of sixty-nine years. Mr. Dykstra leaves five sons,

two daughters and a large circle of friends to mourn his death. He was a native of Holland.

MRS. CYNTHIAS W. EATON.—Mrs. Cynthias W. Eaton, widow of Harry Eaton, died at her home on South Lafayette street, Grand Rapids, March 22, 1892, at the great age of a little more than eighty-seven years. Her life, though remarkably quiet and modest, was as beautiful and useful as it was long. And a large circle of friends among the earlier residents of Grand Rapids will mourn that she preceded them, while rejoicing that she is at rest—as she desired to be—and will recount her many virtues and her splendid example and counsel with strong expressions of esteem and affection.

Mrs. Eaton was one of a large family of children born to General Solomon Hunt, a distinguished officer of the War of 1812, whose home was on a farm near Brattleboro, Vermont. She was born Jan. 5, 1805, and married Harry Eaton when about twenty years old, at her father's home. Shortly after the wedding they came to Jamestown, N. Y., and lived there several years. In 1836 Mr. Eaton came west on a prospecting tour, decided to make Grand Rapids his home, and in 1838 they left Dunkirk, N. Y., in one of the first steamers that ever plied on the lakes, in which they came to Chicago, thence by sailing vessel to Grand Haven, and thence by one of the first river steamers up to the village of Kent.[1] Here she has lived ever since, seeing the hamlet of a few hundred people grow into a city of 80,000 population, and feeling that her family have been factors in this growth, for her husband was one of the first officers of the county and a man who was highly esteemed. He preceded her in death more than thirty years, in 1859. She was one of the original members of the First, now the Park Congregational church, and has ever lived consistently with her profession. Of late years, because of the infirmities of her great age, she has been compelled to remain in her home, but while anxious to rest from her labors, has ever been cheerful and patient.

She leaves three sons, Charles W. Eaton, senior of the jobbing and retail firm of Eaton, Lyon & Co., of Grand Rapids, who has devoted his life to her for many years, with a rare and beautiful fidelity which attests the strong affection she inspired; Theodore C., of St. Louis, and Henry S. Eaton, of Duluth. A son and an infant daughter preceded her in death. A younger sister, Mrs. Bilius Stocking, of Grand Rapids, also survives.

MRS. ALLIE GARFIELD.—Mrs. Allie Garfield died January 16, 1892, at her home, Burton farm, just south of Grand Rapids, after an illness

[1]Kent City in Tyrone township, incorporated in 1908, by authority of supervisors.

of about two weeks, of pneumonia. She was the wife of the Hon. C. W. Garfield and a pioneer here among the younger citizens. Mr. and Mrs. Garfield have lived in Grand Rapids all their lives and were counted among the city's most esteemed and best known residents. They were married sixteen years ago and have since lived in their present home. They had no children of their own, but two adopted little ones, who could have known no kinder mother than Mrs. Garfield was to them, remain to mourn her loss. Mrs. Garfield was in the prime of her life, thirty-five years old. She was a noble woman in the true sense of the word, and all who knew her will mingle sincere personal regret with their sympathy for the bereaved husband and family. Mrs. Garfield was the daughter of S. S. Rockwell, of Jackson.

John T. Holmes.—John T. Holmes, the Nestor of the Grand Rapids bar, has passed to the great majority; another of the earliest of the pioneers of this community is at rest from a highly honorable and useful life, leaving a fragrant memory for his family and a host of friends. He died June 16, 1891, at his home 21 Barclay street, Grand Rapids, heart failure being the immediate cause of his decease. His wife died November 1, 1890. Since then, though he made no little sign, his family and friends have noticed with grief that life had so little of attraction for him there was no power to rally from the great affliction. He has at times been able to attend to his official duties briefly, but he went about them with such a weary cheerfulness, such patient yet sad resignation, it was indeed pathetic. Though his death is a great affliction to his three children, Mrs. L. C. Remington, Miss Lizzie and John T., Jr., yet it is better so; and they have the proud satisfaction that he left a stainless memory.

The following sketch of his life is from Baxter's History of Grand Rapids:

"John T. Holmes has been upward of half a century an honorable, useful and esteemed citizen of Grand Rapids. He was born December 11, 1815, at Carlisle, Schoharie county, N. Y. His father, Daniel Holmes, was a native of Saratoga, and for some forty years a deacon in the Presbyterian church in Niagara county, N. Y. His mother, Sally (Taylor) Holmes, was a daughter of John Taylor (for many years judge in Saratoga county, N. Y.) and sister of John W. Taylor, who represented the Saratoga district in congress for ten consecutive terms (twenty years), and was speaker in the house in the sixth and nineteenth congresses. John T. Holmes in early youth attended the common schools in Niagara county, and a select school in Cherry Valley. His

parents hoped he would become a clergyman, but as he was not thus inclined, he followed farm work and clerking in a store during the latter part of his minority. March 31, 1836, he married Mary Ann, daughter of Nathan Pratt, of Niagara county, who had been a soldier in the Revolutionary war. In 1837 they came to Detroit, passed several months in the southern part of the state; then came to Grand Rapids, arriving February 14, 1838, and made this their permanent home. Here Mr. Holmes engaged at first as a clerk; but in 1839, with William G. Henry, opened a general assortment store, where now is the western part of the Morton house, under the firm name of Henry & Holmes. This continued about three years, he during the time reading law as he found opportunity, and then pursuing that study in the office of Bridge & Calkins. May 17, 1843, together with Solomon L. Withey and Sylvester Granger, he was admitted to the bar of the Kent circuit, Justice Epaphroditus Ransom presiding—they being the first students thus regularly admitted in this county. In 1845 he was chosen justice of the peace, which office he resigned after serving three years. He was also for some years master in chancery, and held that office at the time when its duties were transferred to circuit court commissioners. In 1852 and again in 1854 he was elected prosecuting attorney for Kent county, serving in that office four years. In 1860 he was the Democratic nominee for state senator, and in 1862 the candidate of the same party for attorney-general of the state, leading his associates upon the ticket, but in common with them was defeated. Afterwards he would accept no nomination for an office strictly political. In 1875, when the superior court of Grand Rapids was established he was elected judge of that tribunal and served the full term of six years. He was elected judge of the police court—the first under its present organization—in April, 1882—receiving a majority of 1,713 out of a total of 6,735 votes; was re-elected in 1886, and again in April, 1890, this time by a plurality of 2,215, and the largest vote ever given a candidate in this city, and is the present occupant of that bench. Of members of the Kent county bar only one living in Grand Rapids has seen longer professional service than Judge Holmes. He came to Grand Rapids when it was but a small hamlet in the wilderness, and has seen and been an active participant in its growth and development to a town of near 70,000 people, with corresponding material wealth; and all that time has been closely identified with its judicial and social history. In active practice as an attorney he had an extensive clientage and his life throughout has been a busy one. Naturally generous and sympathetic, it has been said by one who knew him well that he was as

ready freely to advise and assist the poor as the wealthy, and during his professional career as an advocate he probably rendered more gratuitous service to needy clients than any other member of the bar of Kent county. In this matter, as he looks backward over the record of his practice, he doubtless feels a pardonable pride; especially in the fact that seldom if ever have the subjects proved unworthy of said aid. Careful and painstaking in the presentation of cases, and persuasive in speech, his efforts before juries brought his full share of success in suits. On the bench Judge Holmes has met the approval of the people and commanded the high respect of those practicing or having business before him. It has been said of him that seldom does a judge preside with more dignity or preserve in his court better order. The handsome majorities given him at judicial elections bear their own commentary in that regard; and the records of his court confirm the judgment of the popular confidence. As a citizen and in social life none have a firmer place in the general respect and esteem, and none have warmer or truer friends than Judge Holmes. Affable, agreeable and a courteous gentleman in conversation and manners, he was a welcome guest in all circles. His personal appearance was described by a writer for the press in 1867 as that of a 'square built, fine looking man, of medium height, broad shoulders, full chest, fine mould and a splendid specimen, physically, of perfect manhood; forehead broad, cheeks full, fresh and indicative of good health;' also as very temperate in habits, having never used tobacco and very seldom tasted spirituous liquors. Now, in his seventy-fifth year, though less elastic in step and motion, and the ruddy glow of his countenance has somewhat paled, Judge Holmes is the same genial gentleman, and moreover the kindly-featured, smiling, benignant, dignified magistrate, aiming to hold the scales of justice with impartial poise, yet evincing an inclination to temper the strict letter of the law with charity and mercy where such course seems warranted by the disclosures of the occasion. He is an honored member and vice-president of the Old Residents' association. There have been born to Mr. and Mrs. Holmes four sons and two daughters; of these three sons died before the age of majority; leaving surviving the elder daughter, Marietta, now the wife of Len C. Remington of Grand Rapids, Elizabeth Ann and John T. Holmes, Jr., the latter two residing with their parents. In religion Judge Holmes was an Episcopalian. In politics he was a life-long Democrat. During the period of the war of the Rebellion he was an ardent supporter of the Union cause, strongly antagonized the faction called 'copperheads,' and by speeches and personal efforts in Kent and adjoining counties, did much in forward-

ing enlistments and in sending articles of comfort to the army, and would never receive a penny for his services or expenses in that behalf."

THE BAR TAKE ACTION

A largely attended meeting of the bar association was held in the circuit court room to take appropriate action upon the death of Judge Holmes who had the esteem and respect of the entire legal fraternity. The meeting was called to order by Hon. J. C. Fitzgerald and Judge Grove was invited to preside, while Dwight Goss was chosen secretary. Brief addresses were made by Hon. J. C. Fitzgerald, George P. Wanty, M. H. Walker, H. B. Fallass, W. W. Taylor, Hon. L. D. Norris and William J. Stuart, all of an eulogistic nature bespeaking the high regard in which the deceased was held. Judge Grove appointed as a committee to draft suitable resolutions: Col. A. T. McReynolds, Hon. E. S. Eggleston and Hon. L. D. Norris, representing the older members of the bar and George P. Wanty, M. H. Walker, N. A. Earle and Frank B. Hine of the younger members.

Mary D. Holt.—Mary D. Holt, the wife of Henry Holt, of Cascade, Kent county, died on Thursday, Nov. 12, 1891, at the ripe age of seventy-five, and was buried in the Cascade cemetery on the 14th. She was born on Sept. 8, 1816, and married Henry Holt in 1835. She, with her husband, moved from New York to Michigan in 1852, settling on the farm where she died. Her husband, now ninety, survives her. She was the step-mother of the Hon. H. H. Holt, of Muskegon, ex-lieutenant-governor of Michigan, and of Mrs. Luther Densmore. She bore seven children, four of whom survive her. They are H. G. Holt, of Cascade, Mrs. Edgar Johnson, of Cascade, Charles F. Holt, of Cascade, and Mrs. J. Clark, of Ada. The three sons and three sons-in-law were the bearers at the funeral which was conducted by the Rev. Charles Oldfield, of the Baptist church in Ada.

Harry H. Ives.—Grand Rapids loses a good citizen in the person of Mr. H. H. Ives, who died at his home, 219 Ottawa street, January 16, 1892.

Mr. Ives was born in Wallingford, Conn., July 21, 1816, on the farm where his father, grandfather and great-grandfather were born and lived. His educational advantages were limited to attendance for three months in a year at district school. In youth he was bound out as an apprentice until twenty-one years old to learn the trade of carpenter and joiner. In 1837 he came to Grand Rapids, by way of the Erie canal to Buffalo,

and on foot from Detroit. His first work in Grand Rapids was on the building of Solomon Withey's residence, corner of Ottawa and Coldbrook streets, part of which is said to be still standing. From that time forward his life has been one of energy and activity in his calling —building and moving buildings.

In October, 1838, occurred the marriage of Mr. Ives to Sarah Peck. Of their three children but one survives, Calvin L. Ives, now engaged in the real estate business in Grand Rapids. Mrs. Ives died Feb. 19, 1863, and on March 4, 1864, Mr. Ives married Mrs. C. E. Pepper, who died Feb. 3, 1889. October 10, 1889, Mr. Ives married Mrs. Mary Shafer, his present wife, who survives him. In religion he was reared a Methodist, but later in life became a Spiritualist. He was a Democrat until the birth of the Greenback party, when he espoused the principles of that organization. He represented his ward eight years as alderman, and eleven years as supervisor.

Judge Dewitt C. Lawrence.—Judge Dewitt C. Lawrence, who was many years ago a prominent citizen of Michigan, but who has long been a well-known resident of the District of Columbia, died at Washington January 14, 1892. Judge Lawrence was a native of Penn Yan, N. Y., where he was born in 1819. He graduated from Union college and not long afterward was admitted to the practice of law in the circuit and supreme courts of that state. He then removed to Grand Rapids, where he lived for nearly ten years. He was an active Free-soiler and at Kalamazoo in the fall of 1848 he was nominated for congress in the old third district, then comprising the entire western part of the State, on the Free-soil ticket. He afterward withdrew in favor of Rev. William Sprague, the Whig candidate, who was a strong Free-soiler in sentiment. Sprague was elected, defeating Charles E. Stuart, of Kalamazoo. In 1849 he was appointed clerk of the senate committee on patents, of which a senator from Rhode Island was chairman, Congressman Sprague taking this means of rewarding him for his withdrawal from the congressional race. Since then he has lived in Washington and for a long time was connected with the patent office. He has been a successful patent attorney.

James D. Lyon.—James D. Lyon, another of the pioneers of Grand Rapids, rests from his labors. He died at his home, 280 East Fulton street, March 6, 1892.

James D. Lyon was born in Livingston county, N. Y., January 15, 1825, so was sixty-seven years old. He was the eldest son of [1]Judge T. H. Lyon, Sr., who died in 1871, and of Mrs. Lucinda Lyon who survives her

[1]Truman H. Lyon. See *Michigan Biographies*, p. 426.

husband at the great age of ninety-one years, and with whom her son was living at the time of his death. Mr. Lyon's father came to Michigan (Ionia county) in 1836, and the deceased became a resident of Grand Rapids in 1837, and has made it his home there most of the time since. His father had served two terms as postmaster, so the deceased had a familiarity with postal affairs which has been useful to this community several times. He was a clerk in the postoffice when his brother-in-law, the late Harvey P. Yale, was postmaster; was deputy postmaster under Mr. N. L. Avery's administration in 1861-5, and again he held a responsible position under Postmaster Blair. He has also been identified with other official duties here, having been a constable in 1852, an assessor in 1856, city treasurer in 1869 and city marshal in 1872. At one time, beginning in 1848, he was in the book and stationery trade at the corner of Canal and Lyon streets, and he was also at one time in the woolen business with the Earles on the West Side canal, and in 1865 entered into the edge tool business with his brother-in-law, the late C. S. Hathaway, at the old ax factory which they sold a little later. He has also been identified with the hotel business in the State, having been landlord of the Lansing House in Lansing and the Michigan Exchange in Detroit.

Mr. Lyon leaves a wife, of his own family; his mother with whom he has lived of late, at the old family homestead, and two brothers, Farnham of the Bancroft House, Saginaw, now traveling in the South, and C. D., of Eaton, Lyon & Co., now in California. He was a quiet, reserved, unobtrusive nature, but kindly and social in manner and disposition, honest and upright in all the relations of life—a man who had the esteem and good will of all who knew him. He was a Democrat in political affiliations and a regular attendant at Park Congregational church. At the time of his death he was engaged in the real estate business.

Edward S. Marsh.—Edward S. Marsh was born Feb. 3, 1817, in Tompkins county, N. Y., moved to Grand Rapids in the fall of 1837, and married Caroline, eldest daughter of Aaron Dikeman, March 8, 1844; his occupation was that of a tailor at which he worked faithfully, but for the last few years of his life failing health rendered it necessary to give up all labor. He was an honest, conscientious man and respected universally. He leaves a wife, a son, and a daughter. He died Jan. 21, 1892.

Margaret McNaughton.—Margaret McNaughton, widow of the late Alexander McNaughton, another of the pioneers of the Grand River valley, passed away Jan. 12, 1892. She was born in Glenylon, Perth-

shire, Scotland, in 1804. In 1833 she came with her husband to America, settling first in Canada, then moving to Hillsdale county, Mich., and in 1840 coming to Plainfield, in this county, where they settled in the then wilderness to make for themselves a permanent home. She endured all the hardships incident to the time with courage and cheerfulness, and was a most self-sacrificing wife and mother, and the needy and the wayfarer were always welcome at her hospitable board. Life's labor done she peacefully entered into the rest of the Father's house where her beloved ones had long ago preceded her. For the last thirty-three years she has been a widow. She leaves two children, John McNaughton, of Grand Rapids, with whom she made her home, and Daniel McNaughton, of Chicago, and one grandchild, Mabel McNaughton.

William Peaslee.—William Peaslee, a former resident of Grand Rapids and one of the earliest settlers, died in Napa, California, Christmas day, 1891. He came to Grand Rapids in 1844 and settled on what was then section 26 of Walker township, and in the then village he took an active interest in its welfare and was elected president in 1846. In 1852 Mr. Peaslee started for California and has since made it his home. He was born in New Hampshire in 1806, and during the Seminole war had charge of a government dredging boat on the coast of Florida. He was a blacksmith and machinist and furnished Grand Rapids with one of the first fire engines ever owned by the corporation.

Clarissa R. Provin.—Clarissa Richardson-Provin, born among the green hills of Vermont, June 16, 1813, was taken in early childhood with her two brothers, Charles and Aaron, to St. Lawrence county, New York, to live upon the western shore of Black Lake. There, supported by the tireless shuttle of a widowed mother's loom, she early learned the lessons of industry and frugality so essential to the foundations upon which our strongest characters are builded. A keen appreciation of wit and humor softened the lines of a stern necessity and mingled lights with the shadows into a more perfect harmony.

January 24, 1832, she, with James Provin uniting their fortunes, founded another of those holiest of institutions, a home. Two daughters and six sons graced the hearthstone of that home and under its liberalizing influences grew into lives of usefulness. In 1850 they sought the more fertile west, and fondly clinging to the associations of the beautiful lake, they transplanted their home upon the shore of Silver lake, in the township of Cannon, Kent county, Michigan, where it remains today. Widowed in 1872 she made the rest of her journey

content with the companionship of her children and though the feebleness of age has been upon her the past few months, yet she bore the burden of her years without complaint and with a fortitude which few of us can hope to master.

"Death our good angel leading us up to a higher life," released the spirit from its worn-out earthly tenement, March 3, 1892.

The remains were tenderly borne to their rest in the township cemetery by her five surviving sons and a grandson.

Those who knew her will cherish the memory of her gentle presence with its loving forbearance and ever ready forgiveness.

GEORGE REAMS.—George Reams, who passed the century mark in life nearly four years ago and was the oldest man in the city and probably in the State, died Jan. 4, 1892, at the residence of his daughter, Mary, 445 South Lafayette street, Grand Rapids, from the effects of a cold caught about three weeks before. He was born in Westmoreland county, Pa., Aug. 16, 1788, and moved to this State thirty-eight years ago, settling in this county. Since the death of his wife, eighteen years ago, he has lived in Grand Rapids. He was in the full possession of his faculties and able to do all the necessary work about the house until his last illness. Mr. Reams leaves eight children, all living in this county, the oldest, John, sixty-eight years, a farmer in Courtland; William, in the town of Paris; Abram, in South Grand Rapids; George, also living south of town; Mrs. Peter Rice, of Rockford; Mrs. Henry Rice, of Paris; Mrs. James Rogers, of Sherman street, and Mary, the unmarried daughter with whom he lived.

MR. AND MRS. PHILANDER REMINGTON.—Philander Remington died January 15, 1892, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. C. B. Smith of 90 Washington street, Grand Rapids, following his aged wife, who died on January 13, 1892. Both were taken ill with pneumonia on January 5, and from the first there was no hope for them. Mr. Remington was born in Stephentown, N. Y., January 27, 1802. His wife, Julia, was born in Sweden, N. Y., November 29, 1808. They were married in Sweden, January 26, 1826. They have been married almost sixty-five years, and in all that time have not been separated longer than two weeks. They moved to Jackson about thirty-six years ago, and to Grand Rapids about twenty-seven years ago. Mrs. Smith is their only living child.

ABRAHAM J. SHEAR.—Mr. Abraham J. Shear, one of the first pioneers of Kent county, died suddenly at his home in Paris township, May 15,

1892, aged seventy years. Mr. Shear has seen Grand Rapids grow from a hovel to its present proportions, and for fifty years he has been a familiar figure in and about the city. In 1842 he removed from Putnam, Washington county, N. Y., to this State, settling in Paris township. Beginning life with nothing he accumulated a splendid competence, which he greatly enjoyed in his later and failing days. He was possessed of a most jovial disposition, a kind and loving nature, never offending any one and binding all who came in contact with him in the closest bonds of friendship and respect. He was public spirited always, and favored rather than retarded progress. He was well informed on all public questions and proved a good conversationalist even to the most accomplished. For many years he has lived on his large farm near Bowen station, about seven miles from the city. He leaves a wife and six children to mourn his departure—Mr. John Shear, of Paris; Mrs. Ring, of Owatona, Minn.; Mrs. G. Rosencrans, of Grand Rapids; Mrs. Orson Bowen, of Paris; Mr. Fred Shear, of Cascade, and Miss Jennie Shear, who resided with her parents.

Mrs. Eliza W. Sligh.—Mrs. Eliza W. Sligh died January 23, 1892, aged sixty-nine years. Mrs. Eliza W. Sligh was born in Ireland, August 3, 1822, and in 1823 her parents immigrated to this country, settling at Rochester, N. Y. There she was married to James W. Sligh in 1843 and lived in that city for three years, removing to the city of Grand Rapids (at that time a small village) in 1846, where she resided constantly until her death. Her husband died in 1863 from the effects of wounds received from guerillas during the late war of the Rebellion.

Mrs. Sligh, many years ago, became a convert to the doctrines of the new or Swedenborgian church, and has ever since been an active member of that church, deriving great consolation from its teachings. Her charitable and Christian nature was well known to all who needed aid. All of the older inhabitants of the city knew and respected her genial, kindly, lovable nature; her life was not pretentious but was full of good deeds. She was the mother of five children, one of whom, Robert, died in 1879, those surviving her are Dr. James M. Sligh, of Granite, Montana; Mrs. L. E. Hawkins, Mrs. Julia S. Follett, and Mr. Charles R. Sligh all of the city of Grand Rapids, Mich.

Mrs. Henry Spring.—A large circle of friends and admirers, not by any means confined to the city of Grand Rapids, mingle sorrow and joy today over the news that Annis Amanda, wife of Henry Spring, Esq., of Spring & Company, has entered into rest. She died April 15,

1892. Since health and strength, and loving ministrations for others, and her cheering presence could not come, since anguish must be her lot every hour she lived, it was indeed a happiness to those who knew her best and prized and loved her most, that the end she had so bravely and uncomplainingly awaited, had come, quietly and peacefully.

Mrs. Spring was born in Orleans county, New York, December 5, 1830, and became the wife of Henry Spring March 26, 1854. She leaves her husband, a daughter, Mrs. George E. Raymond, and one son, Willard S. Spring, now attending college at Ann Arbor. Her other son, Fred, died suddenly seven years ago last January.

The following tribute from the morning Democrat will be deemed but just by those who were so fortunate as to have enjoyed her acquaintance or friendship:

"Mrs. Spring has lived a useful life, her charities being widespread and well placed. She was a woman of a great deal of individuality, of strong mental powers and was loved and respected by all who knew her. Her remarkable will power enabled her to accomplish everything she undertook and her labors were many. Of late years she did a great deal for herself in the way of reading and investigation in every direction. While not being fond of society in its ordinary sense, she took a lively interest in all the movements in the community that had in view its moral and social elevation. She was quite prominent in the Union Benevolent association, which was for some time under her management, as well as the Humane society, and it was in the interests of the latter work that she caused to be built a drinking place at the corner of State and Cherry streets. She was of a practical turn of mind, and in all of those philanthropic reforms that promised practical returns she vested her interest. Always a member of the Universalist church, she took an active part in its affairs, and was at one time the assistant superintendent of the Sunday school. One characteristic that she possessed was that she did her own working and her judgment never was at fault."

To it may be added the thought in her sublime patience, her unfaltering faith for the future, her courage in suffering, almost indescribable during her long illness, she but manifested her noble, lovely character, and were that all that her friends here might know of her, her life would have been grandly useful and beautiful.

Jared S. Spring.—Little did we or any one else dream last week when we chronicled the happy birthday gathering in honor of his

eighty-eighth birthday, that, when time, with its ceaseless roll, had passed through a space denoted as a week, that this fine old gentleman, fully ripened and prepared for the final harvest, would have gone to his rest, and be laid away in the silent tomb, but his kind acts and pleasant manner will not be forgotten by a large circle of friends and relatives.

After the pleasant birthday gathering Friday, at the old homestead, he attended another surprise birthday gathering at his son Gilbert's, in honor of his wife. He also visited Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Bellows, old friends and acquaintances, upon Monday, and was taken ill about three o'clock the following morning with bowel complaint, and being so old his vitality was not sufficient to withstand the attack, he passed away at about six p. m. Thursday, July 30, 1891, three of his sons being with him at the time, viz.: Albert, Gilbert and Volney.

Mr. Spring was born in East Bloomfield, Ontario county, New York, and removed to Michigan with his wife and five sons in 1844, settling upon the farm where Albert now resides, known as the old homestead. He was blessed with six fine sons, they being Henry, of Spring & Company, Grand Rapids; Gilbert, Albert and Volney, prosperous farmers of Cannon township; Daniel W., with Spring & Co., John A., of Spring & Lindley, Bailey, Muskegon county, they all being present at the funeral services. He was one of the earliest settlers in Cannon township, an enthusiastic member of the Pioneer Ball Club of Northern Kent, which turned out en masse to attend the last sad rites, and he was also a consistent Christian, being a member of the M. E. church.

William C. Voorheis.—William C. Voorheis died at Grand Rapids, Mich., June 22, 1891, aged seventy-eight years. He was born in Seneca county, N. Y., March 4, 1813, and came to Michigan, Sept. 2, 1825, and settled at Ann Arbor. His occupation was that of a hardware merchant. He married Sophia Garland, Sept. 14, 1842. Came to Grand Rapids in May, 1869, he always lived a most respected citizen, and took great interest in all educational matters. He leaves, besides his widow, six living children, William G. Voorheis, of Frankfort, Mich., Mrs. Charles C. Carter, of Milwaukee, Wis., Hon. Edward C. Voorheis and Frank A., of Silver Creek, California, and Mrs. Sarah E. McComb and Miss Jennie A. Voorheis, of Grand Rapids, Michigan.

LENAWEE COUNTY

BY SCOVEL C. STACY

THOMAS S. APPLEGATE.—Thomas S. Applegate died at Adrian, Dec. 27, 1891. The following biography of Mr. Applegate appeared in the Detroit Free Press of Dec. 28, 1891. It is from the pen of a gentleman who has always been a close personal friend of the deceased, one who years ago took his novitiate in journalism on The Times, and who now fills an important position in Washington. The sketch is so correct that it is used entire:

"Mr. Applegate was born in Blandford, Dorsetshire, England, June 8, 1839, and was consequently in his fifty-third year. He came to America with his parents in 1851, first living in Utica, N. Y., and subsequently removing to Rome, N. Y., where his father became a successful merchant. In Rome, while a boy, Mr. Applegate was apprenticed to the printer's trade in the office of the Rome Sentinel. On completing the term of his apprenticeship he went to New York city, where he held cases in various printing offices, and also on the Brooklyn News. In November, 1863, in company with George W. Larwill, he came to Adrian and bought an interest in the Adrian Watchtower, formerly owned by R. W. Ingalls. The firm for a time was Larwill, Applegate & Co., the "Co." being J. H. Champion, previously editor of the Watchtower, and now of the Owosso Press. Mr. Applegate subsequently purchased the interest of Mr. Larwill, who has always remained, however, actively connected with The Times in responsible capacities.

In the fall of 1865 Mr. Champion sold out to Gen. William Humphrey.[1] The name of the paper was then changed to The Times. Gen. Humphrey became editor-in-chief, and the paper has ever since been Republican in politics. In the fall of 1866, Gen. Humphrey was elected auditor-general, and on January 1, 1867, The Times absorbed the Adrian Expositor, then run by A. H. Lowrie, now of the Elgin, Ill., News, and Dr. Ragan. The firm became Lowrie, Ragan & Applegate, and in the fall of 1867, Capt. J. H. Fee bought out Dr. Ragan's interest. Subsequently Mr. Lowrie retired, and until 1885, The Times and Expositor was published by Applegate & Fee. In that year Mr. Applegate bought out the interest of Capt. J. H. Fee, and has since been sole proprietor.

In every newspaper office in Michigan, and in hundreds of other offices in this country, Mr. Applegate was recognized as a really great news-

[1]See appendix.

paper man. He had the instinctive faculty of saying the right thing at the right time, in a wonderfully simple, terse, effective way. There is no man who has done more to make important the interior newspapers of Michigan. Early in his newspaper life he introduced features of newsgathering and publishing before unknown to the smaller newspaper offices. The Times has become one of the greatest and most valuable newspaper properties in Michigan, for years having been the only daily in the second congressional district. A score of other journalistic attempts have seen failure, while The Times has steadily grown.

Mr. Applegate was a wonderful personal power in the Republican politics of Michigan. He served for eight years as a member of the State central committee, and for six years was chairman of the executive committee. He was also chairman of the Republican congressional committee for the second district for six years. Gov. Croswell appointed Mr. Applegate a member of the board to locate the State School for the Blind, and he was for ten years a member of the board of control of that institution, until legislated out of office by the establishment of the central board by the legislature of 1891. He was a member of the Chicago Press club, the Inland Press association, and of the various State press associations, in which he has held official positions. United States senators, governors, congressmen and State officers innumerable have had occasion to thank Mr. Applegate for his powerful influence in helping them to success, but he has always shown remarkable indifference to official positions for himself. There have been many times when he might have had almost anything he wished politically, but he always declined to accept any honors other than those that came through the successful conduct of a bright daily newspaper.

Mr. Applegate was the president of the Adrian Petroleum Light and Heat company, and secretary of the recently organized Adrian National Paving and Construction company.

He was married in 1870 to Harriet Sinclair,[1] daughter of D. D. Sinclair, of Adrian, and she survives him. He had no children. Always cheerful and good natured, Mr. Applegate was one of the tenderest and truest friends a man could have, and he would maintain the cause of a friend with a courage and steadfastness which were always the wonder and admiration of all who knew him. His death leaves a vacancy in the circle of Republican leaders, in the press of the State, and in the hearts of his friends, which will never be filled in just the same way again."

[1]See appendix.

Birdsey J. Bidwell.—Old Father Time, with his sickle, has been reaping a bountiful harvest among the pioneers of Tecumseh during the past ten years. The last victim to fall, beneath his stroke, was one of our most solid and respected business men, the subject of this brief biography.

Birdsey J. Bidwell was born in the town of Colbrook, Conn., September 14, 1810. He was the sixth child of Asa and Eunice Bidwell, natives of the same state. Asa Bidwell followed the avocation of a farmer, and the parental household included eleven children, eight sons and three daughters, all of whom lived to mature years, and presented one of the finest family groups that are often seen. The subject of this sketch was the last member of that family circle to be called home, all the others having preceded him to the other shore. At the age of nine years, his parents removed to Livingston county, N. Y., where they passed the remainder of their days on a farm. Birdsey J. spent his winters in school and his summers working on the farm, until he had arrived at the age of twenty-eight. During these years he laid the foundation for a rugged constitution, and habits of temperance and economy, which contributed so largely to his success in future years. In 1838 he bade farewell to the parental roof and drifted westward with the tide of immigration then pouring into the new state of Michigan. Upon arriving at Tecumseh he was so well pleased with the thrift and activity of the village that he concluded to abide there permanently, and immediately embarked in mercantile business. After the prevailing custom of those days, he kept a general country store, keeping in stock almost everything required to supply a village or farm household. By industry, economy and perseverance he built up the largest retail establishment in this section of the State, which he continued to manage for twenty-seven years, until 1865. In that year he transferred his business to his two sons and Mr. E. A. Tribou, who for many years had been his manager and chief assistant. Early in the forties he built a large tannery in Brownville, so-called, purchasing hides and pelts in all the northwestern states. He soon added a boot and shoe department to his retail business, and afterwards clothing. All his business ventures proved remarkably successful from the outset and furnished employment to a large number of men. During these years he also engaged extensively in farming, having added to his possessions from time to time, until at the time of his death he owned three hundred acres of the finest farming land in this section, a portion of which is located within the corporation limits.

Upon selling his mercantile business he turned his entire attention

to farming. He took a trip to Kentucky, visiting some of the most noted stock farms of that state, and purchased a small herd of shorthorn cattle from the noted breeders, Cunningham, Babbitt & Johnson of Louisville. These animals were all registered and formed the nucleus of some of the finest herds in southern Michigan. Marked success attended his efforts as a stock raiser. In time his own herd numbered eighty head, bred from the best stock obtainable in the west, while he shipped many to different states east and west. His farm was always kept under process of thorough cultivation and was well provided with the necessary buildings and various appliances for its successful operation.

Soon after selling his store he became interested in the Tecumseh bank, organized at that time. When this bank was converted into the banking house of Bills, Lilley & Co., he retained his interest. Upon Mr. Bills' decease, the firm became Lilley, Bidwell & Co. This firm has been known as one of the solid financial institutions of southern Michigan, and Mr. Bidwell retained his stock and interest therein up to the day of his death. Liberally endowed with wealth in his later years, he was also liberal in using it. He was a member and regular attendant upon the Presbyterian church and made a handsome donation for the erection of the new edifice. The three story business block that bears his name, and his beautiful residence on Chicago street are also testimonials to his generosity and public spirit. In February, 1842, Mr. Bidwell was united in marriage to Miss Elizabeth A. Cushing, of Tecumseh, a lady of fine culture and attainments. Two sons blessed this union, both of whom, besides the widow, survive him: Lamont C., the elder son, formerly of Harper county, Kansas, and Lavern I., the younger son, who has always lived in Tecumseh.

Mr. Bidwell had always enjoyed rugged physical health, having rarely been confined to the house for even a single day by illness. On the 17th of May, 1892, he had attended to the supervision of his farm work, as was his daily custom. About eight o'clock he came in from the barn and complained of difficulty in breathing. A physician was summoned at once, but he continued to fail rapidly, until eleven o'clock, when his spirit took its flight. The attack was heart failure. The summons came with scarcely any warning. Within three hours after the first symptoms appeared, the strong manly frame, which had battled with the trials and adversities of life for nearly eighty-two years, lay cold in death.

Thus ends the earthly pilgrimage of a man, who has filled a large niche in this community for more than half a century. Possessed of indomit-

able industry, an iron will, strength of character and moral courage, he began life at the lowest round of the ladder, and by his own unaided efforts acquired a handsome competence. His family have reaped the benefits of his business foresight and the city of his home has felt the impulse of his business talents. We would not invade the sanctity of the family circle by parading his domestic virtues. It is enough to know that within those sacred precincts he was regarded as a model father and a noble husband. This benediction, in all truthfulness, can be pronounced over his tomb: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

David Carpenter.—David Carpenter, the wealthiest resident of Blissfield, died at Mt. Dora, Fla., Dec. 23, 1891.

David Carpenter was born at Potsdam, St. Lawrence county, N. Y., April 19, 1815. He was a brother of the late Joel Carpenter, and was brought up on his father's farm until he was fifteen years old, when, his health failing, he was sent to St. Lawrence academy, to fit him to fight the battle of life at some lighter employment than that of agriculture. During the winter of 1835 and 1836 he taught district school and in the spring of 1836 he turned his face to the west in search of fortune. Arriving at Toledo, he was, for a few months, employed as clerk in a store, but in the fall started on his own account in the grocery and baking business in the thriving city of Manhattan, now a part of the city of Toledo.

In May, 1837, he returned to St. Lawrence and married Thirza Pease, sister of Mrs. Royal Barnum, of Adrian. Returning to Manhattan he continued in business at that place till November, 1838, when he removed to Blissfield and became the junior partner of the firm of G. & D. Carpenter, merchants, of that village.

His natural taste was that of a farmer, and while his partner attended mostly to the mercantile end of the business, he employed himself in clearing and reducing to cultivation the large farm owned by them adjoining the village of Blissfield. December 22, 1839, he buried his wife. In May, 1840, he returned to St. Lawrence, and on the 11th of August, that year, married Miss L. Ellis, daughter of William E. Ellis, of that county, and late of Blissfield. During the year succeeding the decease of his partner and brother, Guy Carpenter, in 1849, his great energy, patience and industry aided much in laying the foundation of the ample fortune he leaves. On the 5th of June, 1849, his second wife was removed by death and in July following he married Hepsibeth Worth, daughter of David R. Worth, of Deriter, N. Y. In the spring of 1850

he formed a co-partnership in the mercantile business with his brother, the late Joel Carpenter, which continued until 1852. At that date he sold out to his brother and devoted himself with great assiduity to his farm and land business.

In February, 1861, he was appointed a member of the board of control of the State Agricultural College, filling the place with general acceptance for a number of years. His shrewd sense and practical knowledge of farming gave him a prominent place in the affairs of the board. In 1867 he again entered into mercantile pursuits as senior partner of the firm of Carpenter & Brown, and in the following year, in conjunction with W. Furman, built the Carpenter & Furman brick block, the finest ever built in Blissfield. His business tact, energy and liberality have done much to build up that wide-awake and go-ahead village. In 1877 he took an interest in Bay View, near Petoskey, erected a handsome summer residence there, purchased a large farm and invested quite largely in real estate. The last four years of his life have been largely spent in Florida.

Francis A. Dewey.—Francis A. Dewey, of Cambridge, one of the earliest settlers and most respected citizens of this county, died at his home in that township on the 13th of February, 1892, lacking but twelve days of having attained the age of eighty-one years.

The deceased was born at Three Rivers, Quebec, Canada, Feb. 25, 1811, and shortly thereafter his parents moved to Hanover, New Hampshire, where he received his youthful training. At the age of eighteen, in the year 1829, his family joined the immigration then flowing into the new territory of Michigan and located a home in the township of Tecumseh. Being a young man of rugged physical health and business ambition he soon found work enough to do in the wild west. He drove stage on the mail route between Ypsilanti and Tecumseh for six months, and for two years he performed the same service on the route between Ypsilanti and Detroit. In June, 1834, he located 160 acres of land on sections 17, 18, 19 and 20 in the town of Cambridge. During the fall of 1836 he built a log cabin thereon, which he occupied as his first domicile on the 4th day of March, 1837. In the meantime he had driven stage between Tecumseh and Jonesville about two years. His first log house was erected near Dewey Lake in full view of that little sheet of water, surrounded by the primeval forest, and was a romantic spot in those early days. It occupied the site of the wigwam of the Indian chief, Mitteau. He added to this homestead from time to time

by purchase, until he owned over six hundred acres of land, which was one of the largest and most productive farms in Lenawee county. During the year 1832, and while he resided at Tecumseh, he served as a drum major in the Black Hawk war.

On the 25th of October, 1836, he was united in marriage to Miss Mary Ann Smith, and at once began the erection of the log cabin in the wilderness which was to be their home. Six children blessed this union and he had three children by a subsequent wife. Of these, seven sons and one daughter, all grown to manhood and womanhood, survive him. The widow, eight children and a host of grandchildren and other relatives will mourn his death and cherish his memory. In 1865 he left the old homestead to his sons and purchased the Walker farm at Cambridge Junction, which he presided over with genuine pioneer hospitality until called to his final reward.

During his long and eventful life Mr. Dewey filled many offices of trust and honor. He was supervisor of his township for two years, highway commissioner four years and served sixteen years as justice of the peace. He became a member of the Michigan Pioneer Society in 1875. For several terms he served on the executive committee or as vice-president, and one year he served as its president. He identified himself with the county pioneer society early in its history and served as president thereof for sixteen consecutive years, retiring in the summer of 1890. He was present at the last annual meeting held at Palmyra in August, 1891, and although feeble in body he enjoyed the day's program with all his old-time zest.

For many years he was a staunch member and liberal supporter of the Episcopal church, and was generally a member of the vestry in some capacity. In politics he was not a partisan, but he adhered to the Democracy, having cast his first presidential vote for Andrew Jackson, and was a man of decided political convictions.

But age began to impress its marks upon him and the sands in the hour-glass of his life were running low. For the past year he had gradually and surely failed in bodily strength and health, although his mind remained clear and active to the last.

His long and earnest life typified in its fullest measure the experience of Michigan's pioneer citizens. He began without a farthing and by slow and earnest toil laid the foundations broad and deep for an ample fortune and lived to enjoy his competence, with his children and grandchildren around him, in the sunset of his earthly life. To such characters as his our commonwealth is indebted for its wealth and pros-

perity today. He has fought the good fight, he has finished his work, he has kept the faith, and we believe that he has entered into his eternal inheritance on high.

Rensselaer W. Ingalls.—Rensselaer W. Ingalls died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Carl Chittenden, near Adrian, on Thursday, Jan. 14, 1892, of a complication of diseases which made him an easy victim to the prevailing malady, la grippe. From the Adrian Weekly Times of January 15, we clip the following:

"Mr. Ingalls was born in Middlefield, Otsego county, N. Y., in 1809, receiving a common school education, and graduating in the printing office of H. and E. Phinney, book publishers, in the village of Cooperstown, N. Y. In this office he worked upon the novels of the famous J. Fenimore Cooper. He subsequently went to Pottsdam, N. Y., and in 1831 purchased an interest in the St. Lawrence Republican, published at Canton, N. Y. He sold out to Hon. Preston King, of Ogdensburg, and in the spring 1832 went to Utica, N. Y., and engaged with William Williams, book publisher. In September following he married Asenath, daughter of Silas Coburn, Esq., of Utica.

In the fall of 1834 he came to Adrian and commenced the publication of the Adrian Gazette and Lenawee County Republican. The first number was issued October 22, 1834, it being the first paper published in Lenawee county. In politics it was neutral, but subsequently it changed its name to the Adrian Watchtower, advocating Jacksonian Democracy.

In 1849 he was elected State printer, and for four years was at Lansing, from 1850 to 1854. He then returned to Adrian and continued publishing the Watchtower.

In 1864 he sold the establishment to Champion, Applegate & Larwill, having conducted its publication for thirty consecutive years, the paper finally merging into the Times. He then retired to his farm in Dover, but ten years later came to the city and engaged in the crockery business. He retired soon after to his farm near the north city limits, where he lived in retirement for some years. He had of late been a great sufferer from rheumatism, and recently sustained a stroke of paralysis.

Mrs. Ingalls died in Adrian March 20, 1855, leaving four children, Mrs. George L. Bidwell, now living in Adrian; Mrs. George C. Gantley, of New York, deceased; R. W. Ingalls, Jr., deceased; and Mrs. Charles L. Betts, now of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. Ingalls was married again in 1856, to Mary S., daughter of Ralph

Waldby. Two children from this marriage survive him, with the mother, Mrs. Carl Chittenden and George B. Ingalls.

R. W. Ingalls in his day was a prominent figure in Michigan public affairs. He was a contemporary of Greenly, Morey, Mason, Stacy, Cooley, Beaman, and a host of others, to whose early endeavors Michigan owes much of the advancement that marks its present progress. He was a fine type of the sturdy men, so many of whom came from central New York, who have left their impress upon Michigan and its institutions by their energy and enlightenment. In his prime he was a handsome man, of fine physique, and a constitution that has carried him to a long accumulation of honored years. A skilled practical printer, of the old school, he was nevertheless a writer of more than average ability, and in many a hard-fought campaign in the 'forties' and 'fifties,' wielded the editorial pen with telling effect.

He was a whole-souled, kindly and courageous man, who accomplished much for Adrian in its infant days, and whose career has been a credit to our printers' craft.

We honor the memory of our good old friend and co-laborer, and mourn with his family that he is no longer among us."

James T. Kedzie.[1]—One of the pioneers of Michigan has departed this life. March 13, 1891, James T. Kedzie died from neuralgia of the heart at his home in Blissfield, Michigan, at the age of seventy-eight years. His death was sudden. The day previous he was able to labor and only half an hour before his death he was able to walk across the room from his chair to his bed.

He was born in Stamford, N. Y., and in 1826 came with his father's family to Blissfield where, excepting a few years in Lansing, he has made his home.

In early life he was a farmer, later a clerk in the postoffice at Lansing and a merchant at Blissfield. His last years he spent in cultivating his garden and caring for his home.

On June 25, 1836, he married Miss Elizabeth Wright. The only fruit of their marriage was their daughter, Harriet, who died Feb. 10, 1848, aged twelve years. His wife survives him though in feeble health.

In 1833 he became a member of the Presbyterian church in Blissfield, of which he was a ruling elder and trustee for many years and clerk of the session for twenty-two years.

He took a lively interest in the history of his town and county on which he wrote some valuable articles for the State Pioneer Society.

[1]Brother of the late Dr. R. C. Kedzie of the M. A. C.

LIVINGSTON COUNTY

BY CHARLES M. WOOD

Mrs. Caroline Boyden died June, 1891, aged seventy-five. Settled in the county in 1837.

Mrs. A. L. Crittenden died July, 1891. Settled in the county in 1835.

Henry P. Sterns died July, 1891, aged seventy-two. Settled in the county in 1835.

O. D. Chapman died August, 1891, aged seventy-one. Settled in the county in 1837.

Isaac McMillan died August 20, 1891, aged ninety-five. Settled in the county in 1855.

Mrs. Delia Chamberlin died August 27, 1891, aged seventy-four.

John M. Kearney died September 3, 1891, aged sixty-four. Settled in the county in 1851.

Nelson B. Green died September 17, 1891, aged sixty-seven, a resident of the county over thirty-five years, and a member of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society.

Mrs. Alvin Mann died September 3, 1891, aged eighty-two. Settled in the county in 1836.

Mrs. John Sherman died September 17, 1891, aged eighty-five. A resident of the county a long time.

Mrs. Cecil D. Parsons died October, 1891, aged eighty-four. Settled in the county in 1837.

Mr. John W. Clark, Sr., died December 3, 1891, aged eighty-eight. Settled in the county in 1848.

Mrs. James Dickinson died December 10, 1891, aged fifty-four. A resident of the county thirty-five years.

Mrs. B. H. Ruburt died December 31, 1891, aged sixty. A resident of the county thirty-three years.

H. K. Bishop died January 14, 1892. A resident of the county forty years.

Mrs. John Keeder died January 21, 1892, aged sixty-six. Settled in the county in 1849.

H. B. Davis died January 21, 1892, aged seventy-one. Settled in the county in 1846.

Silas Munsell died February 4, 1892, aged fifty. Settled in the county in 1841.

Lafayette Mabin died February 11, 1892, aged sixty-five. A resident of the county thirty-five years.

Peter Rupell died February 25, 1892, aged eighty-six. Settled in the county in 1838.

Mr. Francis Munroe died March 10, 1892, aged seventy-nine. Settled in the county in 1836.

Mrs. William Saunders died March 10, 1892, aged forty-two. Born in the county in 1850.

Mrs. Philo Reed died March 17, 1892, aged eighty. Settled in the county in 1857.

Hiram Kellogg died April 7, 1892, aged seventy-two. Settled in the county in 1854.

Albert H. Watson died April 14, 1892, aged forty-eight. Born in the county in 1844.

George Burnett died April 21, 1892, aged eighty. Settled in the county in 1852.

Mrs. Freeman Fishbeck died May 5, 1892, aged seventy-nine. Settled in the county in 1836.

John Bucknell died May 5, 1892, aged eighty-one. Settled in the county in 1842.

Mrs. W. K. Sexton died May 5, 1892, aged fifty-two. Settled in the county in 1860.

Judge J. C. Shields died May 12, 1892. Born in the county in 1848.

Mr. S. M. Yerkis died May 12, 1892, aged seventy-nine. Settled in the county in 1845.

Mrs. Margaret Gaston died May 19, 1892, aged eighty-two. Settled in the county in 1839.

Jacob J. Teeple died April 11, 1892, aged eighty-three. Settled in the county in 1858.

The following list was reported at the last meeting of our county pioneer society, giving their ages and nothing more:

Jehu Ferguson, aged ninety-two.

Lucy Ferguson, aged sixty-two.

Samantha Lee, aged sixty-nine.

Mrs. Fred. Wrenn, aged eighty-four.

Arthur Graham, aged ninety-one.

Jeremiah Nicholas, aged ninety, settled in the county in 1836.

T. Sweet, aged eighty-five.

Sarah Copeland, aged seventy-nine.

Mrs. D. Force, aged seventy-nine.

Seth Bidwell, aged eighty-two.

Fred Wrenn, aged ninety-four.

Levi Coffee, aged sixty-six.

Calista Vines, aged seventy-one.
Alonzo Fields, aged seventy.
William Gottage, aged seventy-eight.

MONTCALM COUNTY

BY JOSEPH P. SHOEMAKER

Josiah Bradish.—Josiah Bradish, so well known throughout the county of Montcalm, Michigan, who died Feb. 22, 1892, was born in 1810 in the town of Norwich, Chenango county, New York. It was about 1835-36 that he first came to Michigan.

The interior of Michigan at that time was but little known. Mr. Bradish first located in Calhoun county, and his purchase of land was then covered with a dense forest. He spent the season in clearing a portion, building a house and such other improvements as he could do with his own hands. At the approach of winter he returned to his home, Chenango county. He kept school for one or two seasons, but worked on a farm during the season of labor. For two seasons he was in the employ of Mr. Skinner, a prominent citizen and wealthy farmer. Mr. Skinner was much interested in his hired man, noticed his sterling qualities, his ardent temperament, his perfect integrity. The young farmer soon formed the acquaintance of the daughter, and this soon ripened into a mutual attachment; and when Josiah was ready to return to Michigan, the young lady, Miss Lodiska Skinner, was willing to come west with him, as his wife and co-laborer in the wilderness of Michigan. In a few years his small farm was cleared up, his children, two daughters and a son, were attending school.

His stay in Calhoun county must have been sixteen or seventeen years. The improvements he had made gave it a selling value. His attention had been directed to Fair Plains, Montcalm county. He sold his homestead in Calhoun county and purchased at Fair Plains, that beautiful portion of Montcalm, where he has continued to reside for the past forty-two years. His recent death will be felt and mourned by a large circle of friends.

He was the youngest of four sons born to his parents. His mother was a Miss Mary Finch, his father, Samuel Morton Bradish, settled in Chenango county, New York, at the close of the last century. He was an engineer and surveyor of lands; and Josiah is the only one of the brothers who seemed to take to his father's pursuit in the business of

a surveyor. He had been employed rather extensively, both in Calhoun and Montcalm counties, surveying lands, laying out roads, etc. His acquaintance was large. He was esteemed for honorable dealing, for manners cordial and frank, for sincerity, and a sturdy independence of opinion. He was a faithful friend, a kind father and husband, an affectionate brother, and a devout Christian. His wife many years since sickened and died, after much suffering. He had lost all of his children. He was fatherless and a widower. His attachment to the wife, who had been his companion and helper so many years, was very strong. For several years life seemed a blank to him.

After so many years of a lonely existence, he had been persuaded to seek again some companion to share his home and administer to him the care and consolation of a wife. It was among the special blessings of Mr. Bradish that such a companion was found in the person of Miss Mary Nelson, of Toronto. None know so well as his neighbors how much happiness has been secured to him by this late marital alliance, and that the memory of Josiah Bradish will be long cherished by the widow, who survives him, will be a comfort and satisfaction to surviving friends.

It may be mentioned that Mr. Bradish had lost his parents so early that he had but faint remembrance of them; and his two elder brothers, Chauncey and John, both died many years ago. There is but one brother left of the family, Alvah Bradish, the well-known artist in this State, and many years professor of the fine arts in the University at Ann Arbor.

John Hamilton.—John Hamilton died at his home in Fair Plains, Oct. 26, 1891. He was born June 17, 1815, in Rush, Monroe county, N. Y. At the age of eighteen, like a great many other young men, he went west to Ohio. At the age of twenty-two he married Adah Starkweather, who to him has been a ministering angel, sharing alike the toil and privations of pioneer life, ministering to his comfort during his last sickness, who with three sons survive him. Mr. Hamilton and his wife resided in Ohio a few years and then came to Michigan in 1844. In 1845 they came to Fair Plains, then a wilderness, to make them a home, where they have resided ever since. They united with the Methodist church and, after a few years, with the United Brethren church, and Mr. Hamilton died in full faith, believing he would meet his Savior. As a neighbor he was always considerate and obliging. The night was never so dark or storm so severe as to deter him or his noble wife from rendering aid in time of sickness or distress. We shall

miss his cheerful smile, hearty hand-grasp and warm words of welcome. But he sleeps well close beside the graves of five children and a sister, almost in sight of his home.

Christopher Hare.—Christopher Hare died at his home in Ferris township on Sunday, April 24, 1892, after an illness of about two weeks.

Christopher Hare was born in Lancaster county, Pa., Jan. 27, 1816, he was therefore a little over seventy-six years old. When a boy he removed with his parents to Elkhart county, Ind., but left there at seventeen and went to Ohio, where on May 3, 1840, he was married to Miss Elizabeth H. Neff who died in 1880. They were the parents of nine children. In 1853 Mr. Hare came with his family to Michigan and, about three years later, took their residence on a 160 acre tract of land in Ferris township (purchased of the State), which he improved and made one of the finest farms in the county and on which he continued to reside until the time of his death. He bravely met and battled with all of the hardships incident to pioneer life and was successful in accumulating not only a competency of this world's goods but the highest respect and esteem of his fellowmen. He was for many years a member of the Disciple church, and one of its elders. He was also a Free Mason, Odd Fellow and Granger. He was prominent in public affairs having been the first clerk in his township in which capacity he served nine years. He also held the offices of justice of the peace and town treasurer and was three times the nominee of his party for county treasurer. He was highly esteemed and respected by all who knew him and will be missed and mourned by an unusual large circle of friends and acquaintances.

Nathaniel Slaght.—Nathaniel Slaght died at his home in Greenville the morning of March 9, 1892. He had not been in good health for months. But it was only for a few days that fears were entertained that his end was approaching.

He was born in Waterford, Canada, April 18, 1824, and moved to Cannonsburg, in Kent county, with his parents when a boy. He moved to Greenville in April, 1850, when, in connection with Abel French, he built a flouring mill upon the upper dam in Flat river. After two years he turned his attention to lumbering, erecting a mill in Greenville, and one at Grand Haven. In later years he cut a large quantity of lumber at Slaght station north of Stanton. He was for many years recognized as one of the most prominent lumbermen in the State. At the time of his death he had large lumber interests at Vancouver,

British Columbia. For a number of years he also had large silver mining interests in Colorado from which he did not realize his anticipations. At his death he had large iron interests at Port Arthur, Canada, which are of great promise. During all his business life in Greenville he was closely identified with public interests. Older citizens can remember that no meeting called to secure public improvements was complete unless Mr. Slaght was prominent in its action. This was especially the case in the days when Greenville had no railroad, and it was equally true when efforts were made later to secure an additional road so that competition might reduce rates. He was always deeply interested in educational affairs, believing that no public money was put to a better use than in building up and sustaining good schools. For many years he was an active member of the board of education. He felt that not only the salvation of the human race from sin but also good order and security to life and property depended largely upon the establishing and sustaining of churches in our community. He felt interest and sympathy in all and it was his custom as he was able to respond liberally to calls for aid from each. He professed the Christian faith in 1865 and became a member of the Congregational church. He was always deeply interested in everything that promised to secure it spiritual or material prosperity. Rev. J. L. Patton,[1] its pastor for twenty-four years, always recognized him, not only as one of his warmest personal friends, but as deeply interested in Christian work. His benefactions were large and unstinted. Manning Rutan and he, in the earlier years, bore a large part of the expense of sustaining the Congregational church. The missionary societies, especially the foreign missionary society, should hold his name in most grateful remembrance. And who of the Congregational church of those years does not remember his active interest in the building and furnishing of the new Congregational house of worship? Here again he was a co-worker with Manning Rutan of blessed memory. And as we write we can again see him talking and planning and spending money, with deepest personal interest in the enterprise, all to secure a temple worthy His name in which to worship the Most High. For many years he was one of the trustees of the Congregational society, and his aim was to secure the transaction of its affairs according to the best business methods. His associates relied much upon his personal judgment. He was honored with civic positions in municipal affairs. He served as one of its trustees in the village organization. And when the city was incorporated in 1871, he was chosen one of its board of aldermen. In 1875 he was chosen mayor and was re-elected mayor in 1876. After this he

[1]See appendix.

retired to private life, yet always ever interested in all that pertained to the prosperity of Greenville. Mr. Slaght had been married twice and a wife and four children survive him.

MUSKEGON COUNTY

BY HENRY H. HOLT

PHOEBE CRYDERMAN.—Mrs. Phoebe Cryderman died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Benjamin Sipps, in Ravenna, Muskegon county, on the 8th of September, 1891, aged eighty-eight years.

She was born near Bellevue, Ont., where she resided until about twenty years of age, when she was married to John Cryderman and removed with him to Wisconsin. Here she remained a few years, and from thence came to Ravenna where she lived thirty-nine years. She was the mother of nine children to whom she was greatly endeared as she was also to her large circle of neighbors and acquaintances to whom she was generally known as "Grandma Cryderman." Her husband died in 1862.

GEORGE F. OUTHWAITE.—George F. Outhwaite died after a lingering illness on the 3d of February, 1893, at his residence in Muskegon. He came here in March, 1859, and engaged soon after his arrival, in sawing shingles for his brother and John Torrent, in a small mill of but one saw.

In the fall of 1861 Mr. Outhwaite went to Bryant & Stutton's commercial school at Chicago, where he remained until the spring of 1862, when he returned to Muskegon and entered into a partnership known as J. R. Outhwaite & Brother, and ran a general store until fall, when he sold his interest to his brother.

Since the dissolving of the firm of J. R. Outhwaite & Brother, the latter has been alone in business, which has consisted in handling shingles and lumber, and of late years principally in real estate.

In the spring of 1872 Mr. Outhwaite was elected recorder of the city, the second person to fill that office after the town became a city. Chauncey Davis was mayor at that time. At the next spring election H. H. Getty was elected mayor and Mr. Outhwaite served three months under him when he resigned.

In the fall of 1873 he was appointed county superintendent of the poor to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Thomas Culbert, Sr., and served in this capacity thirteen years.

He was always a firm believer in Muskegon's future and not many months before his death he said to a Chronicle representative: "I can't help but think that Muskegon must have a future. If it don't it will be the first city in my recollection that has reached the point of 25,000 inhabitants and not continued to grow. We have natural advantages that interior towns have not. We are accessible to one of the best markets on this continent—Chicago. Notwithstanding all this, the people of Muskegon have got something to do to make this one of the best cities. They must not sit down and expect things to come without effort. The city should make offers similar to the one they extended to the iron and steel works."

Mr. Outhwaite was well known as a citizen of energy and indomitable public spirit, one who was ready in and out of season to talk of Muskegon's interests and to work for the advancement of the city in which he always had large and abounding faith. He was a man of positive beliefs and convictions, did nothing by halves, and could be depended upon for faithful service in any cause he espoused. This was shown admirably in his work on Muskegon's harbor committee, of which he was a valued member, especially upon its mission to Washington in behalf of an enlarged harbor appropriation. He was a member of the Knights Templar, Muskegon Club and other organizations, usually actively identified with their interests and work. Mr. Outhwaite leaves a widow and one daughter, together with a host of friends who unite with them in deploring their loss. He will be greatly missed among those also who worked with him for Muskegon's interests, finding in him a competent adviser and faithful ally.

Dennis Smith.—Dennis Smith who for nearly forty years has been one of our well known active business men, died at his residence in Muskegon on the 18th of February, 1892.

Mr. Smith was born at Whitehall, N. Y., November 1, 1826. At the age of twelve years he went to Chicago with his parents, and in that city and vicinity his early life was spent. At the age of twenty he began a general mercantile business and grain buying at Lockport, Ill., which he carried on but a few years.

After his marriage in 1849 at Warrenville, Ill., to Miss Laura J. Fowler, Mr. Smith went to Waukegan, Ill., and entered into the dry goods business, which he carried on until 1854, when he moved to Michigan, locating at Croton, a town on the Muskegon river, near Newaygo. In connection with his father, brother and father-in-law, he built a sawmill, which was operated about two years and then sold.

The firm then removed to Muskegon and built a sawmill in 1856, which Mr. Smith and his firm operated a few years and sold. He soon after entered into the mercantile business which he continued in various forms and different persons—the last of whom being his son, Lawrence Smith—until 1890. Since the latter date he has not been in active business, taking the opportunity, as he did, to visit Europe. For many years he was interested in real estate and platted four additions to the city of Muskegon, and also built several blocks of business property. His death is regretted by a large circle of friends.

OAKLAND COUNTY

BY HON. O. POPPLETON TO MARCH 1, 1892—BY HIS SON, E. C. POPPLETON, TO THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR

Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen—Another year has gone into the past since your society met. During that time, one of your active members, an ex-president and vice-president for this, Oakland county, my dear father, has been called to his eternal home. Many others of your members and early pioneers also have passed over the river into the great beyond. The sad duty falls upon me to take up and continue to the end of the year, the work for your society, where my good father laid it down, March 1, 1892. He passed away peacefully on March 18, following. He frequently spoke to me during the year of the good time he held in pleasant anticipation at the next annual meeting. He mentioned many of you, strangers to me, however, he hoped to meet again at Lansing. He loved his pioneer work. He loved your society. He loved you all. May you all meet in eternal peace and happiness beyond the "shining river."

For the year closing June 1, 1892, there have been 169 deaths which I report. In addition to these listed there are upwards of thirty early and aged pioneers about whom I am unable to secure any data, and leave out their names in this report. Of the 169 deaths during the year just ended there were twenty-three between sixty and seventy; seventy between seventy and eighty; sixty-eight between eighty and ninety, and eight between ninety and one hundred. There has been one death each at the ages of sixty, sixty-one, sixty-three, sixty-four, ninety, ninety-two, ninety-eight; two each at sixty-two, seventy-three ninety-five; three each at sixty-eight, ninety-one; four each at sixty-five, sixty-six, eighty-eight; five at seventy-four; six each at sixty-nine,

seventy-two, seventy-five, eighty-two, eighty-three, eighty-six, eighty-seven; seven each at seventy, seventy-seven, eighty-five; eight at seventy-nine; nine each at seventy-one, seventy-eight, eighty-one; ten at eighty-four; eleven at seventy-six; fourteen at eighty. The greatest mortality has been at the ages of seventy-six and eighty; being eleven and fourteen respectively, which is at about the same ages as in previous years. The total age of those mentioned is 13,181 years, or an average of seventy-eight years. Of the different states and nationalites whence came these venerable pioneers, I find that one each were from Rhode Island, New Hampshire, and Germany; two were from Ireland; three from Pennsylvania; four from Michigan; five each from Vermont and Connecticut; six from Massachusetts; ten each from New Jersey and England; sixty from New York, and sixty-one unknown.

In reviewing reports made by your vice-president for this county for many previous years, it would seem that the number of early pioneers was about exhausted. The annual depletion in their ranks of something near two hundred certainly must leave but few remaining, and it is but a matter of a short time only when the name "pioneer" for the southern half of this portion of Michigan will cease to exist in reality.

OAKLAND COUNTY

Names	Place of birth	Date of birth	Place and date of first residence in Michigan	Place of death	Age		
					Years	Months	Days
Allyn, Charles	Groton, Ct.	Aug. 20, 1814	Independence, Oakland Co., 1856	Independence, Sept. 20, 1891	77	1	....
Axford, Daniel M.		1811	Avon, " "	Mt. Clemens, Sept. 25, 1891	80	....	....
Arnold, Thomas	N. Y.	1814	" " " 1860	Pontiac, Oct. 25, 1891	77	....	....
Arthur, Mrs. Robert		1813	White Lake, " "	Laingsburgh, Dec., 1891	78	6	....
Arnold, James T.		1817	Independence, " "	Clarkston, Dec. 31, 1891	74	....	....
Adams, Mrs. Sarah	Vt.	1817	Southfield, " " 1841	Detroit, Feb. 1, 1892	75	....	....
Bignell, Mrs. Jane S.		1799	Oakland Co.	Quincy, June 12, 1891	92	....	....
Brown, James		1805	Oxford, Oakland Co., ...	Oxford, July 22, 1891	86	....	....
Bigler, Mrs. Joseph	Oakland Twp., Oakland county, Mich.	Mar. 24, 1831	Oakland, " " 1831	" Aug. 5, 1891	60	4	11
Burnett, William N.	Coventry, N. Y.	April 5, 1812	W. Bloomfield, " " 1834	Highland, Nov. 9, 1891	79	7	4
Bowman, Mrs. Sophronia		Apr., 1820	Rose, " "	Rose, Nov. 9, 1891	71	7	....
Bell, Mrs. Alexander	Orange county, N. Y.	Apr., 1810	Southfield, " "	Southfield, Dec. 12, 1891	81	8	....
Burdick, Mrs. E., wife of Dr.	N. Y.	1822	Oxford, " "	Pontiac, Dec., 1891	69	....	....
Belles, Samuel W.	Warren county, N. J.	Mar. 17, 1829	Oakland, " " 1848	Oakland, Jan. 3, 1892	62	9	16
Booth, Mrs. Elizabeth D.		1821	Highland, " "	Highland, Dec. 25, 1891	70	6	....
Butler, Mrs. Beady		1807	Lyon, " "	Pontiac, Jan. 24, 1892	84	....	....
Burch, Charles	Yates county, N. Y.	Mar. 17, 1820	" " " 1842	So. Lyon, Feb. 9, 1892	71	10	22
Bostwick, David	Ct.	June 4, 1804	Troy, " " 1824	Troy, Feb. 10, 1892	87	8	6
Benjamin, James D.	DeRuyter, Madison county, N. Y.	Aug. 2, 1814	Bloomfield, " " 1844	Clarkston, Feb. 26, 1892	77	6	24
Bean, Mrs. Levina R.	Burlington, Vt.	July 5, 1809	Royal Oak, " "	Royal Oak, Jan. 21, 1892	82	6	16
Blackwood, Mrs. Susan		Feb. 18, 1821	Lyon, " "	Lyon, Mar. 2, 1892	71	....	13

Brewster, Mrs. Peter	Knowlton, Warren county, N. J.	April 20, 1812	Oakland, " "	1832	Pontiac, Mar., 1892	80	....	....
Benjamin, Isaac P.	N. Y.	July 21, 1815	Brandon, " "	1844	Brandon, Apr. 5, 1892	76	8	15
Burgess, Mr. ——		1803	Pontiac, " "	....	Pontiac, Apr. 16, 1892	88	....	....
Beach, Eben C.	St. Clair, Mich.	Feb. 16, 1822	St. Clair, " "	1822	Detroit, May 6, 1892	70	2	20
Craft, Mrs. Betsey		1816	Brandon, " "	....	Pontiac, May 25, 1891	75	....	....
Chase, Mrs. Lucinthe		1807	Rose, " "	1837	Rose, May 29, 1891	84	5	....
Crandall, John		1810	So. Lyon, " "	1835	So. Lyon, Sept. 5, 1891	81	....	....
Cogger, Richard		1821	Lyon, " "	....	Lyon, Nov. 14, 1891	70	....	....
Cook, Marcus		1797	.... " "	....	Vassar, Jan. 4, 1892	95	....	....
Crickmore, Mrs. Robert	Bath, Eng.	Feb. 16, 1816	.... " "	1830	Pontiac, Jan. 27, 1892	75	11	11
Cole, Volney		1810	Brandon, " "	....	Brandon, Jan. 25, 1892	81	6	....
Corey, Mrs. Hannah	Columbia county, N. Y.	Mar. 15, 1801	Milford		Milford, Dec. 31, 1891	82	9	16
Cobleigh, Betsey	Ticonderoga county, N. Y.	Feb. 23, 1812	Holly, Oakland Co.,	1854	Milford, Feb. 3, 1892	79	....	....
Coomer, Mrs. B. G.	N. Y.	1823	Bloomfield, " "	1829	Southfield, Feb. 14, 1892	69	....	....
Coon, Mrs. Isaac D.	Hunterdon county, N. J.	July 30, 1810	Oakland, " "	1836	Independence, Feb. 18, 1892	81	7	18
Carpenter, Thomas J.	Monroe county, N. Y.	1807	Orion, " "	1831	Midland, Feb. 25, 1892	85	....	....
Comstock, Mrs. E. B.	Bern, Albany county, N. Y.	Dec. 8, 1806	Pontiac, " "	1834	Pontiac, Mar. 7, 1892	85	2	29
Calkins, Mrs., wife of Rev. S.	Conway, Mass.	April 14, 1826	.... " "	....	So. Lyon, April 7, 1892	66	....	....
Carter, Mrs. Nancy	Tioga county, N. Y.	Feb. 14, 1814	Pontiac, " "	1820	Birmingham, April 28, 1892	78	2	14
Diehl, Mrs. Adam		1829	Milford, " "	1834	Milford, June 6, 1891	62	....	....
DeWitt, Mrs. Elizabeth		1809	Avon, " "	....	Rochester, July 12, 1891	83	....	....
Davidson, George	Yorkshire, Eng.	Mar. 4, 1804	Detroit, then in " "	1833	Oxford, Aug. 10, 1891	87	5	6
Drake, Mrs. Leonard	Hancock, Vt.	April 28, 1800	Southfield, " "	1836	Pontiac, Oct. 27, 1891	91	6	....
Donaldson, Rev. Ira W.	Colerain, Mass.	Oct. 11, 1821	Pontiac, " "	1826	" Jan. 8, 1892	70	2	27
Dresser, John H.	Cayuga county, N. Y.	June 30, 1825	Independence, " "	1847	Clarkston, Jan. 11, 1892	66	6	11
Downey, Moses	Long Island, N. Y.	1823	Holly, " "	1841	Holly, Feb. 21, 1892	69	6	....
Dewey, Mrs. Sarah	Monroe county, N. Y.	Sept. 30, 1804	Macomb Co.,	1836	Pontiac, May 22, 1892	87	7	22

OAKLAND COUNTY—Continued

Names	Place of birth	Date of birth	Place and date of first residence in Michigan	Place of death	Age		
					Years	Months	Days
Edgar, William		1819	Independence, Oakland Co., ...	Independence, June 15, 1891	72	6	....
Ellenwood, Mrs. John	Chemung county, N. Y.	May 8, 1817	W. Bloomfield, " " 1829	W. Bloomfield, Feb. 13, 1892	74	9	5
Fay, Charles H.	Norwich, Ct.	1817	Bloomfield, " " 1844	Pontiac, Sept. 18, 1891	74	....	....
Fullam, Mrs. Lemuel	N. Y.	1814	Highland, " " 1844	Highland, Sept. 18, 1891	77	....	....
Ferguson, Mrs. Clara G.	Boston, Mass.	Feb. 5, 1793	....	Birmingham, Nov. 12, 1891	98	9	7
Featherstone, John	Fishtoff, Lincolnshire, Eng.	Aug. 6, 1815	Bloomfield, Oakland Co., 1848	Troy, Nov. 21, 1891	76	3	15
Fleming, Mrs. Martha	N. J.	1808	Independence, " " 1860	Independence, Jan. 6, 1892	83	6	....
Frink, Mrs. Harry		1815	Oxford, " " 1836	Oxford, Feb. 22, 1892	76	....	....
Farr, Nathan	Jefferson county, N. Y.	Sept. 18, 1820	Groveland, " " 1864	Groveland, Feb. 14, 1892	71	4	26
Foster, Mrs. John P.	Ballston Spa., Saratoga county, N. Y.	July 10, 1831	Detroit	Pontiac, Mar., 1892	61	....	....
Freeman, Mark	Rockland, N. Y.	Feb. 2, 1821	Commerce, Oakland Co., 1842	Wixom, April 22, 1892	71	2	20
Gladdin, Mrs. Mary		1806	Oxford, " "	Oxford, June 6, 1891	85	....	....
Grow, Mrs. W. P.	Bedfordshire, Eng.	Mar. 23, 1825	Waterford	Waterford, Sept. 7, 1891	66	5	14
Gardner, Mrs. Hannah C.		May 18, 1804	Novi, Oakland Co., 1861	Novi, Sept. 15, 1891	87	3	17
Greenshield, Mrs., wife of Dr.		1807	Orion, " "	Orion, Jan. 28, 1892	84	....	....
Green, William T.		1820	" " "	" " 25, 1892	72	....	....
Gates, Miss Eliza A.	Herkimer county, N. Y.	July 15, 1811	.... " " 1836	Independence, Feb. 24, 1892	80	7	9
Groover, Mrs. Samuel D.	Sussex county, N. J.	1824	Oxford, " " 1864	Springfield, Feb. 13, 1892	68	....	....
Gready, Mrs. George		1820	Lyon, " "	Lyon, Mar. 20, 1892	71	....	....
Green, Mrs. Catherine		Sept., 1812	Avon, " "	Rochester, April 28, 1892	79	7	....
Hixon, Mrs. Sarah K.	Belvidere, N. J.	Aug. 23, 1819	" " " 1838	Pontiac, May 27, 1891	71	9	8
Haddrill, Mrs. Job	York, Eng.	Jan. 21, 1821	Orion, " " 1827	Orion, June 23, 1891	70	5	2

Hill, Orrin		1815	Waterford, " "	Waterford, Aug. 10, 1891	76	....	....
Holloway, Joseph		1821	Highland, " "	Highland, Aug. 16, 1891	69	....	....
Henry, Catharine	Mansfield, Warren county, N. J	June 1, 1810	Orion, " "	Orion, Oct. 3, 1891	81	4	2
Haddrill, Mrs. Isaac		1805	" " "	" " 1891	86	....	....
Harris, James		1810	" " "	" " 17, 1891	81	....	....
Hill, Elisha	Schoharie county, N. Y	Sept. 2, 1811	Troy, " " 1847	Troy, Nov. 6, 1891	80	2	4
Holly, John P	Warrensburg, N. Y	Sept. 16, 1818	Pontiac, " " 1853	Pontiac, Dec. 18, 1891	73	3	2
Hicks, George		1807	" " "	" Jan. 6, 1892	85	....	....
Hill, Rev. S. N	Swansville, Susquehanna county, Pa	Mar. 15, 1815	Avon, " " 1851	Vassar, Jan. 27, 1892	76	10	12
Hooper, Peter		1814	So. Lyon, " "	So. Lyon, Jan. 12, 1892	77	....	....
Hall, Mrs. Lettice Partridge	Knox, Albany county, N. Y	1801	Royal Oak, " " 1836	Royal Oak, Jan. 17, 1892	90	....	....
Haskins, Mrs. Susan		1811	W. Bloomfield, " "	W. Bloomfield, Jan. 26, 1892	79	6	....
Hoy, Thomas	County Seigo, Ireland	1814	Groveland, " "	Groveland, Feb. 8, 1892	77	....	....
Henry, William	Hardrick, Warren county, N. J	Jan. 10, 1828	Pontiac, " "	White Lake, Mar. 12, 1892	64	2	2
Hiller, Lyman C	Parma, Monroe county, N. Y	Feb. 26, 1814	White Lake, " "	" " " 28, 1892	78	1	2
Judd, Henry A	Paris, Oneida county, N. Y	Dec. 25, 1814	Troy, " " 1836	Troy, June 7, 1891	76	5	12
Jennings, Joseph		1816	" " "	" July 10, 1891	65	....	....
Jones, Samuel	Manchester, Ontario county, N. Y	Nov. 20, 1818	Novi, " " 1831	Farmington, Sept. 12, 1891	72	9	12
Jackson, Mrs., wife of Rev. William P	Hobart, Delaware county, N. Y	Nov. 17, 1811	Pontiac, " " 1849	Pontiac, Jan. 11, 1892	80	1	24
Jenks, Nathan C	N. Y	Nov. 9, 1821	Bloomfield, " " 1829	Birmingham, Mar 1, 1892	70	3	22
Keyser, Jacob H	Schoharie county, N. Y	May 30, 1815	Southfield, " "	Southfield, Dec. 17, 1891	76	6	17
King, Mrs. William	So. Brent, Somersetshire, Eng	Mar. 1, 1811	Independence, " " 1844	Independence, Jan. 20, 1892	80	10	28
London, John H	N. Y	1810	Groveland, " " 1836	Groveland, June 8, 1891	81	....	....
Lawson, Mrs. John	Lincolnshire, Eng	June 11, 1811	Southfield, " " 1838	Royal Oak, June 10, 1891	80	....	....
Loomis, Nicholas S		1806	Farmington, " "	Farmington, Aug. 25, 1891	85	....	....
Leek, Victor		1807	Milford, " "	Milford, Dec. 27, 1891	84	....	....
Law, Chester A	LeRoy, N. Y	Aug. 14, 1826	Novi, " "	Highland, Jan. 29, 1892	65	5	15

OAKLAND COUNTY—Continued

Names	Place of birth	Date of birth	Place and date of first residence in Michigan	Place of death	Age		
					Years	Months	Days
Lane, Mrs. Leonard	Cayuga county, N. Y.	Mar. 25, 1809	Pontiac, Oakland Co., 1837	Waterford, Mar. 9, 1892	83	....	....
Marcia, Mrs.	N. Y.	1812	Oxford, " "	Oxford, June 16, 1891	79	....	....
Mead, Joseph	Livingston county, N. Y.	June 14, 1809	Birmingham, " " 1857	Birmingham, June 25, 1891	82	....	11
McCain, Abram	....	1811	Milford, " "	Milford, July 14, 1891	80	....	....
Miller, Mrs. George	Seneca connty, N. Y.	April 16, 1803	Independence, " " 1836	Independence, July 23, 1891	88	3	7
Moore, Mrs. Celia A.	Fosterville, Cayuga county, N. Y.	Nov. 13, 1820	Holly, " "	Southfield, Aug. 31, 1891	69	9	18
Marsh, Lyman	Heath, Mass.	1808	Pontiac, " " 1855	Pontiac, Oct. 15, 1891	82	6	....
Matthews, Mrs. Elmira	....	1803	" " "	" " 6, 1891	88	....	....
Miller, A. L.	Marshall, Oneida county, N. Y.	Jan. 7, 1822	Troy, " "	Birmingham, Oct. 26, 1891	69	9	19
Miller, Samuel	....	1806	Pontiac, " "	Pontiac, Jan. 3, 1892	85	....	....
Murphy, John	....	1811	Milford, " "	Milford, Feb. 6, 1892	80	....	....
Martz, John B.	Chillisquaque Northumberland county, Pa.	1809	Farmington " " 1832	Rochester, Feb. 6, 1892	83	....	....
Merrill, Roswell T.	Rutland, Vt.	May 17, 1804	Pontiac, " " 1825	Birmingham, April 12, 1892	87	10	25
Newsome, James	....	1811	Milford, " " 1836	Milford, May 24, 1891	80	....	....
Noe, Mrs. Matilda	....	Mar. 18, 1814	Commerce, " "	Commerce, July 21, 1891	77	4	3
Newman, John W.	....	1812	Orion, " " 1840	Holly, Jan., 1892	80	....	....
Newell, Mrs. Harvey	....	1818	Waterford, " "	Waterford, Feb. 24, 1892	73	6	....
Noble, Mrs. wife of Dr. A. G.	Foster township, R. I.	Dec. 26, 1811	Addison, " " 1841	" April 13, 1892	80	3	17
Olin, Mrs., Henry	Canaan, Litchfield county, Ct.	Aug. 31, 1807	Bloomfield, " " 1852	Birmingham, Nov. 10, 1891	84	2	9
Parker, Jarvis	....	June 9, 1808	Oakland, " " 1851	Oakland, July 1, 1891	83	....	22
Petty, Mrs. Ellen	Roe, Mass.	Dec. 22, 1834	Pontiac, " "	Pontiac, Oct. 22, 1891	66	10	....
Post, Edmund R.	Fremont, Vt.	Feb. 3, 1808	Royal Oak, " "	Birmingham, Nov. 5, 1891	83	9	2

Patch, Mrs. Truman	N. Y.	Jan. 11, 1823	Troy,	" "	Troy, Nov. 11, 1891	68	11	....
Potter, Mrs. Jeremiah		1809		" "	Pontiac, Jan. 23, 1892	82	....	....
Peters, Jacob	Ulster county, N. Y.	Jan. 24, 1808		" " 1836	Milford, Jan. 26, 1892	84	....	2
Peters, Mrs. Jacob	Ulster county, N. Y.	1808		" " 1836	" " 31, 1892	84	....	....
Page, Mrs. Benjamin	E. Bloomfield, Ontario county, N. Y.	April 22, 1816	Troy,	" " 1824	Pontiac, Feb. 14, 1892	75	9	28
Place, Mrs. Isaac		1814	Novi,	" "	Novi, Feb. 24, 1892	78	6	....
Power, Mrs. Amy	Wayne county, N. Y.	1800	Farmington,	" "	" " 29, 1892	91	6	....
Poppleton, Orrin	Richmond, Ontario county, N. Y.	April 22, 1817	Troy,	" " 1825	Birmingham, Mar. 18, 1892	74	10	26
Plum, Carlos B	Perrinton, Monroe county, N. Y.	1820	Waterford,	" " 1864	Independence, May 7, 1892	72	6	....
Riley, William		1812	Commerce,	" "	Commerce, May 28, 1891	79	6	....
Roberts, Elisha	Saratoga, N. Y.	April 10, 1796	Farmington,	" " 1831	Farmington, Oct. 13, 1891	95	6	3
Rikerd, David W	Herkimer county, N. Y.	July 26, 1813	Troy,	" " 1830	Lansing, Nov. 18, 1891	78	4	18
Richardson, Danforth C	Alba, Genesee county, N. Y.	1820	W. Bloomfield,	" " 1836	W. Bloomfield, Feb. 6, 1892	71	....	....
Reed, William	Germany	1821	Milford,	" "	Milford, Feb. 23, 1892	70	....	....
Snover, Daniel C		1817	Oxford,	" "	Oxford, May 27, 1891	74	....	....
Scott, E. H	N. J.	1820	"	" " 1841	" June 10, 1891	71	....	....
Smith, Lorinda S		July 15, 1811	Novi,	" " 1832	Keene, Ionia Co., June 15, 1891	79	11	....
Scott, Michael		1806	Springfield,	" "	Springfield, Aug. 15, 1891	85	6	....
Shear, Peter		Mar. 23, 1815	So. Lyon,	" "	So. Lyon, Oct. 5, 1891	76	6	12
Smith, Henley	Middlebury, N. Y.	Nov. 16, 1810	Pontiac,	" " 1839	Pontiac, Dec. 4, 1891	81	....	18
Stanlake, Thomas		1816	Orion,	" "	Orion, Dec. 12, 1891	75	....	....
Sullivan, Peter	Montgomery, Orange county, N. Y.	May 3, 1816	Southfield,	" " 1830	Troy, Dec. 28, 1891	75	7	25
Scott, Horatio	Boston, Mass.	1806	Bloomfield,	" " 1839	Oxford, Jan. 13, 1892	86	....	....
Scott, Mrs. Horatio	Ct.	Jan. 22, 1812	"	" " 1839	" " 14, 1892	80	....	....
Smith, Mrs. Lucinda		1804	Farmington,	" "	Farmington, Jan. 18, 1892	87	....	....
Stockwell, Milo M	Ira, Cayuga county, N. Y.	May 4, 1813	Pontiac,	" " 1836	Pontiac, Jan. 23, 1892	78	8	20
Shoemaker, Peter	Oxford, Warren county, N. J.	Dec. 30, 1815	Addison,	" " 1836	Addison, Jan. 30, 1892	76	1	....
Strong, Mrs. Sally	N. Y.	1807	Pontiac,	" "	Pontiac, Feb., 1892	84	....	....

OAKLAND COUNTY—Continued

Names	Place of birth	Date of birth	Place and date of first residence in Michigan	Place of death	Age		
					Years	Months	Days
Smith, Alva A	Warren county, N. Y	Feb. 8, 1814	W. Bloomfield, Oakland Co., 1825	Lacota, Mich., Feb. 9, 1892	78	....	....
Shulters, Mrs. Elijah	N. Y	1824	Milford, " "	Milford, Feb., 1892	68	6	....
Skinner, Harvey	Ontario county, N. Y	1811	Novi, " " 1834	Novi, May 7, 1892	81	6	....
Shepard, Mrs. Phineas		1806	.... " " 1836	Genesee Co., May 17, 1892	86	....	....
Thompson, Mrs. Helen	Avon, Oakland county, Mich	1828	Avon, " " 1828	Saginaw, 1891	63	....	....
Teller, Mrs. Jarvis	N. H	1809	Waterford, " " 1830	Waterford, Jan. 1892	82	6	....
Tower, George R	Utica, N. Y	Mar. 1, 1827	Orion, " " 1849	Mahopac, N. Y., Mar. 1, 1892	65	....	....
Travis, Andrew B	Duchess county, N. Y	1814	Oxford, " " 1836	Oxford, April 14, 1892	78	....	....
Taylor, Mrs. Harriet		1808	Avon, " "	Rochester, May 14, 1892	84	....	....
Van Gordon, Jonathan		1812	Commerce, " "	Commerce, July 19, 1891	80	....	....
Windiate, Charles	Hampshire, Eng	Aug. 4, 1818	Pontiac, " " 1836	Pontiac, June 5, 1891	72	10	1
Wieand, Jacob	Reading, Pa	June 9, 1815	Novi, " " 1846	Novi, July 19, 1891	76	1	10
Wisner, Mrs. C. H. F	Bally, Shannon county, Donegal, Ireland	July 18, 1812	Pontiac, " " 1835	Detroit, Aug. 8, 1891	79	....	20
Wilson, Stephen H	Springwells, Wayne county, Mich	1818	Springwells, Wayne " 1818	Avon, Aug. 9, 1891	72	6	....
Walls, Mrs. James		1813	Springfield, Oakland "	Davisburg, Aug., 1891	78	....	....
Webster, J. B		1826	Farmington, " "	Pontiac, Oct. 16, 1891	65	....	....
Wells, Leonard B	Fulton county, N. Y	Feb. 1803	" " "	" " 20, 1891	88	9	....
Walter, Levi	Chadder, Somersetshire, Eng	1800	Independence, " " 1831	Ortonville, Nov., 1891	91	....	....
Whitfield, Mrs. Wm	Bazen Stoke, Hampshire, Eng	Aug. 26, 1805	Waterford, " " 1836	Waterford, Dec. 14, 1891	86	3	8
Wight, Mrs. Almira D		1816	Novi, " " 1832	Novi, Jan. 16, 1892	76	....	....
Warner, Harvey		1806	Pontiac, " "	Pontiac, Jan. 27, 1892	86	....	....
Williams, Mrs. Phoebe	W. Bloomfield, Ontario county, N. Y	Mar. 16, 1808	Waterford, " "	Waterford, April 29, 1892	84	2	13

William Willits.—After a year or more of suspense and great suffering mentally and physically, William Willits died at the Detroit Sanitarium early Friday morning, July 17, 1891. Endowed with a strong physical constitution, supplemented with unusual energy and nerve force, he went down the decline with feet braced against the inevitable.

For some months medical science and skill had pronounced his case hopeless. Thus doomed he clung tenaciously to life, determined not to let go. A few days before he went to Detroit to be operated upon, he rode around, driving his own horse, looking after his business. Like a drowning man he caught at every straw, hastening his own disease in the faint hope that surgical skill might remove the vicious malady from his wasting system. The sequel proved that his hold on life was by a frail thread which was finally broken, and he found relief and rest from suffering in mind and body.

Perhaps there was no man in the county better known, or one who had more personal friends. Many years in the hotel business enlarged his acquaintance, especially among the farmers who were largely his patrons. Many traveling men will mourn the demise of one who, as a host and friend, was highly esteemed.

For the past few years he had borne a heavy load of business cares, incident to changes in property and large stock interests in horses. Locally his most important business venture was in the construction of the Willits block, which is an ornament to the city, and in name will, in all probability, remain a monument to his energy and enterprise.

Before going to Detroit he carefully reviewed his business affairs, in oral and written instructions as to the disposition and management of his estate. For the purpose of having his plans carried out he appointed, by will, Joseph Nusbaumer the executor and general manager of his estate, with oral instructions to call to his aid certain trusted and tried friends.

During his last illness his wife and daughter, Mrs. Ten Eyck, were his constant companions, doing all they could by sympathy and kind acts to cheer him in his last final struggle.

Capt. Willits was the son of Elijah Willits, a native of Philadelphia, who settled on 160 acres of land, covering what is now a portion of the village of Birmingham, in 1819. On this farm the deceased was born September 19, 1836. He was married to his present widow August 9, 1859.

In August, 1862, he enlisted as a private in Company D, 22d Michigan infantry, Col. Moses Wisner commanding, and went with the regiment to Kentucky, and experienced the vicissitudes of that regiment

till the tornado of Chickamauga struck it with the besom of destruction, sending the flower of the regiment to soldiers' graves and rebel prisons. He had, in the meantime, been promoted through the grades of sergeant and second lieutenant to first lieutenant, and his recommendation had been sent forward for promotion to captaincy, and the order issued when the war closed. He, with many others of the heroes of Chickamauga, made the rounds of the southern prisons, first to Macon, thence to Danville and Charleston, at the latter place being confined in the jail yard, with his bed alongside the place of execution, and within sight and reach of the shells from the union batteries. From Charleston he was taken to the death pen, Libby prison. Here he was held for eleven months, a victim of rebel barbarity, witnessing the sufferings and death of hundreds of the bravest of the brave, who were unable to withstand the scant and unwholesome fare meted out to them by the confederacy. Having a powerful constitution, he withstood it all and came out unharmed and unscarred. Finally an order came for exchange, and he, with others, among them the late Capt. Gordon, of Redford, a brave and true man, were conveyed south in a freight train. While en route the guard got careless, and in the night Capt. Willits and Gordon removed the caps from the guns of the guards, and each securing a chunk of bacon, watched their opportunity and jumped from the train into the darkness. After several days' wandering in the woods, they were overhauled and recaptured by a squad of Wheeler's cavalry, which was hanging upon the flanks and obstructing the advance of Sherman on his grand march through the Carolinas. After being dragged along for several days between files of horsemen, and not permitted to ride, on one dark, rainy night they were placed in a fence corner for the night, under guard. The guard and camp fire were a few paces in front of them; back of them was the fence, then an open field some rods in width; then a dense, tangled swampy ravine and woods. Capt. Willits was on guard as well as the rebel, and the boys had got thoroughly sick of the company of Wheeler's cavalry. He noticed the guard lay down his gun and prepare to take a drink, his back to them. He pinched Capt. Gordon, the understanding was mutual, and it took but an instant to clear the fence; and by the time the guard had recovered his arms, the two were fleeing across the field with the speed of pursued deer, and without regard to results, plunged into the thicket bordering the ravine, and brought up thirty feet below, down an embankment, in the mud, and hardly knew whether they were dead or alive. This time they were more successful, and by the aid of the negroes, and by skulking through the woods and swamps, at all

times in the immediate vicinity of the rebels, they at last sighted a squad of union cavalry, and made a double quick within our lines. The point of reaching the union lines was near the battle ground of Smith's Creek, N. C. Capt. Willits reported at Washington and obtained a furlough, came home, where he remained a few weeks, and then he rejoined his regiment, which was stationed at Chattanooga, and was soon after mustered out of the service with his regiment at the close of the war.

For a few years he was in the mercantile business, which did not prove satisfactory to him, and he sold out, and with Ezra R. King bought the Northern Hotel of A. G. Dewey, Esq., in 1867. About a year after he bought out King and ran the hotel successfully, notwithstanding heavy disasters by fire, till in 1870, when he sold to A. H. Emery. After various shiftings—for he always was a busy man—Capt. Willits again took possession of the Northern in 1874-5, since which time his career as a successful business and hotel manager is well known to the public of Oakland county.

Mr. Willits leaves a wife, one daughter and two sons, Mrs. Harry Ten Eyck and Frank and George Willits, all of whom mourn the loss of a devoted husband and kind parent.

OTTAWA COUNTY

BY REV. A. S. KEDZIE

William A. Brooks.—Mr. William A. Brooks died after a lingering illness, May 20, 1891, at his family residence in Hanley, aged sixty-nine. He was born in New York state, came to this part of Michigan at the age of eleven years, and has since lived in this near vicinity. In his youth he married a lady by the name of Mary Jane Hammond, who survives him (though now in very poor health). This couple were blessed with twelve children, ten of whom are now living, all married except two sons who are with the widowed mother. Mr. Brooks was in the war of the Rebellion. He went at the call of his country, taking his second son, Frank, with him whose remains were left on southern soil.

Henry Griffin.—On Thursday morning, July 16, 1891, Mr. Griffin passed away through the gate of death. The departure of a man, who for eighty-three years has been a pilgrim on the earth, for fifty-three

years a resident in our county and for forty-seven years a citizen of Grand Haven, warrants us in stopping and taking note of the event. While his death chiefly concerns his two daughters whose home is now bereft of his provident care and by the ministry of whose love the long illness of his closing days was patiently borne, yet his departure has its readily felt admonition to all his fellow citizens.

Henry Griffin was born in Smithville, Ontario, December 30, 1807. He spent his boyhood and obtained his education in Canada, where also in 1830 he married the daughter of Rev. D. W. Eastman, a prominent Presbyterian minister. He spent his early manhood in merchandizing till 1838 when he removed his family to this county, coming around through the lakes. In 1844 having been elected sheriff of the county he removed to Grand Haven, his home till death. Here he for many years was justice of the peace and was also elected clerk of the county and court. As such it fell to his lot to be instrumental in initiating into citizenship hundreds of the Hollanders who migrated to this county with Rev. Dr. VanRaalte. In 1868 he was alderman of the second ward and in 1871 was elected mayor of the city. While not engaged in official duties he was a druggist and commission merchant, till his age justified his retirement from the active duties of life. Intelligent and therefore earnest in his political convictions, he was always faithful and true to the party of his choice, the democratic. In his early manhood at the age of twenty-three he made a profession of his faith in Christ by joining the Presbyterian church in Grimsby, Ontario, of which in 1833 he was ruling elder, to which office in the Presbyterian church in Grand Haven he was elected in 1847 making a term of thirty-eight years. He was in 1879 elected president of the Ottawa Bible Society, and was annually elected to that office from that date to the time of his death. In the spread of the word of God, in the spiritual welfare of his church and in the moral interests of his town he ever maintained an intelligent and deep concern. Coinciding with his death, on the same day of the week and same month, viz., July 30, 1868, after an illness of six hours, contrasting with his of six months, his wife, Mrs. Rachel E. Griffin, died. As a ruling elder he was elected by his Presbytery as a delegate to the general assembly at its meetings in Wilmington, Del., New York city, Pittsburg, Pa., and Springfield, Ill. The common council of Grand Haven met July 17, 1891. President Boyce stated the object of the meeting whereupon Alderman Bryce offered the following and moved its adoption:

"Henry Griffin, an old citizen, neighbor and friend, has been removed by death. Mr. Griffin was a part of and prominent in the early history of

Grand Haven. He was identified with its early settlement. At his death he was one of the few remaining landmarks of those rugged times. He was early elected sheriff of the county of Ottawa, and afterwards mayor of Grand Haven. He has filled many offices of honor and trust and filled them acceptably and well. At the end of his long life now closed forever, it may be said of him, 'well done thou good and faithful servant.' It is therefore by the common council of the city of Grand Haven,

Resolved, That we attend the funeral of our late fellow citizen, Henry Griffin, in a body as a mark of respect.

Resolved, That the council chamber be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread at large on the records of the city, and that certified copies thereof be presented by the recorder to the children of deceased.

Resolutions adopted by a full vote of all the aldermen present.

The record of the life of a good man and worthy citizen is thus briefly summarized, though it might be made to fill a volume. The men, who, like him, as prominent actors in the affairs of our town and county, gave tone and shape to the first half century of their history—these men, whether living or dead, will even be enshrined in the grateful recollections of their fellow citizens, for 'the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.'"

Ex-Mayor George E. Hubbard.—Again another of our early, well-known and honored citizens has passed from these earthly scenes. Sunday morning, July 26, 1891, came a telegram from Phœnix, Arizona, reporting that George E. Hubbard died there July 25, 1891. Only a few weeks since he bade us and other friends good-bye as he started for the far west. Though in feeble health, no fears were entertained here, perhaps not by himself, of his failure again to join his friends here in the social and business scenes of life. Little, therefore, were his family or friends prepared for the shock and sadness brought by the news of his death. Some premonition of it might have mitigated the intensity of the shock, but could not have abated the sorrow and sadness which his death has brought, not alone to his family but to the entire community. It seems almost a waste of words to speak of one so long and well known, so generally and highly honored. So he was held not alone by his associates in the business and social walks of life, but by many, less fortunate, but not beyond the reach of his beneficent hand, whom both sorrow and gratitude will make sincere mourners at his burial.

He was born in Hamilton county, N. Y., May 3, 1833. At Cleveland, Ohio, in March, 1856, he married Miss Christiana Landreth, and in the fall of 1856 he came to Grand Haven, his home till his death. Here in the hardware business he became one of Grand Haven's leading business men. For some years he represented the first ward in the common council and three times, in 1872, 1878 and 1880, was elected to the mayoralty. Mr. Hubbard was largely affiliated with Masonic fraternities and preserved an honorable standing with them till the end of his life. Few in this part of Michigan have excelled him in the degrees through which he passed or in the Masonic virtues which he exhibited and by which his life was adorned. He has left his wife, son and two daughters, his mother and two sisters to bear this great sorrow, in which they have the tender sympathy of many friends.

Jacob Labots.—Jacob Labots died in Holland, Monday, April 6, 1891, after an illness of two weeks, aged seventy-four years. The deceased was one of the early settlers of the Holland colony, coming here from Rotterdam, Netherlands, in 1847. His first employment was with Mr. H. D. Post, when the latter was engaged in the mercantile business; afterwards, and for a series of years, with the late A. Plugger, and recently with Mr. J. W. Bosman. He was prominently identified with church work and has been connected as elder with several congregations of the city, holding this position at the time of his death in the Ninth street Holland Colony Reformed church. His funeral took place Thursday afternoon from the last named church, the pastor, Rev. E. Bos, and Rev. J. H. Karsten, of Alto, Wis., officiating. The deceased leaves a widow, but no children.

John H. Newcomb.—The men that were prominent in the early days of Ottawa county have nearly all disappeared from the active walks of life, and the few that are still among us are being gradually summoned to the world beyond.

John H. Newcomb, the father of the village of Spring Lake and for fifty years a prominent figure in Ottawa county, answered that summons March 23, 1892.

Mr. Newcomb was born in Westford, Otsego county, N. Y., May 29, 1811, attended the common schools of Onondaga county and spent most of his early days on a farm. In the fall of 1831 he removed to Rochester, N. Y., and engaged in the manufacture and sale of lumber, and three years later went to Grand Island, Erie county, where he manufactured ship planks for the eastern markets and displayed a degree of mechanical ingenuity that attracted attention to him as a mill-

wright and machinist. He came to Michigan in 1837 to assist in the erection of a sawmill in Muskegon, which, when completed, was placed under his supervision until May, 1840, when owing to severe injury to his arm, he was obliged to suspend business operations. He spent a year in the states of Wisconsin and Illinois, mainly in the city of Chicago, and came to Mill Point, now Spring Lake, June 1, 1841.

Here he built the first house, and erected a sawmill for Barber & Mason, which he operated for them until the fall of 1842, when he removed to Chicago and as agent for that firm had charge of their lumber sales until the firm dissolved in 1848. March 16, 1848, Mr. Newcomb was married to Frances Sinclair, of Chicago, who after a happy union of nearly half a century, survives him with their only daughter, Miss Lydia, who has for some time been prominent in the lecture field of physical culture and temperance and came home some two weeks before to be with her father in his closing hours.

March 31, 1848, Mr. Newcomb returned to Spring Lake, improved and enlarged the sawmill and operated it until 1853, when it was destroyed by fire. He rebuilt it the same year and continued to manufacture lumber for five years more.

In January, 1859, he opened a general store, and until 1868 was the leading merchant of the village of Spring Lake. For some years thereafter he devoted part of his time to real estate and insurance, and although he has of late led a quiet, peaceful life to which his years and attachment to home and family naturally inclined, he never lost interest in his neighbors and their welfare, and to the last performed such duties, official and otherwise, as still devolved upon him, with that same painstaking care and exactness that characterized every act of his life, and made him always prompt in business affairs and official duties and a safe and reliable counselor.

Mr. Newcomb, although never seeking office, held many responsible official positions. He was collector of internal revenue from the time when the tax was first levied until the death of President Lincoln. For some time he served as justice of the peace. For many years he was a member of the school board and as its director gave much valuable advice and time in superintending the erection of Spring Lake's commodious school building. He never joined a church, but he and his estimable wife were among the most regular attendants at services in the Presbyterian church of which he was a trustee from the time it was organized, June 5, 1861, serving most of the time as treasurer, and died in the harness.

Politically, Mr. Newcomb was a Republican, but his temperance principles induced him to join the Prohibition party.

His memory will long be cherished as that of a man of strict integrity, always kind, calm and considerate, and one of a class of men that we can illy afford to spare. His end, like his life was calm and peaceful. With mental faculties unimpaired, and no special ailments, but having reached more than the average time allotted to mortal men, his bodily mechanism gradually but surely neared that point when his friends knew it would refuse to do duty longer. Although he still sat up more or less nearly every day, and conversed intelligently on all subjects, his words were for several days almost too faint to be understood. He arose in the morning without assistance, seated himself in his easy chair and without a struggle ceased to breath.

Asa Reynolds.—Seldom have our Grand Haven people experienced so sudden and terrible a shock as the news sped through our streets on Monday evening, March 14, 1892, that Asa Reynolds had just fallen dead. As city recorder he had been engaged all day in the duties of his office in the city hall. Having completed the duties of the day he started for his home, descended the stairs, stepped out on the walk and exchanged street courtesies with a friend, when he was seen to stagger. Before help could reach him he fell and upon removal into the firemen's hall his life had fled.

This afflictive blow, so sudden and sad, as it fell upon his wife, sister and sons—one here in the high school and one in the dental college in Chicago—is beyond the reach of our description. Sympathy with them is deeply felt, for in Recorder Reynold's death our municipal government loses a valuable officer and the town an estimable citizen.

Mr. Reynolds was born January 12, 1830, at Schroon, N. Y. In 1840 his parents brought him to Macedonia, Ohio, and later to Bricksville, Cuyahoga county, in the same state, where he married Miss Frances D. Chaffee in 1864. Thereupon he moved to Blendon in this county and a year or two later to Grand Haven, his home till death.

Here under appointment by President Johnson he served eight years as postmaster, where by his faithfulness he gained the approval of the department and by his courtesy he won the regard of his fellow citizens. As member and assistant chief of the city fire department for some years; as city marshal in 1880, and as city recorder since 1889, he has proved himself a reliable and acceptable officer. Most fitly the flags of the city were at half-mast and flags, draped in mourning, were displayed in the postoffice.

ARIE VAN ZOEREN.—Arie Van Zoeren died at Vriesland on Friday, Oct. 3, 1890, aged sixty-three years. The deceased was one of five brothers, who with their parents settled in that part of the Holland colony, as early as 1848, and have since continued to reside there, making the good name and sterling reputation of that locality synonymous with their own.

ARIE WOLTMAN.—The sudden death, March 9, 1892, of Arie Woltman, at his home in Holland, removes another of Ottawa county's oldest and most estimable citizens.

Mr. Woltman had not been sick in the least and with his rugged constitution many years of life would naturally be expected. He left the house at about 10:30 p. m. to go to the woodshed. His wife becoming alarmed at his long absence stepped out of the door and saw his prostrate form on the ground not far away.

Mr. Woltman was born in the Netherlands some forty-nine years ago, and when about ten years of age he, with his father and brother, emigrated to this country. The father was taken sick on the passage over and died several days after landing, on Staten Island. After this sad event he came to Holland and immediately began to shift for himself. The sea had its attractions and he shipped as cook's assistant on the schooner Marguerite, then commanded by Captain Pagelson. He also sailed on the A. P. Dutton, Ardon, Rosa Bell and VanRaalte.

In official capacity he was marshal of Grand Haven and Holland several terms. At the expiration of Henry D. Weathelwax's term of sheriff, in 1873, Mr. Woltman was elected to that office, served two terms. In 1885 he was again elected to the office of sheriff and served two terms, making altogether four terms in that important position.

After his term of office expired in 1889, Mr. Woltman moved to Holland. He opened a cigar store there and in the summer months commanded the fruit steamer, Lizzie Walsh.

MRS. LAURA YEOMANS.—Mrs. Laura Yeomans died April 26, 1892, at her daughter's, Mrs. E. Sargent, of Georgetown. Mrs. Yeomans was eighty years, one month and fourteen days old and had lived in this vicinity over fifty years. She was born in the state of Vermont, Rutland county, 1812, and came to this State in the year 1836. The following summer she taught the first school ever taught in Grandville. In 1840 she married Mr. Eli Yeomans, who died five years since, her maiden name being Laura McArthur. The only living relative on her side she had any knowledge of at the time of her death was a niece,

Mrs. Hattie Todd, who is also a niece of L. L. Jenison. She leaves three children to mourn the loss of a good mother.

SAGINAW COUNTY

BY CHARLES W. GRANT

Samuel T. Armstrong.—Samuel T. Armstrong, for forty years a resident of Birch Run, and one of the most esteemed residents of that thriving town, died of consumption, Nov. 24, 1891, aged sixty-eight years. He was born in the state of New York, and was a farmer by occupation. His wife and five grown up children survive him. Of the latter, James W., Henry W. and David Armstrong and Mrs. James B. Teal, reside in Saginaw, and Mrs. Alexander Duff lives in Birch Run.

Oliver H. Bell.—Oliver H. Bell died at his residence near Freeland, Sunday, Sept. 20, 1891. He suffered from an attack of the grippe about two years ago and never fully recovered. September 8 he had a stroke of paralysis, which was supplemented Saturday evening by a second stroke, which, affecting his brain, caused his death.

Mr. Bell was born near Rochester, N. Y., March 11, 1824, and was therefore over sixty-seven years of age at the time of his death. He removed from his birthplace to Oxford, Mich., when twenty-one years of age, where he was married to Eliza Davis, moving from Oxford to Saginaw about twenty-seven years ago, and to his home near Freeland about three years ago. He was well known in Saginaw and highly respected. He was the father of four children, two of whom, Louis H. Bell, of Saginaw, and Miss Delia Bell, of Freeland, and his wife survive him.

Frederick T. Bellmeier.—Frederick T. Bellmeier passed away Feb. 8, 1892, at his home in Frankenlust,[1] from pneumonia, following an attack of the grippe. Mr. Bellmeier was seventy-three years of age and came to Saginaw in 1847, settling on his farm in Frankenlust and clearing it of the timber and making it one of the finest in that section of the county. He leaves a widow and seven grown up children, all residents of the valley.

John Benson.—John Benson, of Thomastown, died at his residence at 7:30 a. m., Feb. 26, 1892, of heart disease. Deceased was born in Livingston county, N. Y., in 1811, and was therefore over eighty years

[1]Frankenlust was formerly part of Saginaw county but was added to Bay in 1881, and is one of its richest additions. It was settled by Germans under Rev. Ferdinand Sievers in 1848. It was one of the first townships to engage in sugar beet culture, produces fine coal and brick. Organized from the township of Kochville, Oct. 12, 1855. In 1900 population 1,395.

of age at the time of his death. He came to Saginaw county sixty-two years ago, settling in Thomastown, and has resided there ever since. He was one of the oldest pioneers of Saginaw county and was well known and highly respected. His death is a sad loss to the community where he has lived so long. He leaves one son, Smith Benson, of Thomastown, and three daughters, Mrs. Norman Swarthout, of Saginaw town; Mrs. Martha Jerome, of Frankenmuth, and Mrs. L. C. Munger, of Tittabawassee, to mourn the loss of a kind parent.

Henry F. Biesterfeld.—Henry F. Biesterfeld died at his residence, 525 North Fayette street, Saginaw, at 12:30 p. m., Jan. 25, 1892. Mr. Biesterfeld had been suffering from an affection of the heart for about two years. Recently he was attacked by the grippe which rapidly developed into pneumonia and this combined with his heart trouble caused his death, after an illness of only three days.

Deceased was born in Hessen Cassell, Hanover, September 13, 1815, and was therefore over seventy-six years of age at the time of his death. He was married in Nuremburg, Bavaria, in 1845, and moved with his family to America in 1853, locating in Baltimore, Md., where for about two years he was employed in the piano factory of Knabe & Gale. He came to Saginaw in 1855, and located at the homestead where he died. He was a skilled mechanic, and during a number of years was engaged in the business of a carpenter in which business he was unusually skillful. About fifteen years ago he retired from active work, and since then has not been employed regularly. He paid a short visit to his native country about ten years ago. About nine years ago he suffered from a slight stroke of paralysis, from which he recovered, and since that time he has enjoyed good health until his last sickness.

He was the father of twelve children, five of whom are living. They are four sons, Christian, Henry, William and Albert, and one daughter, Mrs. Albert Scheib. His wife, who survives him, is at present suffering from a severe attack of pneumonia, as a follower of la grippe. Mr. Biesterfeld was a gentleman who was highly respected by all who knew him, and during his residence of nearly forty years in Saginaw had, by his sterling traits of character, endeared himself to a large circle who will sincerely mourn his death.

Gottlieb Bruske.—Another good citizen has gone the way of all the earth. Full of years, and with the consciousness of a life well spent, Gottlieb Bruske was, on August 6, 1891, gathered to his fathers. His

illness had not been severe or of long duration, the cause of death being the gradual giving away of the strands of life, the burning low and the final extinguishing of the vital spark.

Deceased was born in Silesia, Germany, October 26, 1814. He left his native land in 1854 and reached Saginaw, which city has since been his home, September 19 of that year. He was an upright, honest man, respected by all who knew him. Surviving him and sorrowing because he is no more in their midst are a widow and two sons, G. W. Burske and H. R. Bruske.

Peter Callam.—Peter Callam died at his residence, 2018 North Fayette street, Saginaw, at 3 p. m., Feb. 13, 1892. Mr. Callam was born at Aberdeenshire, Scotland, April 20, 1805, and had, therefore, nearly completed his eighty-seventh year. He came to America in 1834, bringing with him his wife and two oldest children, locating first at Toronto, Canada. In 1872 he came to Saginaw and has continued to reside here ever since. About four years ago his wife died and thus was severed a union which had continued about fifty-eight years. The past four years have been sad and lonely ones for the bereaved man, but about a year ago another sorrow was added to his burden, in the death of his youngest son, Charles Callam, of Mackinaw City.

Four sons and two daughters survive him, William Callam and Mrs. James Lees, of Saginaw, Peter Callam and Mrs. W. Calkins, of Clare, and John and James Callam, of Kenton, O. Mr. Callam was a sturdy, manly man, and enjoyed the esteem of all who knew him. He was an affectionate husband and father, a kind neighbor and a worthy citizen. He was a lifelong member of the Presbyterian church.

William A. Clark.—William A. Clark, who has been confined to his home, 415 South Granger street, Saginaw, several months, died shortly after 7 o'clock, Jan. 21, 1892. A little over a year ago Mr. Clark suffered from an attack of the grippe, and subsequently from a stroke of paralysis, since which time he has failed gradually, and although his friends have known for some time that recovery was impossible, his death causes much sadness.

Deceased was a son of William A. Clark, D. D., and was born at Ballston Springs, Saratoga county, N. Y., September 8, 1821, and had therefore passed the three-score years and ten allotted to man as his span of life. When six years of age his parents removed to New York city, where his father erected an All Saints' Episcopal church. In 1836 he commenced the study of law in New York city, and in the following year moved with his father to Brighton, Livingston county, where

he continued the study of law, being admitted to the bar nearly fifty years ago. His father erected an Episcopal church at Brighton, which still stands. In 1850 deceased was elected prosecuting attorney of Livingston county, a position he held four years. He also practiced law in Ann Arbor, Washtenaw county, being associated with Messrs. Hawkins, Col. Morgan and other prominent attorneys of those days.

In 1853 he married Mary E. Hope, whose parents resided in Buffalo. In 1862 he was elected State senator, serving two years, and came to Saginaw in 1864. He held the position of city attorney of Saginaw two years. He took a prominent place in the Saginaw county bar, and was noted as a close student, a well-read, painstaking and careful lawyer, and his name was connected with many of the important cases of the county, particularly in the criminal class. He paid the closest attention to the minutest detail of the cases he undertook, and other lawyers and residents can call to mind many cases in which he secured the reversal of cases before the supreme court on technicalities.

Mr. Clark was an extremely well posted gentleman in the political and general history of Michigan, had a fund of interesting reminiscences at his command and was an entertaining conversationalist. The writer, who has been intimately acquainted with Mr. Clark and his family from boyhood, recalls many pleasant conversations with him, which were entertaining and instructive. He was a genial gentleman, always had a pleasant word for old and young, and there are many outside of his immediate family circle who will learn of his death with feelings of deep regret, as of a good friend gone. His wife and two children, one son, William Clark, engaged in the law business in the northern part of this State, and Miss Mary Clark, of Saginaw, survive him. He also had a brother, J. W. Clark, in Saginaw.

Capt. William Cole.—Capt. William Cole, a well-known and highly esteemed resident of Saginaw, peacefully entered the haven of rest at 3:30 p. m. Feb. 28, 1892, at his home, 401 Lapeer street, death resulting from disease of the kidneys. He had been ill for the past six months, which together with his advanced age, caused the announcement of his demise to be somewhat expected by his numerous friends, especially among his Masonic brethren.

Capt. Cole was born August 14, 1809, at Johnstown, N. Y., and was therefore aged eighty-two years, six months and fourteen days. In his youth he became a sailor and for some years traversed the Atlantic, finally attaining the command of a vessel in which he sailed between

New York and Italian ports. In 1832 he removed from Albany, N. Y., to Detroit, where he engaged in business as a ship chandler. Subsequently he engaged in his vocation as a sailor, and for some years sailed the lakes as captain, mainly between Detroit and Buffalo, and many the interesting stories of adventures met with in those days were told by him in after years. He was often employed by the government to carry supplies, and more than once before the construction of the canal made the portage of the Sault Ste. Marie river. Ultimately he became interested in vessel property, owning several of the finest propellers on the lakes, notably the "Knickerbocker" and the "J. W. Brook." In 1862 he disposed of his vessels and Detroit interests and removed to Saginaw county, settling on a farm in Tittabawassee township at present occupied by John Hackett. In 1869 he tired of farming and removed to Saginaw, which has since been his home. For a number of years he served the city in the capacity of harbor master. Two sons and one daughter survive him, William, who resides on a farm near Freeland, and Charles W., and Mrs. Henry Moiles, Jr., of Saginaw.

Deceased was the oldest member of the Masonic fraternity in Saginaw county, and one of the oldest and best known in the State. He joined the order soon after reaching Detroit in 1832, and on the organization of Ancient Landmarks Lodge, No. 303, F. & A. M., became one of its charter members. He was also a member of Saginaw Council, No. 20, R. and S. M., also of Saginaw Valley Chapter, No. 31, R. A. M., and April 8, 1878, received the honors of knighthood in St. Bernard Commandery, No. 16, K. T., and from that date until April 4 1890, faithfully performed the duties of sentinel. He had a wide acquaintance among the members of the fraternity, among whom he was greatly esteemed, for years serving the several Masonic bodies as tyler, until failing health caused him to relinquish the duties.

John G. Edelmann.—John G. Edelmann, one of Saginaw's oldest and most prominent citizens died February 18, 1892. He had been ailing since October and although it was expected that he would become a victim of the disease (fatty degeneration of the heart), it was hoped that life would not be so suddenly terminated.

John G. Edelmann was born in Bavaria, Germany, on the twenty-eighth day of March, 1829, being therefore at the time of his death nearly sixty-three years of age. He immigrated at the age of eighteen to this country together with his parents and nineteen families. They were sixty-six days on the ocean and came from Quebec to Detroit by

water. The Edelmann family came from Detroit with teams and settled in Blumfield. At that time there was not a tree cut in that vicinity. The hardships these pioneers endured can scarcely be realized, and many a time did the deceased thrill his children by relating to them the story of his eventful life. In April, 1852, he married Magdalena Uensoeldt, whom he survived eleven years lacking two days. In 1848 or thereabouts Alfred Hoyt, brother of the late Jesse Hoyt, awarded him the contract for clearing forty acres of land, located between the Anchor house and the Bancroft. He built his shanty near the junction of Genesee and Germania avenues, and it being at that time winter, the ice was considered a good floor for the abode. He followed farming mainly for a living until 1864, when he removed to Bay City. He remained there but three years, when he located in East Saginaw, becoming landlord of the Farmers' hotel, a wooden structure which has since made room for the Baumgarten block. He remained there until he accepted the management of the Au Sable Salt and Lumber Company, in which Charles Ortmann, now of Detroit, and Charles Lee were also interested. In 1874 he superintended the construction of the Salina branch of the Flint & Pere Marquette, and since then has been awarded the contract of grading every railroad which enters Saginaw, east side, with the exception of one. In 1876 he was by popular vote elected director of the poor of East Saginaw. In the spring of the preceding year he revisited the land of his birth, and he entertained to the last the hope that he might again make the trip. In 1881 he lost his wife to whom he had been devotedly attached and since that time lost considerable of his ambitious nature. The two succeeding years he spent on his farm in Buena Vista, and while there was elected township treasurer. In 1883 he sold his farm and again took up his residence in the city and was at the time of his death living with his youngest son, Dr. F. W. Edelmann.

Perhaps no other man was more widely known in the city than deceased, both on account of having been employed by municipal bodies and corporations and on account of having given work to thousands of laborers. He was a man of exemplary habits, honest and upright in all his dealings, a kind master and indulgent father. At his death he was a member of the Pioneer Society of Saginaw county, the Germania Society, and Order of the Iron Hall. He leaves a family of four grown up children, one daughter and three sons: Margaretha, wife of Anthony Rein, of Port Huron, first engineer of the propeller Simon P. Langell; George, late traveling salesman for D. M. Osborne, Mower and Reaper

Co., of Chicago, but now successor to his father's business; Charles M., with Morley Bros., and Dr. F. W. Edelmann, health officer and member and ex-president of the board of education.

Mrs. Amy C. Gage.—The death of Mrs. Amy Coffeen Gage occurred Feb. 23, 1892, at her residence on Jefferson avenue, in Saginaw.

Mrs. Gage was a native of the State of New York. She was born August 13, 1814. During her young womanhood she attended a young ladies' seminary at Norwalk, O., and subsequently removed to Detroit. She was married at Detroit July 10, 1838, to the late Capt. Morgan L. Gage. Mrs. Gage was one of the pioneers of the Saginaw Valley, she with her husband coming here to reside in June, 1849. She consequently had witnessed nearly the entire growth of the city in which the greater portion of her life was passed. She was a woman of clear, vigorous mind, a reader of general literature and interested in the progress of the community in which she lived. She was a member of the Congregational church for over thirty years, and until her advanced years was an attendant upon its services. She was domestic in her character and devoted to her family and friends. She will be remembered as an affectionate mother, a kind neighbor and faithful friend. Her health had been poor for over a year past, but she was not confined to her bed until December last, when she suffered a stroke of paralysis. All that loving hearts could do for her was done. She passed peacefully away, without pain or suffering.

Seven children survive her, her husband having departed this life in April, 1876. The immediate members of her household were Misses Lizzie M. and Jennie A. Gage. Her sons surviving her are Howard Gage, United States navy, Philadelphia; George B. Gage, of Detroit; Morgan L. Gage, of Vassar; Thomas Gage and Judge Chauncey H. Gage, of Saginaw.

John M. Gugel.—At Frankenmuth, Sunday, June 1, 1891, John M. Gugel, a pioneer resident of Saginaw county, passed away, after being ill a long time.

He was born in Germany, March 5, 1830. He was the son of George and Elizabeth Gugel, who came with their family to the United States, settling in the township of Frankenmuth in 1860. John had been employed as a miller's apprentice three years in the Fatherland, and when he reached these shores he followed the same occupation seven years, until by frugality, industry and careful management he laid the foundation of a competence and purchased a farm. He steadily added

to his lands, until the homestead embraced 400 acres and is one of the finest farms in Saginaw county. He was thrice married, first to Anna B. Berkthal, December 29, 1852, his wife dying twenty years later. By this marriage there were twelve children. Afterward he married Kundegunda Weiss, who died in 1878. Two children were the fruit of this union. In November, 1879, he married Mrs. Balatha Hauschton, who had four children by her first husband. Mr. Gugel was highly respected and esteemed in the township, and was honored by his fellow men by election to various offices. He served the township and county as supervisor continuously from 1881 to the time of his death. He has always been a Democrat and a member of the Lutheran church.

JOHN M. HIESRODT.—John M. Hiesrodt, a well-known resident of Saginaw county, died at his home in Saginaw town at 3:30 a. m. Sunday, December 27, 1891, from the effects of a stroke of paralysis.

Mr. Hiesrodt was born in the town of Chattam, Columbia county, N. Y., July 10, 1810, and had nearly reached the age of eighty-two years at the time of his death. When twenty-two years of age he went to Rochester, N. Y., and settled on a new farm. Two years later he married Elinor Murphy. Seven children were born to them, five of whom are now living, viz.: Peter S., now of Spanish River, Georgian Bay, Canada; William F., of Saginaw town; Mrs. James N. Swarthout, of Saginaw town; Mrs. E. R. Richey, of Bay City, and Mrs. Rawson Smith, of Rochester, N. Y. The third son, James E., was killed at the battle of Pittsburg Landing. Mr. Hiesrodt had twelve grand-children and ten great-grandchildren.

In May, 1854, he moved to Saginaw and bought a farm near the Tittabawassee river in Saginaw township, on which he lived until he died. The next year after coming to Saginaw his wife died. In 1858 he married Mrs. Helen Stevens, of New York, who survives him. One child was born to them, but lived only two months.

Mr. Hiesrodt was township clerk of Saginaw town two years and took a prominent part in public affairs, being known as an uncompromising Republican. He enlisted in October, 1861, and saw active service, was wounded, taken prisoner and confined in Libby prison. When finally exchanged he was discharged for disability, from which he never fully recovered. He returned to his farm and entered the business of raising small fruits, being the first to engage in that business in the county. In March, 1888, he was stricken with paralysis. During the past fifteen months he had been helpless, and death was a relief to him.

Peter Hughes.—Peter Hughes, a well known and respected resident of Saginaw, died at the Bliss hospital December 30, 1891, aged sixty-three years. His death was caused by a general breaking down of health.

Mr. Hughes was born in Canada and removed with his parents to Waterford, near Pontiac at an early day. He came to Saginaw over forty years ago, and commenced the business of a blacksmith, operating a shop near the ferry, where the Bristol street bridge is now located. He subsequently carried on a restaurant and fruit store in the same locality, and was the first person to deal in oysters in Saginaw. He subsequently conducted the Washington House, then one of the leading hotels of Saginaw, and upon that being destroyed by fire entered the mercantile business, which he disposed of some years ago. During the past few years he has assisted his son, H. V. Hughes, in his grocery store. His wife died in Saginaw about four years ago. He leaves four children, Herbert V. Hughes, Millard M. Hughes, and Mrs. W. L. Smith, of Saginaw, and Marshall P. Hughes, of Chicago. Two brothers, Henry Hughes, of Flint, and John Hughes, of St. Louis, Mich., also survive. Mr. Hughes was well known in Saginaw, and had many friends, especially among the older residents, by whom his death will be deeply regretted.

Timothy Jerome.—Hon. Timothy Jerome, one of the oldest, best known and most highly respected residents of Saginaw, died at his residence, corner of Michigan avenue and Williams street, Oct. 30, 1891.

Timothy Jerome was born near Trumansburg, N. Y., in February, 1820, and would have been seventy-two years of age in February, 1892. He moved with his parents to Detroit in 1828 and with the exception of three years, 1831 to 1834, has resided in the territory and State of Michigan ever since. He resided at St. Clair a number of years and moved to Saginaw in 1854. His early opportunities to acquire an education were limited, yet he made the most of them, and as he possessed rare natural abilities and energy he succeeded in life and has for years been one of Saginaw's foremost citizens. His social qualities made him many friends who remained his friends until his death. He was a member of the legislature from Saginaw county in 1857-8, but aside from that he had never held or sought office. Since coming to Saginaw he has followed the lumbering business. He leaves a widow and four children, James Jerome, who was formerly in partnership with his father in the lumber business, but is now in New York engaged in the steamship business, Mrs. J. E. Winder, of Detroit, Mrs. F. B. Sweet,

of Saginaw, and Mrs. Charles Wesley, of Cleveland. All his children were with him at the time of his death. He also leaves two brothers, Hon. George Jerome, of Detroit, and Hon. David H. Jerome,[1] of Saginaw. Mrs. Goodson, of Saginaw, is a sister of Mr. Jerome.

Adolph Kirchner.—Adolph Kirchner, one of the pioneers of Saginaw county and a well-known and highly respected resident of Tittabawassee township, died on his farm in that township, Sunday, Feb. 28, 1892, of nervous prostration, aged seventy-two years. He was born in Germany and came to this country in 1849, landing in New York. In 1850, in company with the Roeser brothers, of whom he was a cousin, he moved to Tittabawassee and settled on a farm. In 1851 he was married to Catherine Hackett, of Tittabawassee, who with six children, three sons and three daughters, all of whom except two are married, survive him, and mourn the loss of a kind husband and father.

Mrs. Amanda V. Lucas.—Mrs. Amanda V. Lucas, wife of John Lucas, passed away April 10, 1892, at the residence on South Washington avenue, Saginaw. For several days it had been evident that the end was near, the fatal disease pneumonia having taken a firm hold. Mrs. Lucas was fifty-five years old and had lived in Saginaw thirty-six years. New York was her native state. She leaves no children.

Mrs. Patrick McCullen.—One by one the pioneers of Saginaw are passing away, leaving behind them the fruits of their industry and hard work in a large and prosperous city, and fertile and productive farms, hewn by them from the wilderness. On Dec. 10, 1891, one of the oldest residents of Saginaw county laid down life's burden, after a life of usefulness and industry.

Mrs. Patrick McCullen died at her home in Thomastown, of pneumonia, which dread disease snapped the silver cord of life, and husband, children, grandchildren, and many friends are left to mourn the loss of a faithful and loving wife, mother and grandmother.

Mrs. McCullen would have been seventy-one years of age had she lived until May. She came to Saginaw in 1836, and was married to Patrick McCullen August 4, 1838, fifty-three years ago last August. Mr. and Mrs. McCullen have resided on the farm where Mrs. McCullen died, twenty-eight years. She was the mother of fifteen children, ten of whom, six sons and four daughters, survive her. Her husband also survives her. She was well known in Saginaw and had many friends, and the older residents particularly, will mourn her death as that of a valued friend.

[1]See *Michigan Biographies*, p. 377.

JOHN MCNAMARA.—August 27, 1891, John McNamara, one of the respected pioneers of Taymouth, died suddenly at his home at County Line, aged sixty-three years. Mr. McNamara had been troubled with heart disease a few years, but for some time previous to his death appeared to be enjoying good health. About ten minutes before he died he walked to the road and opened the gate for his youngest daughter, who was driving out. He then returned to the house, and seated himself in a chair and began reading. Suddenly the book fell from his hand and he, falling back into the arms of his beloved wife, expired without a struggle. He was a native of Tipperary, Ireland, and a member of the Roman Catholic church. Having immigrated to this country in his youth and having traveled all over the American continent he finally settled at County Line, where he purchased a bush farm, which by hard labor he converted into one of the most beautiful homes in Saginaw county. He leaves a widow, three sons and eight daughters, one of whom is Mrs. John McDonald, of the McDonald House, Saginaw. It is indeed sad that neither of Mr. McNamara's eldest sons could be present at the burial, one of them being an engineer on the Pacific coast and the other a sailor on the great lakes, who having sailed from West Superior could not be reached by telegraph. Mr. McNamara was remarkable for his great charity, and always gave with a free heart to those who were in need. Being an ardent patriot, next to his native land he loved his adopted country and was always a firm supporter of every good cause.

WILLIAM PAGE.—Another of the landmarks of Saginaw county has joined the great majority. William Page, an old resident of Saginaw town, died July 9, 1891, at his residence three miles from the city, of dropsy. He was born in Oxfordshire, England, January 4, 1819, and was accordingly seventy-one years, six months and five days old. When he came to this country he first settled in New York, where he resided several years. He then removed to Saginaw county, which has been his home for the past thirty-four years. He was well known throughout this and adjoining counties as a sturdy, industrious farmer, and an intelligent citizen. He has been identified with the interests of Saginaw county for a third of a century, and was one of its most esteemed residents. Mr. Page leaves a wife and ten children.

MRS. E. J. RING.—Mrs. E. J. Ring, aged sixty-two years, died at her home, near the corner of North Michigan avenue and Bristol street, Saginaw, Dec. 13, 1891.

Deceased was born at Waterloo, N. Y., Nov. 9, 1829, and when quite

young moved to Hamilton, Ont., where she and Mr. Ring were married. They afterwards went to Huron, O., residing there eight or nine years, and then came to Saginaw, where they have resided ever since, about twenty-seven years. Her husband and three children—two sons, William L. and Clark L., and a daughter, Mrs. Conroy, wife of Dr. Conroy—survive her.

Eliakin C. Ripley.—Death claimed as its victim, April 11, 1892, one of Saginaw's time-honored citizens, Eliakin C. Ripley, whose long residence in and identification with the city makes his name familiar not only with residents of the city, but to all the older inhabitants of the county and this portion of the State.

Mr. Ripley has seen Saginaw grow from a small lumbering town to a prosperous and thriving city. He came to Saginaw when thirty-nine years of age, and for thirty-eight years has been a resident of the city continuously. During all this time his home has been at the corner of Hancock street and Michigan avenue, where he died.

The deceased was born Jan. 3, 1815, in Montgomery county, N. Y. Here he received a good common school education which enabled him to teach school winters. He was employed on a farm in his earlier years and after marriage, in 1840, to Miss Phoebe Birch, he went to Gloversville, N. Y., and engaged in the manufacture of gloves and mittens. In 1854 he owned a farm near Amsterdam, N. Y., which he sold and decided to invest the proceeds in Michigan pine lands. In 1854 he first stepped on Michigan soil, locating for one year at St. Clair. After six months spent in Bay City, Mr. Ripley took up his residence in Saginaw. His business activity was mainly directed in the line of lumbering, and in this business he was associated with his brother, T. C. Ripley, and Hon. Timothy Jerome. His death leaves as the only surviving member of a family of five children, T. C. Ripley, who resides with his daughter, Mrs. Stewart Williams. Four children are left to mourn his loss, one son, H. C. Ripley, of Galveston, Texas; three daughters, Mrs. Mary Purmort and Miss Anna Ripley, of Saginaw, and Mrs. Jerome Babcock, of Chicago.

The deceased never identified himself with any church or secret organization. He was a great lover of home life and was strongly attached to his family. Thoroughly versed on all current topics, he was at all times an interesting conversationalist. Up to his last illness he was blessed with good eyesight, and it was a great consolation to him in his declining years to be able to read. In social and business life Mr. Ripley was honored as a man of upright character. He was

always cordial and friendly and had a pleasant word for all. To him the heighth of ambition was to secure the esteem and respect of his fellow men, and in this he was eminently successful.

Mrs. Mary Saunders.—Mrs. Mary Saunders died of pneumonia at the family residence, corner of Hancock and Granger streets, Saginaw, Dec. 28, 1891, aged eighty years. She had resided where she died nearly thirty years. She leaves six sons as follows: Edwin, Joseph and Charles, of Saginaw; William, of Mayville; James, of Bay City, and Eben E., of Jamestown, N. Y.

Robert Staples.—Robert Staples, the victim of the terrible accident at Holland's mill, died May 12, 1892.

Mr. Staples was within six days of being fifty years of age. He was born in New Jersey, but has been a resident of Saginaw for the past forty-five years, having long been one of the best known and most efficient mill men on the river. For years he was employed as foreman of the Hoyt mill, later on that of Stevens & Ladue, and for the past eighteen months had acted as foreman of the Holland mill. He leaves a wife and five children, three sons and two daughters, all of whom were at his bedside when the end came, as were also his two sisters, Mrs. John Van Patten, of East Tawas, and Mrs. Henry Bergy, of Caledonia, Mich. Deceased was a member of the Masonic order and also of the A. O. U. W., and was held in high esteem by members of both organizations.

Mrs. Helen E. Thompson.—Mrs. Helen E. Thompson, a lady whose friends were legion, died August 24, 1891, at her home, 327 Carroll street, Saginaw, after ten days' illness. Deceased was born at Avon, Mich., in 1828, and in that place was united in marriage to Orange S. Thompson, who died in Saginaw nearly twenty years ago. The surviving children are George S. Thompson, of Eau Claire, Wis., Mrs. Walter Howlett, of Kansas City, Mo., and William L. Thompson, of Saginaw.

Mrs. Thompson was a lady of superior intelligence, rare accomplishments and kindliest heart. Gifted with a keen sense of appreciation of all that was pure and beautiful her life reflected the highest attributes of noble womanhood.

Miss Agnes Ure.—Miss Agnes Ure entered "into the rest that remaineth for the people of God," August 3, 1891. She was the sister of Robert and John Ure, of Mrs. Edward McCarthy, of Saginaw, and

of Mrs. Banks, of Midland. She was sixty-seven years of age and had lived for fifty-seven years on the farm where she died. Thus Providence removes from this community another of the sturdy pioneers who have made a garden out of what half a century ago was a perfect wilderness. There is abundant reason why all these faithful and heroic people should be honored, and there is special reason for paying a tribute of regard to Agnes Ure. She was not only diligent and faithful in those duties which make good citizens and neighbors and friends; she was even more conspicuous as an intelligent and zealous Christian. She was one of that small band of believers who organized the Presbyterian church in Saginaw township, and through all the subsequent years she was a regular worshiper there and a staunch supporter of the society. She was a profound student of the Bible and a reader of the best literature generally. In consequence, there was about her an atmosphere of refinement. The illness which finally resulted in death was long continued, though not painful. The "silver cord" was loosened strand by strand, and, as the world receded from her, heaven was by faith coming nearer. She was wholly reconciled to the great change about to come upon her, when "Lo! she was not, for God took her."

Robert Ure.—"Again is The Courier-Herald called upon to chronicle the death of another of the sturdy pioneers of Saginaw county, who has stood the hardships of pioneer life in an undeveloped country and aided materially in making the wilderness blossom like the rose." Reference is made to Hon. Robert Ure, who died suddenly Dec. 11, 1891, at his home in Saginaw township.

Mr. Ure was born in Boston, Mass., February 7, 1823, and was, therefore, nearly sixty-nine years of age. His parents were from Scotland. In 1833, when Robert was but ten years of age, his parents came to Saginaw county and settled on a farm in section 11, Saginaw township, where deceased remained until his death. Mr. Ure during his residence of nearly sixty years in Saginaw county, has been known as a genial, upright citizen and an honest, trustworthy man, as well as one of the most successful and influential farmers of the county. He never married, but resided with his sister Agnes, who died Aug. 3, 1891. Mr. Ure represented his township as a member of the board of supervisors, and has held other township offices, but being of a retiring disposition, did not push himself forward to positions for which his talents fitted him. His last public office was that of county agent for the State Board of Corrections and Charities, to which he was appointed by Gov. Luce upon the death of Hon. John Barter, who held the

position many years. Mr. Ure fulfilled the duties of county agent as he performed all other duties entrusted to him, honestly, conscientiously and faithfully, but was deposed from the position by a change in the political administration of the State. His long residence in Saginaw county gave him an extended acquaintance, and his circle of friends was only limited to his acquaintances, as all who knew Robert Ure respected and honored him, and those who knew him best esteemed him most. His death will prove a loss to the entire community, as genial, upright, honest citizens like Robert Ure, are far too few in this day and generation. A brother, John Ure, who resides on a farm adjoining that of the deceased, and two sisters, Mrs. Edward McCarty, of Saginaw, and Mrs. Banks, of Midland, survive him.

J. C. Weber.—J. C. Weber died at his home, 907 Janes street, Saginaw, Feb. 8, 1892, aged eighty-three years, death resulting from inflammation of the bronchial tubes, from which he had been suffering for some time. Deceased leaves a widow and five children, three sons and two daughters. Mr. Weber came to Saginaw thirty-three years ago, was well known among the older citizens and has a large circle of friends who will sincerely regret his loss.

Henry Wiltse.—Henry Wiltse, a pioneer resident of Thomas township, died March 26, 1892. Death was caused by congestion of the lungs. The deceased's boyhood days were spent in Ohio, where he was born. When but a small lad his parents moved to Saginaw county, locating on a farm on the Tittabawassee river. Until the age of twenty-eight years he worked on his father's farm, when he married Miss Louisa Frost, of Thomas, and continued their residence in the same township. Mr. Wiltse led a sober, industrious life, and had the full confidence and respect of all in the community. He leaves a widow and five children, four sons, Fred, Samuel, Pearl, Edgar, and one daughter, Lucinda.

Mrs. Abigail H. Woodruff.—Mrs. Abigail Hall Woodruff, wife of Hon. Henry Woodruff, died at her home in Bridgeport, in Saginaw county, January 26, 1892, at the age of seventy-six years, nine months and nineteen days.

Mrs. Woodruff was born April 7, 1815, and was married to Mr. Woodruff, who survives her, Feb. 12, 1835. They located at the young city of East Saginaw at an early day, and as pioneers aided in the organization and establishment of the institutions which have made the city what it is. They were charter members of the First Congregational

church. Mrs. Woodruff bears to the grave the honors of a noble motherhood, and in her children still lives to bless the world. She leaves five daughters and two sons: Amanda and Willis, who have remained with their parents at the homestead to care for their declining years, Mrs. Henry Waller, Mrs. John A. Edget and Mrs. Isaac Delano, of Saginaw, Mrs. William Carpenter, of Muskegon, and Capt. H. H. Woodruff, of Roscommon. She also leaves brothers and sisters as follows: Edmund Hall, of Detroit, Benjamin Hall, of Flat Rock, Mrs. Littlefield, of Detroit, and Mrs. Martha Hitchcock, of Farwell, a family circle unbroken by death until now.

SHIAWASSEE COUNTY

BY ALONZO H. OWENS[1]

ANDREW HUGGINS.—Andrew Huggins was born in New Marlboro, Berkshire county, Mass., Oct. 27, 1817. His father owning a gristmill and giving his boys a practical education. Andrew attended school and helped around the mill, thus acquiring a knowledge as a competent miller, and at school studied mathematics, and as he became older he went into higher branches and was a scholar of the Oneida Institute and the Waterville Academy, and was a graduate of Hamilton College where he received his diploma in land surveying and navigation. He came to Shiawassee county in 1837, and soon went to Grand Rapids where he dressed and put in a run of stone in the flouring mill of Daniel Ball. He stayed about one year and went back to the state of New York, where his parents then lived. In May, 1839, he returned to Michigan, coming to his sister's, Mrs. Henry Wiltse, in the town of Burns. He taught school in Byron the following winter, which will be well remembered by many of our old settlers. The next spring he was elected school director and in the month of November, 1843, was married to Miss Sarah E. Stoddard, who was the first teacher who was inspected and taught a summer school in the town of Burns. Soon after his marriage he came to Corunna and put in the first run of stone in the Corunna flouring mill for Castle & McArthur. He worked there about two years. He then went to Byron to work in a mill for Dennis & Kelsey, where he remained until the fall of 1847 when he was elected county surveyor which office he held two terms, after which

[1]Mr. Owens died July 1, 1903. See sketch Vol. XXXIV, p. 775, this series.

he acted as resident engineer in surveying the D. & M. R. R. He laid out and platted the village of St. Johns; soon after he went to Bay City where he laid out and platted Wenona, now known as West Bay City. For a time he was city engineer of Bay City. He was chief engineer in the construction of the Bay City and East Saginaw railroad. After a few years, as Shiawassee seemed more like home, he returned where he has resided all the time since and the last sixteen years in Corunna. At the time of his death, June 7, 1891, he was county drain commissioner. He has been identified with the interests of Shiawassee county for nearly half a century and his life and work have become a part of the history of the county, and Andrew Huggins will be a name long to be remembered in Shiawassee county. His children were Hattie, who died in Byron in 1856, aged six years, and Eddie died in Newburgh of typhoid fever in 1876, aged nineteen years.

Joseph Parmenter.—Joseph Parmenter died at the home of his son, Amos Parmenter, Friday morning, May 13, 1892, aged nearly eighty-two years. He was the son of Amos and Mary Parmenter, and was born July 5, 1810, in the town of Canaan, Essex county, Vt. From there he moved to Truxton, N. Y., residing there twenty years. On March 4, 1835, he was married to Miss Sallie Irons, and in September following moved to Michigan which was then recognized as the far west. He settled in Shiawassee county and has lived in this county since, with the exception of six years spent in Ovid, Clinton county.

He professed religion in 1830, uniting with the Baptist church of Peterborough, N. Y. The first religious meeting held in Shiawassee county, himself and wife were present, forming one third of those present. This was in the fall of 1835. The following year the number had increased to twelve and they formed a church, known as the Shiawassee-town Baptist church. While residing at Ovid he held his membership with the Laingsburgh church. In 1848 he moved back to Vernon, holding his membership in this church from that time. In 1848 he buried his wife and in the following spring was married to Mary E. Grant, whom he has survived a little more than eight years. He passed away quietly, falling asleep in Jesus, whom for sixty-two years he had followed and confessed before men. Down through the valley of the shadow of death, the rod and the staff upon which he had leaned in life, comforted him.

He leaves three sons and two daughters to mourn his loss.

Rev. Derwin W. Sharts.[1]—Rev. D. W. Sharts was born in Oxford, Madison county, N. Y., August 30, 1830. He was a graduate of Madison University and Auburn Theological Seminary, becoming an ordained Presbyterian minister. In the Civil war he was a soldier, being with Grant at Appomattox. In 1861 he was married to Miss Julia Saxe, daughter of Judge Saxe and a cousin of the poet, John G. Saxe. He was a member of the legislature of Michigan in 1876 and also in 1878. He died at Owosso, April 4, 1891.

Gleason J. Youngs.—Gleason J. Youngs died March 24, 1892, aged sixty-four years. He was born May 26, 1828, in Niagara county, N. Y., came to this State in 1834. The family settled in Washtenaw county. In 1852 he came to Shiawassee county, located 160 acres of wild land in the town of Venice. In 1856 he was united in marriage to Miss Laura Priest, a daughter of George W. Priest, one of the earliest settlers of this township.

Mr. Youngs made the first improvements on his farm and has since added to the farm until it now comprises two hundred and three acres and one of the finest farms in the township. Mr. Youngs has filled the office of justice of the peace for twelve years, the office of township treasurer two years and discharged the duties of highway commissioner for six years, and filled many other places of trust acceptably to all parties concerned. He was known as an honest, upright man. He was the first man drafted in Shiawassee county during the Civil war and furnished two substitutes which cost him $730.

Mr. Youngs leaves a wife and two children, also three adopted children to mourn his loss, Mrs. Edward Carr, of Corunna, and Mrs. Mayo, of Hazelton. The adopted children are Mrs. Charles Shipman, of Venice, Mr. Ethan F. Youngs and Mr. George W. Mayo. In caring for these orphan children and tenderly educating them, Mr. and Mrs. Youngs have fulfilled the divine command and are honored by all who know them.

[1]See *Mich. Biog.* by Bingham, p. 580.

ST. CLAIR COUNTY

BY MRS. HELEN W. FARRAND

Name	Residence	Date of death	Age
Charles Leitz	Port Huron	Jan. 4, 1891	88
Jefferson Winne	Cottrellville	" 8, 1891	60
John Turner	Greenwood	" 8, 1891	84
Harriet McIntosh	Fort Gratiot	" 10, 1891	63
Sarah G. Swartwood	" "	Feb. 4, 1891	60
Christian Lubahn	Casco	" 5, 1891	80
Joseph Whitliff	Port Huron	" 8, 1891	65
Mary Hoffman	" "	" 11, 1891	86
Fred T. Ewing	China	" 17, 1891	76
Allen Campbell	St. Clair Tp	" 21, 1891	74
Catherine Cassey	Port Huron	" 22, 1891	57
Mary Armont	Ira	" 24, 1891	60
Julia A. Carleton	St. Clair Tp	" 27, 1891	64
William Mortimer	Fort Gratiot	" 28, 1891	50
James E. Mackay	Port Huron	Mar. 4, 1891	55
Hazelton Walker	" "	" 5, 1891	68
Patrick Gallagher	" "	" 9, 1891	62
Anna M. Bachelor	China	" 14, 1891	70
John Adair	Port Huron	" 19, 1891	.....
Joseph P. Ingles	Wales	" 20, 1891	57
Charlotte Baird	Port Huron	" 21, 1891	78
Electa Johnson	" "	" 21, 1891	64
John McIntyre	" "	" 22, 1891	53
William Dwyer	" "	" 28, 1891	68
Roxana Gilbert	Grant	April 1, 1891	64
Elizabeth Clark	Cottrellville	" 8, 1891	92
Catherine Gable	Port Huron	" 12, 1891	85
Mary McClink	" "	" 20, 1891	68
Bernard Conlon	" "	" 22, 1891	78
Matilda Roberts	" "	" 23, 1891	75
Harvey P. Dewey	Fort Gratiot	" 25, 1891	73
Adeline Dossen	Cottrellville	" 27, 1891	68
Eltha Chaffee	St. Clair Tp	" 28, 1891	86

Name	Residence	Date of death	Age
Frances Fish	Port Huron	April 29, 1891	68
Jane Wellman	" "	" 29, 1891	67
James McDonald	Grant	May 3, 1891	89
Ingray Owens	Brockway	" 5, 1891	80
John McFadzean	Port Huron	" 6, 1891	53
Christian Bair	China	" 14, 1891	72
Bernard Cochrane	Fort Gratiot	June 7, 1891	72
Thomas Fitzgerald	Cottrellville	" 12, 1891	71
Frederic Krantzman	Port Huron	" 14, 1891	90
John Folk	" "	" 15, 1891	82
John Hoben	" "	" 15, 1891	77
John Dole	" "	" 20, 1891	75
Charles Lashbrooks	Wales	" 21, 1891	57
Francis Sebron	St. Clair Tp	" 24, 1891	79
James S. Haslett	Port Huron	" 24, 1891	66
John Kaumeir	China	" 27, 1891	64
Mrs. Martha M. Anderson	Port Huron	July 6, 1891	54
Robert T. Sweet	Wales	" 7, 1891	77
Josephine Dumas	Ira	" 8, 1891	89
Mrs. Ira Osborne	Died at Keokuk, Ia.	" 10, 1891	81
Robert P. Darling	Marine City	" 13, 1891	77
Mrs. Elsie Van Wagoner	Port Huron	" 15, 1891	88
William Kinney	" "	" 15, 1891	63
Deborah Palmer	St. Clair	" 22, 1891	88
William Reynolds	Fort Gratiot	Aug. 9, 1891	83
Ellen Radcliff	Port Huron	" 10, 1891	61
Louisa Boskun	Cottrellville	" 16, 1891	81
Rev. Edward Van Lauwe	Port Huron	" 17, 1891	55
William Henderson	" "	" 24, 1891	85
John W. Colton	" "	" 27, 1891	56
Casper Schraffel	China	" 29, 1891	75
Maria Corbet	Greenwood	Sept. 2, 1891	74
Zeriah Bartle	Port Huron	" 5, 1891	89
Henry Labuher	Ira	" 9, 1891	59
Smanda Sckerman	Wales	" 10, 1891	64
Marcia E. Nobles	Brockway	" 21, 1891	71
Catherine Fitzgerald	Cottrellville	" 22, 1891	71
Elizabeth Lapancy	Casco	" 25, 1891	82
Magalena Zimmer	St. Clair Tp	" 25, 1891	53
Peter Brocklehurst	Port Huron	Oct. 8, 1891	68
Maria L. Kronk	" "	" 19, 1891	61

Name	Residence	Date of death	Age
William Schmidt	Casco	Oct. 28, 1891	65
Anna J. Aiken	Port Huron	Nov. 2, 1891	81
Catherine Shanahan	Brockway	" 6, 1891	84
Ernest McIntyre	Port Huron	" 11, 1891	64
Christina Geldenstein	China	" 14, 1891	77
Enoch Presley	Wales	" 14, 1891	58
John Meyer	Casco	" 20, 1891	81
William Nichols	East China	" 20, 1891	50
Sarah Adams	Port Huron	" 22, 1891	66
William Bryce	Fort Gratiot	" 25, 1891	61
Catherine Shank	China	" 27, 1891	78
Catherine Bourlier	Ira	" 29, 1891	65
Elona W. Strom	Fort Gratiot	Dec. 1, 1891	73
Joseph Brown	Port Huron	" 5, 1891	79
John Broomer	Grant	" 8, 1891	64
Charles Wilcox	Wales	" 9, 1891	77
Christie Jones	Ira	" 16, 1891	59
Louis Walker	Port Huron	" 16, 1891	52
Nelson Drolet	" "	" 20, 1891	75
Anna McRengel	" "	" 23, 1891	74
Anna Eliza Settig	Casco	" 24, 1891	67
Genevieve Lapancy	Ira	" 26, 1891	94
Eliza Kirk	China	" 28, 1891	84
David Easton	Greenwood	" 30, 1891	59

E. G. MANUEL.—E. G. Manuel, one of the best known residents of the eighth ward, died at his home on the river road Sunday morning, January 24, 1892, of heart disease, after a short illness. Mr. Manuel was born at Long Point, Canada, February 13, 1821. At five years of age he went to Cleveland, Ohio, and remained in northern Ohio until August, 1842, at which time he went to northern Indiana and commenced business in Valparaiso, in 1843, and was married at Laporte, March 4, 1847, to Miss Sarah Alsop, a native of England. He remained in northern Indiana until December, 1858, but his health having become impaired, he came to Michigan and settled on a farm near Mt. Clemens, Macomb county, where he stayed for two years, and in May, 1861, moved to St. Clair county, and settled on St. Clair river, and since then he had resided there without engaging in any particular business. He commenced life poor and accumulated considerable property. In politics he was a Republican. He leaves a wife and one son, Fred Manuel. A good man has gone.

JACOB F. BATCHELOR.—A telegram from Saginaw to The Times announces the death at his home in that city of Jacob F. Batchelor, at 1:30 o'clock Sunday afternoon, January 3, 1892, aged about eighty-five years.

Mr. Batchelor was for many years a resident of Port Huron, and one of its active and prominent business men. He once owned the property where The Times building is now located, where he carried on the business of carriage and wagon making. At a later period he was engaged in the lumber trade with his son, Henry A., under the firm name of J. F. Batchelor & Son, their mill being located on the river front south of the city. The panic of 1873 proved disastrous for them, and they were forced into bankruptcy. Subsequently they removed to Saginaw, where they have been quite successful in business, having large lumbering interests there.

Mr. Batchelor's residence in Port Huron was the place on Military street now owned and occupied by Gen. William Hartsuff.

ALFRED WEEKS.—Mr. Alfred Weeks, one of the most highly respected pioneer residents of St. Clair county, died at his home in Irvington, Almeda county, California, March 8, 1892, of heart disease. He was born in New York city, July 24, 1808, and was eighty-three years, seven months and thirteen days old at the time of his death. His parents moved to St. Clair, Michigan, in 1833; and Alfred, who was then a young man of twenty-five, went with the family to their new home in the forest. Being honest, intelligent and conscientious to a remarkable degree, and considering it his duty to help his parents all he could, he remained with the family for several years and assisted materially in clearing the farm from timber as well as working at any and all other kinds of work he could get to do, thereby helping in a great measure to raise and educate his younger brothers and sisters. In 1844 he was married to Miss Lovina Walker, who was a sister to the late Mrs. Fred Douglas (of the town of China). Two daughters were born to them in Michigan, Esther Amy and Florence; Louisa, and a son, James Kay, in California, who with the widow, still survive him. In April, 1859, Mr. Weeks and family left Michigan in the company of Mr. J. T. Walker and others, their objective point being California which place the party finally reached in August of the same year, after a wearisome and perilous journey across the plains. The family settled near the village of Irvington where Mr. Weeks resided at the time of his death. He was a man of sterling principles and good habits and possessed more than the ordinary amount of intelligence; and being a

great reader and deep thinker, his mind was well stored with useful knowledge. He was a fine conversationalist and retained the full possession of all his faculties with the exception of a slight impairment of his hearing until within a few days of his death. His family and his home were the objects of his dearest love and he was never willingly separated from either of them. He had a firm, unfaltering faith in a future existence. He made friends of all who became acquainted with him, and it can truthfully be said of him that he had not an enemy in the world. He visited his old home and friends in Michigan in September, 1878, and returned to California in April, 1879. He has four sisters and one brother still living, Mrs. Maria Robinson, formerly of Smith Creek, being one of them. The late Marvel G. Weeks, of Rattlerun, was a brother of his also. His remains were followed to their last resting place by a large concourse of sorrowing relatives and friends.

Mr. Weeks filled many public offices of trust that were in the gift of the people while in St. Clair county, among the rest that of county recorder of deeds. Being of a retiring nature these offices always came to him unsought but their duties which they necessarily brought to him were always well and faithfully discharged to the satisfaction of all.

Mrs. Alpha Chaffee.—Mrs. Alpha Chaffee, widow of Alpha Chaffee, Jr., died April 28, 1891. She was born in Utica, Oneida county, New York, Nov. 22, 1804. Her parents removed to Frankfort, Herkimer county, where she lived till 1823, when she was married to Alpha Chaffee, Jr., with whom she lived over fifty years, he dying in 1873 at the age of seventy-three years, three months and eighteen days. In 1836 they came to Michigan while it was yet a territory. She lived to see her adopted state grow from a wilderness to one of the most prosperous states of the union. She brought up a family of seven sons and four daughters to man and womanhood, nine of whom survive her. About eight years ago she joined the F. M. church of which she was a devout member and earnest Christian. She died at the ripe old age of eighty-six years, five months and six days in the full hope of the glorious immortality. She was living with her youngest son, Edward A., at the time of her death, on the old homestead where she had lived for over forty-five years. Her death bed was surrounded by loving friends who gave her the best of care. Peace to her ashes.

Mrs. Rose A. Trainer.—Mrs. Rose A. Trainer, aged ninety-seven years, died at her home in Yale, March 10, 1892. The deceased was born in Ireland, county Derry, May 1, 1795. Her maiden name was

Rose Ann Black and she was married at the age of sixteen. Seven years later she moved to Canada with her husband, where he, together with three children, died within three weeks from typhoid fever. Forty years ago the 10th of October she moved to St. Clair county and was married a second time shortly after to Edward Trainer at Detroit. Five daughters and one son were the result of this union. Mrs. James Moreash, of Clyde, Mrs. George Houghton, of Indian River, Me., Mrs. Margaret Smith, Emmet, Mrs. Joseph Effrick, Yale, Miss Kittie Trainer, Port Huron, and John McDermott, Lynn. Deceased was a Roman Catholic.

John Balthas Muhlitner.—Mr. John Balthas Muhlitner was born in Bavaria, Germany, November 11, 1823. He came to America in 1852, and to St. Clair in July of the same year, working for Mr. Douglass the two following years. In the fall of 1856 he was married to Miss Mary Satler and moved to the farm upon which he lived up to the time of his death. He was sick for two years, and died Sunday, Feb. 28, 1892, at 3 o'clock p. m., at the age of sixty-nine years, three months and eleven days. He leaves a wife and ten children, nine of whom are living. The funeral sermon was delivered by Rev. George Gordon, at the China M. E. church. The remains were interred in the Balfour cemetery. His death was the result of a stomach trouble. He was a prominent farmer and was honest and upright in all his dealings.

Mrs. Elizabeth C. Recor.—Mrs. Elizabeth C. Recor, mother of Mrs. Henry Rankin of St. Clair, died March 19, 1892. Mrs. Recor had nearly completed her seventy-first year. She was born in St. Clair county and belonged to the Cottrell family who were among the first settlers of what is now called Marine City. Mrs. Recor died as she had lived with firm faith in Christ as her Savior. She was universally esteemed for her faithfulness in all the relations of life, her kindness of spirit, her strong and patient character. The funeral services were very largely attended by relatives and friends who mourn her loss and cherish her memory.

Rev. Father Lawrence Kilroy.—Rev. Father Lawrence Kilroy, the oldest priest of Detroit diocese, died at his residence in Columbus on Thursday morning, July 16, 1891, at 11 o'clock.

The Rev. Father was born in Ireland in 1803 in the parish of Tisarn, township of Lisduff, Kings county, the Barony of Garry Castle.

He arrived in Detroit in 1834, and received minor orders from Bishop Rese in 1839. On the 26th of March, 1842, he was raised to the holy

priesthood by Rev. Peter Paul Lefevere, the successor of Bishop Rese. He was the first priest ordained by the Rt. Rev. P. P. Lefevere and appointed to Trinity church, Detroit, where he remained until December 23, 1847, when he was transferred to Grand Rapids. Here he labored until he took charge of the St. Clair missions in 1850. The territory over which he traveled was so extensive that he reached Port Huron but once a month during the next few years. His field of labor reached from Algonac on the south, to Point au Barques. For the first few years of his appointment he made his home with James Fisher, of Marysville. In 1852 he built a church in Marine City, and another at St. Clair one year later, where he resided until 1857 when he removed to Port Huron. It will be observed from the above that St. Stephen's first resident priest came to the parish a little more than thirty years ago.

Father Kilroy, during his incumbency, also erected churches at Columbus, Burtchville and Kenockee, and built the foundation of St. Stephen's church of Port Huron. To him must be given the credit of organizing and perfecting the various Catholic congregations throughout the district.

The Catholics of Port Huron, in 1851, purchased the lot on the angle formed by Water street and Lapeer avenue, and shortly afterwards bought, what was then the Methodist church, situated on Sixth street. They moved the church to their lot on the 26th of December, 1852. The church, having been placed on St. Stephen's day, it was named after the first martyr for that reason.

About two years previous to purchasing the Methodist church, Joseph P. Minnie gave the Catholics of Port Huron the use of the upper story of a small building on Pine street for church purposes. The under or ground floor was used for a carpenter shop. Here the people came to mass, proud of their church possession, even if it was but the loft of a trademan's workshop, with a very few Catholic families at that period, and considering that all possessed limited means, the task of getting a church was a hard one. It required zeal, fervor and determination on their part to accomplish so much, but to their credit, they succeeded in an admirable manner.

During the next ten years St. Stephen's congregation grew rapidly in numbers, and it was soon manifest that a larger church was needed for their accommodation. With this end in view they purchased the property where the present church stands, August 29, 1863, and began operations as soon as they were in the position to do so. The corner stone of the St. Stephen's church was laid in 1865 by Rev. Lawrence Kilroy and the work of building the foundations pushed to completion

during that year. In 1867 he was assigned one part of his missions, Columbus and Kenockee, in which field of labor he spent the remainder of his days. He withdrew from active service in 1881 and since that time lived in quiet retirement in Columbus.

Mrs. Deborah Bickwell Palmer.—In the death of Mrs. Deborah Bickwell Palmer, which occurred at her home near the Oakland on Wednesday morning, July 22, 1891, St. Clair loses another of its pioneer residents.

The deceased was born at Ashford, Conn., Dec. 4, 1802, and was thus at the time of her death nearly eighty-eight years old. She was married to George Palmer in October, 1826 and moved at once to St. Clair where she has resided for sixty-four years. Mr. and Mrs. Palmer's first home in this place was in a house just below the present site of the Oakland. There they resided until 1833 when they moved to the house where she had lived continuously ever since and the one in which she died. Also it may be mentioned that on their arrival in St. Clair the young couple purchased the Palmer farm which includes the land on which the Oakland now stands.

From the above it will be seen that Aunt Deborah, as she was familiarly called, was one of the oldest settlers. At the time she came with her husband to St. Clair but one other family resided there and that was the grandfather of Mark and W. S. Hopkins. This region was then a vast wilderness so that her recollection would not only extend back to the time of the great Napoleon and the War of 1812, but she also could trace the history of St. Clair from its first white settlement to its present development.

Not only was Mrs. Palmer thus one of the earliest settlers, but was also one of the pioneer members of the Congregational church. For fifty years she had belonged to that society and during all this long period had conducted herself as a true, devoted and faithful follower of the divine Master.

Five children survive and are left in her departure to mourn the loss of all that is involved in that tender and sacred word, mother. They are Mrs. Henry Knill, of Chicago, Mrs. M. Tuttle, of Grand Rapids, Mrs. James Galloway, of St. Clair, Mrs. Julia Parker, of Grand Haven, and Hon. George T. Palmer, of Detroit. Also, as most of our people are aware, the deceased was an aunt of ex-Minister and ex-Senator Thomas W. Palmer, now president of the World's Fair.

The funeral occurred at the house on Friday, July 22, 1891, at 2 p. m., Rev. W. B. Millard officiating, and was largely attended. Among those

present from abroad may be mentioned: Mr. F. Emery Tuttle and Mrs. Martha S. Tuttle, of Grand Rapids; Mrs. Laura E. Knill, of Chicago; Mrs. Julia C. Parker, Mr. Elias Parker, Hattie and Mary Parker, of New Haven; George, Alice, Ella and Grace Palmer, Senator Thomas W. Palmer, Gen. Friend Palmer and Mr. Giese, of Detroit.

Rev. Edward Van Lauwe.—The death of the Very Rev. Dean Van Lauwe, which occurred August 17, 1891, has cast a profound gloom over the Catholics of Port Huron, as well as over all who knew him personally, regardless of creed.

Words are not sufficient to pen a fitting eulogy of such a man. His life work is his proudest eulogium. Born of strict Catholic parents and educated in an intensely Catholic country, still so broad and charitable was his spirit that he came among those who differed with him and yet they learned to love him. He was withal most intensely a priest of the Catholic church, exemplifying the words of Him who said to father and mother "I am not of thee, and to sister and brother, I am none of thine." So much did he consecrate his life to the labor which he undertook.

The active life and labor of Father Van Lauwe in Port Huron is co-existent with the growth and prosperity of that city. He went there when the city was but a hamlet, and it is but justice to him to say that his own congregation and its possessions under the guidance of his hand were made to keep pace with the progress about it.

Ordained a priest in 1862 he went to Port Huron in 1867, where he has resided continuously since.

Illustrative of the energy which characterized him it may not be out of place to relate an incident which occurred when he first took charge of his post at this place. The old building at the intersection of Lapeer avenue and Water street was the first one occupied by Father Van Lauwe. The parish then numbered few members and was very poor. Unknown to his congregation Father Van Lauwe caused the building to be repapered and many needed repairs made and the following Sunday his astonished parishioners scarcely knew whether they had entered their own place of worship or the house of a stranger. How could such a man fail to have the support and confidence of a congregation which in ensuing years enabled him to build such enduring monuments to his ambition, energy and strength and purity of character. It is a singular coincidence that the floor of this building so consecrated by his early efforts is being torn up on the very day of his death.

His silver jubilee was held in the year 1887, at which time he was the recipient of many splendid and costly evidences of the high esteem in which he was held by prelates far and wide and by the organizations and people of his own parish.

Of the esteem manifested toward him by all, it is not necessary to speak. Under his guidance and care St. Stephen's church, school and convent have been constructed and have prospered and become an ornament to the city. With the numberless "requiescat in pace" offered up by those whose lips he taught to pronounce the words will be answered by all who knew him, a long and fervid amen.

Capt. J. D. Crampton.—Capt. J. D. Crampton was born in Windsor, Ont., July 31, 1849, and died at his home in St. Clair, Saturday, Jan. 23, 1892. He was captain of several vessels on the lakes, always discharging his duties in a faithful manner. He was married to Amelia Crawford, March 2, 1887, one child being born to them. He was taken sick with typhoid fever, the sickness terminating as above. The deceased leaves a widow, three brothers and six sisters to mourn his death.

Eno L. Freeman.—Eno L. Freeman, of Port Huron, died at Northville, Tenn., on Wednesday, Feb. 24, 1892, aged sixty-three years. Mr. Freeman was born in Ray township, Macomb county in 1828, where he grew to manhood. He graduated with the first class from the University. In 1855 he was married to Miss Emily Hawkins, of Richmond. One year later he removed to Port Huron, where he has since made his home. Mr. Freeman was one of the first principals of the high school and for a number of years was engaged in the milling business. His health failing he went to Tennessee to spend the winter, thinking that the milder climate would prove a benefit. The deceased leaves a wife and two daughters, Mrs. Thomas McCouchie, of Ruby, and Mrs. Harvey Sparling, of Port Huron.

Nicholas Wonderlick.—Nicholas Wonderlick was born in Austria, August 8, 1816, and died at his home Saturday, January 2, 1892, aged seventy-six. The deceased came to St. Clair in 1850 where he has ever since resided. He was always a farmer and was successful in his chosen pursuit. His wife died in 1860 leaving six children, four sons and two daughters, to mourn her death. There are three children, two sons and one daughter, to mourn the death of their father.

Diodorus Sheldon.—Diodorus Sheldon, the most prominent of the old citizens of St. Clair if indeed he may not be called the most prominent citizen who has ever made this place his residence, died Thursday morning, May 26, 1892, at the advanced age of seventy-eight years.

He was born in Hamburg, New York, December 10, 1814, of New England parents. He was left an orphan at the age of ten years. At sixteen years he became a tanner's apprentice and in about five years mastered the business. From that time for a number of years he was engaged in various business enterprises; part of the time foreman in a large tannery in Port Huron, and superintending the construction of a large tannery on the river just above St. Clair. In 1846 he came to St. Clair and built his first tannery, which has been in continuous operation from that time to the present, some of the men now employed having been there over thirty years. He built up and for many years carried on a very extensive brick making establishment. He built and owned the First National bank building and many other principal business places in St. Clair, always giving employment to a large number of men and no panics or business revulsions ever prevented his being on hand with ready cash to pay his men at every pay day. By his sympathy, generosity and uniform kindness he endeared himself to the hearts of his employés. He was several times mayor of St. Clair, and filled, with credit to himself and satisfaction to his constituents, many positions of public trust. He was married in 1843 to Miss Grace Abernethy, by whom he had four children, two of whom are still living, Mary E., widow of Ludovic King, and Charles, who succeeds to the estate and business of his father. Mr. Sheldon was not a member of any church, but contributed liberally to the support of all the religious denominations and in a modest and unobstrusive manner was ever ready to relieve cases of distress and to satisfy the various appeals which were made to him in behalf of deserving objects of charity. In 1885, Mr. Sheldon showed signs of failing health and with a view of relieving himself from care he transferred the active management of his business to his son Charles who had already been associated with him in a business capacity for a number of years. Since then he has led a quiet life, retaining his general interest in matters going on about him and enjoying the exercise of all his faculties except that of speech which through paralysis of the vocal organs had been imperfect for three or four years previous to his death.

Mr. Sheldon was always ready to contribute of his means, his influence and his efforts to every enterprise which promised to benefit the

city and probably no man who has ever lived here has done more to benefit the place than he has.

The funeral services were held at his residence on Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock, the Rev. W. G. Stonex officiating, and were attended by nearly all the older and more prominent residents of the place who came to pay the last sad tribute to the memory of a worthy citizen. A strikingly appropriate feature of the funeral services was the presence of his former employes in a body, six of the oldest of them, namely, C. H. Leach, Michael Kelly, John Kelly, F. Winter, Adam Burkhart and Christopher Buechler, acting as bearers. Among those present from out of town were his grandson, Sheldon King, of Detroit, William Abernethy, John Nesbit and William Nesbit, of Sarnia, R. S. Patterson, wife and daughter, and Miss U. King, of Port Huron.

The remains were laid at rest in the city cemetery.

Caleb W. Bailey.—Caleb W. Bailey was born in Wagontown, Penn., Sept. 20, 1826, and died at his home in St. Clair, Sunday, May 8, 1892, aged sixty-six years. His parents were Quakers and he was brought up in their good way and always was an honest, upright man and a good citizen. Mr. Bailey came to St. Clair in the year 1853 where he has resided up to the time of his death, regarded by all who knew him with respect. He was taken sick a week before on Sunday with congestion, brought on by a hard cold and all that loving hearts and willing hands could do could not stay the hand of death. The funeral was held Wednesday afternoon at the residence on Vine street, conducted by the members of Evergreen Lodge, F. & A. M. of which he became a member, May 17, 1854, Rev. W. B. Millard, officiating.

The deceased leaves a wife and two daughters, Mrs. E. F. Bacon of Detroit, and Miss Emma Bailey, of Springfield, North Dakota, and many friends to mourn his death.

Michael Driscoll.—The announcement of the death of Mr. M. Driscoll, which occurred in Corunna, Saturday, June 11, 1892, was received with profound sorrow. He had been ill less than ten days and but few knew that he was in a dangerous condition.

Mr. Driscoll was widely known in this county and always had a friendly word for all and his demise will be sincerely mourned.

The subject of this sketch was born March 22, 1822, in the southwest corner of county Cork, Ireland. In that early day the school system of Ireland was not as it is at present, and he was educated at a private school, where he received the rudiments of an education,

being well grounded in the now called common branches. At eighteen years of age he married Ellen Dillon of about the same age as himself. The families on both sides came from good stock. The member of parliament Dillon is one of the representatives of the family. Two children were born in the old country, Dennis and Ellen. When they were about leaving the old country, Ellen, a babe, was taken sick and died. He landed in this country and settled in the city of Troy, N. Y., where he had charge of loading and unloading vessels for a number of years. This life becoming monotonous he drifted to public works, commencing at the bottom of the ladder, he soon began to climb, first to foreman and then to general superintendent.

He came to Ohio and had charge of construction of portions of the Toledo, Norwalk & Cleveland R'y. He also had charge of the quarries at Bellevue, Ohio. Here Mary Ann Driscoll was born. He also had charge of the railroad bridge at Maumee.

He came to Michigan when the D. & M. R'y was building and had charge of the construction from Pontiac to Gaines, and later at Ovid and St. Johns.

In the fall of James Buchanan's election, 1856, known by the old settlers as the smoky fall, on account of the extensive forest fires, he purchased eighty acres of land of Mr. Truesdel, a part of the old homestead. He has lived in our midst ever since. His wife died in the fall of 1858. He married the next year Catherine Crosby, of Livingston county, Mich., and by this marriage they had three children, a son who died in infancy, and John and Eliza. His second wife died in March, 1876, and in September, 1879, he married Mrs. May Keys. His children are Dennis Driscoll, Mary Ann Driscoll McNamee, John Driscoll and Eliza Driscoll.

Mr. Driscoll was the largest stockholder in the First National Bank of Corunna, having purchased the stock in 1873, which he held at the time of his death, his financial standing having aided materially in making it one of the best banks in the State.

ST. JOSEPH COUNTY

BY HIRAM DRAPER

The following named old residents of St. Joseph county have died between June 1, 1891, and May 31, 1892:

Name	Residence	Age
Giles C. Gore	A resident of Sturgis 25 years	65
Mrs. Kate Slate	Florence	40
Milo Ingraham	Flowerfield	73
John Gerry	Burr Oak	80
William Baker	Sturgis	78
John Daniels	Overbrook, Kas	65
Sarah Jones	Florence	50
Mariah Barnabee	A resident of Mendon 50 years	
Rawson Williams	Fawn River	60
Mrs. James Bole	Lockport	70
Samuel Shurger	Sturgis	86
John Carney	"	57
Mrs. Peter Mohr	"	61
George Decker	Colon	73
Matthias Becker Putnam	Constantine	66
Mrs. Emory Fisher	"	42
David D. Knight	"	90
Mrs. Emily Coler	Fabius	49
John Morehouse	Sherman	84
John K. Briggs	Constantine	72
George Davis	Florence	80
John James Davis	White Pigeon	76
Mrs. David Bateman	Three Rivers	57
Wm. McGaffy	A resident of White Pigeon since 1833	67
Mrs. Minerva McQuiggen	White Pigeon	77
Mrs. Charles B. Bucknell	Burr Oak	44
Jacob Shank	Sherman	54
Mrs. Margaret Frame	Constantine	64
Mrs. Maria Weilman	Sturgis	75
Washington White	Three Rivers	58
Benjamin C. Buck	Sturgis	72
Mrs. Lorietta Carlisle	Mendon	73
Thomas McQueen	Toledo, O	21

Name	Residence	Age
Dr. Albert Eastman	Sturgis	59
Sarah Rowe	Three Rivers	69
Casper Fuchs	Constantine	70
Mrs. Milo Powell	"	.....
Mrs. Addine C. Osbon	Sturgis	47
Mrs. Catherine Swarts	A former resident of White Pigeon, Fairbury, Neb	72
Mrs. Mary Ann Hailmann	Constantine	78
Mrs. Barbara Oppligner	Centreville	79
Mrs. David Hazzard	"	55
Everett Fletcher	Mendon	.....
J. A. Ranney	Kalamazoo	75
Mrs. L. B. Shaw	Burr Oak	64
Silas Gordon	" "	74
Mrs. James Pearson	Sherman	62
George C. Hendrix	Sturgis	53
George Neidhurt	A resident of Three Rivers 37 years	60
Catherine A. Russell	Constantine	67
David S. Shoemaker	Three Rivers	72
George Kuch	Centreville	56
Mrs. Catherine Hamner	Constantine	.....
Dr. S. D. Richardson	Chicago	75
J. C. Gentzler	St. Joseph	71
Mrs. J. C. Gentzler	"	75
Robert S. Griffith	Fabius	68
Oliver Nichols	Burr Oak	50
M. D. L. Bidlock	Three Rivers	51
Albert L. Lockwood	Sturgis	66
Joseph McConn	Burr Oak	.....
Harvey K. Field	Mottville	65
Mrs. Robert Clark, Jr.	Chicago	83
Harvey Geer	Lyons, N. Y	89
Mrs. Jane Redfearn	Mottville	75
Mrs. Melvina Holiday	Sturgis	62
William Kelly	Burr Oak	88
Mrs. Perlina Curtis	" "	82
John Creed	Nottawa	63
Mrs. Thomas Jackson	Three Rivers	54
Mrs. Martha J. Hackett	Sturgis	57
Jairus Pierce	Leonidas	92
Charles G. Leland	Colon	71
Mrs. Margaret Hummer	Parkville	104

Name	Residence	Age
Mrs. William Evans	White Pigeon	75
Mrs. Esther Ann Davis	Leonidas	87
Mrs. Lois Wait Bush	"	87
Mrs. Matilda Louise Hackett	Burr Oak	49
George N. Phelps	Three Rivers	58
Mrs. Deborah Ward	Constantine	82
Edward Gray	Mottville	80
Mrs. Charles Washburn	Colon	65
Samuel Vaughan	Three Rivers	77
Mrs. Jane Burnett Kellogg	White Pigeon	75
Mrs. Mary A. Ferry	Flowerfield	57
L. S. Williams	Burr Oak	
Mrs. Oliver Arnold	Constantine	67
Mrs. Margaret Bauchman	"	71
Mrs. Henry L. Kumberling	Three Rivers	62
Mrs. Matilda Miller	Constantine	58
Augustus K. Davidson		86
Rachel Naylor Hibbs	Three Rivers	74
Eugene B. Avery	Nottawa	52
Mrs. Elihu Cross	Centreville	79
Robert Melborn	Mottville	75
Frank Tucker	Three Rivers	32
John Snyder	Park	66
Mrs. Sarah C. McKnight	Centreville	82
Thomas H. Fitch	Waterloo, Iowa	88
Seymour Andrews	Flowerfield	69
Mrs. Abby E. Syas	Constantine	59
J. C. Black	"	60
David Ebi	Mottville	78
Dr. D. K. Broucher	Born in Mottville. Walla Walla, Wash.	41
Thomas Mitchell	Constantine	72
Mrs. Elizabeth Hoafnagle	"	
Mr. Daniel Arnold	"	77
Jacob Theurer	Sherman	86
Hiram Weinbertz	Flowerville	
Lavinia Kirighet	In Indiana, buried at Constantine	80
Mrs. Sarah Hamilton	Centreville	55
Miss Sarah Loring	Grand Rapids	40
Abram H. Voorhees	Mendon	68
Mrs. Mary Buck	Three Rivers	56
Charles E. Dickinson	White Pigeon	43

Name	Residence	Age
Mrs. Rebecca Driskell	Newberg, Cass Co	69
Jacob Hollinger	Constantine	79
Leopold Stangle	Porter, Cass Co	85
Nahum C. Gorton	Sturgis	51
Conrad Miller	Three Rivers	76
Dr. M. Scott	" "	61
Mrs. Mary Ann Heitsman	White Pigeon	64
Miss Mary Alice Lorrison	Three Rivers	48
Mrs. Susan J. Langley	Grand Rapids	58
William Masser	Three Rivers	84
Mrs. Augusta L. Lacy	Los Angeles, Cal., resident of Niles	60
Lucretia Covey Sparks	Constantine	79
Samuel Valentine	Sturgis	69
Mrs. Catherine Jones	White Pigeon	85
Mrs. Sarah D. Grier	Three Rivers	70
Mrs. Agnes M. Hodgson Robinson	White Pigeon	39
Mrs. Margaret P. Gilbert		78

MRS. ROBERT CLARK, JR.—Mrs. Robert Clark, Jr., died in Chicago at the residence of her son, John M. Clark, aged eighty-three years. She was a daughter of Hon. Charles B. Fitch, an early settler in St. Joseph county. Robert Clark, her husband, was a surveyor engaged in the field and while returning to camp from his work was stricken with apoplexy and died immediately.

AUGUSTUS K. DAVIDSON.—Augustus K. Davidson was an early resident of St. Joseph county and noted as a violinist; he was a member of Hall and Arnold's band and was well known in southwestern Michigan and northern Indiana. He lived to the ripe age of eighty-six years.

TUSCOLA COUNTY

BY W. A. HEARTT

MARY RUTHERFORD.—Mary Rutherford died at her home in the town of Juniata, June 10, 1891, aged seventy-six years. She was a resident of the county for thirty-five years; a native of Ireland.

MRS. BETSEY STARK.—Mrs. Betsey Stark died at her home in the village of Reese, June 13, 1891, aged fifty-one years. She was a native of Ontario.

THOMAS CLYNE.—Thomas Clyne died at Vassar, Sept. 25, 1891, aged fifty-three years. He was born in Ontario, and a resident of Michigan since 1863 and of Vassar since 1867.

MRS. MATILDA ELLISON.—Mrs. Matilda Ellison died at her home in Juniata, Oct. 14, 1891, aged fifty-seven years. A resident of Juniata thirty years.

DANIEL CRAM.—Daniel Cram died at Woodland, Maryland, Oct. 30, 1891, aged sixty-two. He was buried in Almer cemetery, Nov. 4, 1891.

HENRY DECOW.—Henry Decow died at Vassar, Dec. 14, 1891, aged seventy-seven years. He was a resident of the place for thirty-two years.

LOUIS RICHARDS.—Louis Richards died at the home of his son in the town of Juniata, Dec. 23, 1891, aged eighty years. A resident of the county since 1856 and a native of Quebec.

MARCUS COOK.—Marcus Cook died at Vassar, while sitting in his chair, January 3, 1892, aged ninety-five years. He was a resident of this county for eighteen years past, having formerly resided at Rochester and Maple Rapids, this State; a man who enjoyed the respect of every one and who at different periods filled many positions of trust and responsibility.

CHRISTIAN SHADLEY.—Christian Shadley, the first settler of the township of Almer, died at his home in Ellington, January 5, 1892, and was buried in the Almer cemetery, aged eighty-seven years. He was a native of Switzerland and came to America in 1833; settled in Almer in 1852. He was a Mexican war veteran, in the regular service for sixteen years, also in the Florida Indian war.

MRS. LOUISA WHIPPLE.—Mrs. Louisa Whipple died at the residence of her son in Caro, Jan. 8, 1892, aged seventy-eight years. A resident of the county twenty-eight years.

DAVID BEARSE.—David Bearse died at his home in Almer, from the kick of a horse, Jan. 9, 1892, aged seventy-one years. A native of Ontario and a resident of Almer since 1857. He leaves a wife and six children.

MR. AND MRS. ADAM SCHROEDER, OF CARO.—Mrs. Schroeder died Sunday, Jan. 10, 1892, aged eighty-three. Mr. Schroeder died Monday, Jan. 11, 1892, aged seventy-four. They were natives of Germany and residents of the county for twenty-seven years.

K. Gibson.—K. Gibson died at his home in Juniata, Jan. 11, 1892, aged forty-seven. He was born at Ann Arbor in 1845 and a resident of Tuscola county since 1856. He leaves a wife and one child.

Mrs. Grace Brainerd.—Mrs. Grace Brainerd died at Vassar, Jan. 19, 1892, aged eighty-eight years. She was born in Oneida county, N. Y., and has been a resident of Michigan since 1835; occupied the first log house erected in the village of Hartland. She was buried at Hartland, Mich., beside her husband.

John Thoms.—John Thoms died at Vassar, Jan. 30, 1892, aged seventy-four years. He was born in County of Derby, Ireland, June 24, 1817, and came to America in 1838, and located at Ypsilanti, Mich., where he married Miss Lucy Fulton in 1847, moved to the town of Juniata, Tuscola county, in 1867. He was a war veteran of eighteen battles.

James Kirk.—James Kirk died at his home in the town of Fairgrove, Feb. 3, 1892, aged fifty-eight years, of cancer. He was born at Antrim near Belfast, Ireland. He came to Oakland county at the age of twenty, and to Tuscola county when twenty-seven years of age. He represented this county in the State legislature at the time of death.

Robert Butler.—Robert Butler died at Fairgrove village, Feb. 10, 1892, aged seventy-one years. He was an old resident of the county.

Mrs. Olive W. Selden.—Mrs. Olive W. Selden died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. John Johnson, in Vassar, Feb. 11, 1892, aged eighty-nine years. A resident in Wayne county from 1830 to 1850, and of Tuscola county, in towns of Denmark and Vassar, for forty-two years.

Lovira Hart.—Lovira Hart died at his home in Tuscola township, March 5, 1892, aged eighty-three years, formerly from Greene county, New York. A resident pioneer since 1837, or fifty-five years.

Jacob Alber.—Jacob Alber died at his home in Juniata, April 11, 1892, aged eighty years. A resident in town for forty-three years. Native of Germany.

Simeon S. Newton, Sr.—Simeon S. Newton, Sr., aged eighty-two, died May 1, 1892, while visiting in Illinois. An old pioneer of Arbela township, formerly proprietor of the Buck Horn tavern.

Rev. Samuel N. Hill.—The people of the village of Vassar were very much shocked on learning of the sudden death of the Rev. Samuel N. Hill, pastor of the Presbyterian church, who dropped dead while

dressing Wednesday morning, January 27, 1892, at his home, which was with his son, Charles C., on West Huron avenue. For some time Mr. Hill had been in feeble health, first with a severe attack of the grippe, and later from the injuries he received from a fall off of a chair on the porch when he was adjusting a door screen. For several weeks, however, he had been able to be out and attend to his usual pastoral and other duties, and he appeared to be steadily regaining his former health. On Monday and Tuesday he complained of feeling rather poorly again, and kept to the house. Wednesday morning, his son on arising went to his father's room to inquire how he was. Mr. Hill said he was feeling first-rate, and that he would get up and be down to breakfast. At this Charles left him, and went down to start the morning fire. While engaged in this he heard something fall, and hastened back to find his father partly dressed and lying on the floor, dead, the result undoubtedly of heart failure.

He was nearly seventy-six years of age, always active and energetic in whatever he was engaged, never knowing what it was to have an idle moment. Regardless of self-comfort or the infirmities of advancing years, he was ever searching out some avenue for ministering to the distressed or comforting the afflicted, while at the same time was always on hand to enter into the social pleasures of life, and of those more favored. Of him it can be truly said he was a pastor in word and deed—a friend in trouble, a participant in joys. He was respected, beloved and honored by all who knew him, and his death will be greatly felt by the church and community at large.

Mr. Hill was born in Sawsville, Susquehanna county, Penn., March 15, 1815, his father being a minister. He worked his way through college by his own endeavors, working on a farm and teaching during vacations to pay his way. In 1851 he came to Michigan and preached in Rochester and Troy four years, after which he accepted a call from Birmingham, where he remained twelve years. He came to Vassar in 1867, and occupied the Presbyterian pulpit seven years, or until 1874, when he moved to Ludington. While here, in addition to his pastoral work, he was also principal of the Vassar public schools for one year, and county superintendent of schools for three years, filling both positions with zeal and success.

In November, 1868, Mr. Hill lost his wife, and in July of the same year his daughter, Avis, aged seven, both being buried in Vassar. He remained in Ludington nearly fourteen years, during which time he built up a large and prosperous church. About three years ago he felt the necessity of being relieved of active pastoral work, and came back

to Vassar to spend his declining years with his son Charles. About a year or more ago, the Presbyterian society of Vassar being without a pastor, he was induced to once more occupy the pulpit which relation he sustained to the time of his death. His crowning work is shown in the society's new church edifice, which was nearly completed and stands as a monument to his personal endeavors, more than any one's else. That he could not have lived to see this work, in which he was so much interested, fully completed, is a matter of much regret to all. The church would have soon been ready for occupancy, and we understand Mr. Hill already had his dedicatory and also his farewell sermons prepared, as he did not intend to preach longer on account of the uncertain condition of his health.

Mr. Hill leaves three sons, I. O. Hill, of Toledo, Charles C. Hill, of Vassar, and William H. Hill, of Chicago. He also has two brothers living, Thomas S. and George W. Hill, both of Detroit. All of the above, and also a nephew, G. W. VanTuyl, of Detroit, attended the funeral at the Presbyterian church.

WASHTENAW COUNTY

Merchant H. Goodrich.—Merchant H. Goodrich, a pioneer of Washtenaw county and one of the first six graduates from the University of Michigan, died suddenly Feb. 19, 1892, of heart disease. He took his degree of B. A. in 1845 and M. A. in 1849, in the meanwhile graduating from the Harvard law school. Although enrolled as an attorney he never practiced extensively. It was only the day before his death that he promised the Detroit Tribune an article on "Early Reminiscences of the University," and said he would gather all the notes at his command. Being located at Ann Arbor he has probably had more acquaintance with the alumni of the U. of M. than any other graduate. He was also one of the charter members of Chi Psi fraternity.

He was a member of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society and was its eleventh president. A brief biographical sketch appears in volume 12, page viii of Pioneer Collections.

WAYNE COUNTY

BY J. WILKIE MOORE

To the Officers and Members of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society:

It becomes my sad duty once more to report to you the havoc which death has occasioned in the membership of the Wayne county historical and pioneer society for the year ending May 31, 1892.

The entire number thus lost is 129 and I herewith submit the record of the names, date of death, and age in detail:

Died	Name	Age
1891		
June 1	Robert Common	72
22	Dr. Benjamin L. Clark	60
10	Mrs. Anna Zag	74
28	Monis White	96
12	Alonzo F. Combs	90
July 2	Owen Angline	80
8	James McGlade	79
7	Abram Smolk	100
15	Patrick Hughs	74
24	Aaron B. Maynard	74
24	Mrs. Mary A. Adams	77
17	Jesse Stowers	74
28	Mrs. Lucy M. Remick	79
20	Thomas Flemming	
20	Mrs. Polly Walker	88
30	John Hamelton	82
16	Solomon Davis	99
Aug. 7	Charles N. Brainard	76
3	Lysander Lavelette	79
	William Funke	80
5	Mrs. William Tasker	88
10	Anthony Pulte	74
6	James W. Stanburry	83
7	John D. Moynaham	70
8	Mrs. Elizabeth K. Rice	85
16	Mrs. Hannah L. Cole	59
	M. Hartegan	81

Died	Name	Age
1891		
Aug. 28.....	Mrs. Maud Collins.....	85
19.....	John F. Monroe.....	82
20.....	James Lawson.....	65
27.....	Emily Stoddard.....	83
.....	Stephen Moore.....	79
28.....	Miss Emily Ward.....	82
Sept. 4.....	Mrs. Jane Hill.....	85
1.....	Mrs. Susan Stimpson.....	90
4.....	Maler Weiss.....	77
20.....	N. Doheny.....	79
13.....	Mrs. Mary Wilson.....	87
13.....	Mrs. Susan Warren.....	84
25.....	Janette Wigner.....	87
Oct. 8.....	Sears Thompson.....	78
11.....	Elector B. Dwyer.....	79
15.....	Alexander Forbes.....	73
10.....	Mrs. Hiram Hinsdale.....	82
12.....	Mrs. Victoria Bourgro.....	77
13.....	William Walter Boinke.....	65
25.....	Capt. J. C. D. Williams.....	49
29.....	Miss Carrie Elizabeth Cahoon.....	.....
29.....	Mrs. Caroline Beck.....	80
30.....	Mrs. Archange Macomb Brodhead.....	74
31.....	Mrs. Ellen Lane.....	80
Nov. 5.....	Edmund Russell Post.....	84
10.....	C. Humphrey Hodgdon.....	77
11.....	William W. Wheaton.....	.....
12.....	John J. Langjahn.....	78
14.....	Richard Cogger.....	76
15.....	Mrs. Abbie George.....	72
15.....	Charles Lappan.....	72
.....	Rev. Dr. Zachary Eddy.....	76
20.....	Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Franks.....	71
28.....	Mrs. Rosa Schultz.....	83
Dec. 2.....	George J. Reis.....	58
2.....	Mrs. Matilda Reis.....	47
16.....	Mrs. Mary Donaghue.....	70
.....	Mrs. Mary Clifford.....	88
20.....	Mrs. Ellen Nolan.....	85
26.....	Francis W. Noble.....	65
27.....	William McKay.....	86

Died	Name	Age
1892		
Jan. 6	John Smith	84
8	William Knans	75
10	John Robinson	81
15	James V. Wheelhoun	71
15	Mrs. Hannah White	79
16	Lemuel C. Knight	77
17	John Sterner	78
19	Mrs. Bridget Powers	76
19	Joshua F. Cliss	80
19	Mrs. Julia Crowley	74
21	Mrs. George Monat	86
21	Ferdinand Pheifer	89
23	Mrs. Archange Bourshaw	91
22	Rev. Peter Paul Hennaret	71
23	Judge Jared Patchin	64
23	Joshua J. Norris	70
22	Thomas C. Howe	88
23	Mrs. Celia Chêne Gagnier	90
27	Mrs. Martha Smith	94
Feb. 1	Major Thomas J. Barry	67
10	James T. Birchard	
10	John Winchell	94
11	Mrs. Elizabeth Holden	77
6	Francis W. King	85
14	Mrs. Evelyn Kennedy	87
17	Mrs. James Gore	90
21	John Stanley	54
22	Asa Judd	79
Mar. 3	George Baker	77
8	Jane Simpson McWilliams	85
11	Theodore Chapoton	58
12	William L. Carlisle	67
13	Dewitt Clinton Holbrook	73
13	Mrs. Ellen McDuff	78
17	Mrs. Francis Lamphie Martin	95
17	Catherine Forcier Herbert	84
17	Mrs. Francis L. Martin	58
17	Margaret Kaner	88
21	Benjamin Sparling	70
27	Ferdinand Rivard	82

Died	Name	Age
1892		
Mar. 27	Mrs. Bridget Welsh	80
31	Hon. John Owen	83
April 8	Bernard Hopkins	80
.....	Marcus F. Dow	81
14	William F. Whitney	80
18	Mrs. Mary Sawyer	79
18	Zoah Esdell	76
25	John C. Williams	76
26	Thomas W. Grant	82
27	David Wallace	78
27	James Gardner	74
.....	Christina Taggart	82
May 1	Jacob Westfall	84
4	Louisa Stephens	81
12	Patrick Bolger	78
13	Christian Kriss	80
13	Thomas Chisholm	77
19	Mary Chisholm	71
14	Maria Gray	86
20	Aaron C. W. Fisher	71
24	Louisa Steinhauser	87
25	William Silliman	84
31	Hon. Edward V. Cicotte	82

MRS. ARCHANGE MACOMB BRODHEAD.—Mrs. Archange Macomb Brodhead, of Grosse Isle,[1] has passed from earth to the celestial country. On the vigil of All Saints Day, 1891, her spirit left the beautiful island of our shining river and sped to the brighter isles of the blest where glides the river of eternal life.

Although the sad demise of Mrs. Archange Macomb Brodhead has called forth from one of Detroit's most cultivated men words of sweet praise and sorrow, bearing in their ring the balm which alleviates grief, by sharing in it, still it gratifies affection to add its tribute expressive of a life which, even in the golden days of age, can ill be spared.

Grosse Isle, her lovely island home cradled her in infancy, expanded and nursed her youth, received her as a wife, sheltered her as a widow and mourns her departed spirit. Archange Macomb was a member

[1]See Vol. XXXV, pps. 553-604 this series.

of the Macomb family which lent to army and navy the light of illustrious deeds.

She was the daughter of William Macomb,[1] (Jr.) and (great) niece of Gen. Alexander Macomb, Commander-in-chief of the United States Army.

At the age of eighteen she became the wife of William Abbott, son of Judge Abbott, of Detroit. Bereaved of her young husband she later on rewarded the devotion of Col. Brodhead by becoming his bride, when he returned with a soldier's laurels from the Mexican war.

Col. Thornton Fleming Brodhead was one of our heroes who laid down his life for his country. He was colonel of the First United States Cavalry and fell during the intrepid and desperate fight against Stonewall Jackson's superior force at the second battle of Bull Run. He was brevetted brigadier-general, but his commission was not received before his death, and it was transmitted to his family.

United in life, Col. and Mrs. Brodhead were not separated in death. His wife was laid by the side of her soldier husband, and the graves of both were beautifully garlanded.

Col. Brodhead was a graduate of the Harvard Law School. Returning to Detroit he was for a time editor of the Free Press. He had six children, five daughters and one son. The son, Lieut. John T. Brodhead, of Detroit, has also martial blood in his veins. He was present with his father at the battle of Harper's Ferry, and was subsequently appointed by General Grant to West Point. But after passing his examination he was persuaded by his uncle, Lieut. John Brodhead, for many years Second Assistant Controller (Comptroller) of the Treasury at Washington, to enter the navy. In 1877, he was sent with a force of marines to quell the railroad riots in Philadelphia, and to Boston with a similar force to protect property during the great fires of 1871-72. In both instances his gallantry was conspicuous, and in Boston he received the thanks of the mayor and the city council, was tendered the freedom of the city and a grand banquet.

Col. Brodhead was possessed of a brilliant mind and fascinating personnel and his loss was an ever-recurring grief to his widow. However, gathering her infant family about her, by assiduous care and with a brave heart, she proved what woman could do to protect the fatherless. Devoted children, they grew up at her side, disciplined by her love, to accept the bitter with the sweet of life. How happy were the days of their childhood, what mirth resounded through the home, how gracious the hospitality of which the mother was the center—never was young heart saddened by her trials. Inheriting her father's home,

[1]See appendix.

which, ancient as it was had replaced the former abode of her family, sacked and burned by the Indians during the War of 1812, her graceful, dignified presence and bright mind gave to it an individual charm.

To few has it been given in this modern land, to live and die as was her lot, in that spot where first she drew breath, and where quickened the friendships death so often ruthlessly quenched, only to revive anew phœnix-like, in youthful breasts; for sharing her children's grief, and soothing her last hours stood the descendants of those who knew her in youth.

Lovely that island home and lovely the nature that cherished it; she had tended the bud and culled the blossom, had planted the swaying sapling and stood sheltered by the stately tree, and her feeble hand, when tongue refused to utter, waved a last adieu to leaf and branch. She had seen Detroit rise from a mere garrison town and trading post, gay with that early sociability of frontier life, to its present growth and importance. Her seventy-four years had watched the river traffic as it progressed from birch canoe, manned by pioneer or swarthy Indian, followed by the one steamer, the forerunner of our present floating palaces.

Her youthful travels had also gained her the exquisite pleasure of meeting many of the noted personages of that day, and broadened a naturally quick intelligence, until a more charming companion was rarely met. For read as we may of by-gone days and men once born, those who have seen in the flesh have the spirit of narrative within them and charms by the piquancy with which they relate the incidents of life.

Too soon has she been called. Love would still cherish, but death has enforced that separation, where earthly strength is powerless. The brave heart that never failed, the courageous mother, loving sister, unfailing friend, the sympathetic nature to which distress could safely trust, has found eternal rest.

Seventy-four, with not a gray hair to betray it, her eye was bright and quick as in youth, and her mind alert. She suffered long and painfully, but the strong French blood that was in her, hers being the Navarre and Marantette, asserted itself to the end, and illustrated the remarkable vitality and tenacity of life of this old French race.

Young with the youngest of her children, she was never so happy as when others were so. Indeed, at any surprise expressed that she could bear the excitement and fatigue of the constant succession of lawn parties, church fairs and the throngs of young people that fre-

quented her hospitable house, she was wont to say, "if they are only happy."

The rich yield of the farm of which she was mistress, the French pears, the snow apples, the cherries, the peaches, the everything of farm produce, was first for others, particularly the poor, and last for herself. Even when death was hovering near her she was greatly troubled lest certain poor persons had not been furnished with the supplies intended.

During all the years her house was the home of the visiting fathers who came to the island to celebrate mass in the chapel near by, and which was almost exclusively cared for by herself and her daughters.

Connected by marriage and social intercourse with many of the prominent families of Detroit and vicinity, her loss is deeply mourned. Two sisters survive her, Mrs. Wendell, of Grosse Isle, and Mrs. Norvell, as also one son, John T. Brodhead, of Detroit, and five daughters, three residing on Grosse Isle, one the wife of Hon. W. D. Balfour, of Ontario, and Mrs. J. K. Webster, of Detroit.

REPORT OF MEMORIAL COMMITTEE TO THE WAYNE COUNTY HISTORICAL AND PIONEER SOCIETY

DETROIT, *May 28, 1892.*

To the officers and members of the Wayne County Historical and Pioneer Society:

The undersigned, your committee appointed to prepare suitable expression for your loss, and respect to the memory of those whom death has taken from us during the past year, beg leave to submit the following:

THAT WHEREAS, Our common Father in his wisdom and in consonance with his divine plan for the betterment of his children hath called to himself over one hundred and three of those whose names are recorded in our books as "good men and women," and their worthy deeds and kindly acts are cherished and held by us in perpetual remembrance;

AND WHEREAS, It was moved that special mention should be made of Solomon Davis, D. Bethune Duffield, Jacob S. Farrand, and John Owen, as their long residence among us, their prominence in the State, their fidelity and integrity in the discharge of their obligations to the public as well as to individuals, and representing as they did, different but commendable characteristics as well as vocations; involving vast moral and pecuniary responsibilities; it was thought that a personal sketch of their lives would furnish an example for others.

The following therefore, we herewith submit:

Solomon Davis.—Solomon Davis was born in Vermont, March 17, 1792; he was the son of a farmer of limited means and therefore Mr. Davis could only obtain such an education as his father's circumstances and the country at that time afforded.

In early boyhood, fancying mechanics rather than farming, he learned the builders' trade and after serving his time, married Miss Rhoda Balcom, of Wethersfield, and came to Detroit, arriving April 1, 1830.

Immediately upon his arrival he engaged in building, also in other enterprises tending to promote the material as well as the moral improvement of the city. He was one of the projectors and the secretary of the Mechanics Library Association and of two other societies of a benevolent character. He was especially active in all educational interests in the way of providing for the education of the children of the poor. He continued his efforts in this direction until the infirmities of age compelled him to retire from active life; having accumulated a competency he enjoyed the fruits of his labors for a number of years surrounded by material comforts and the society of his children, departing this life July 16, 1891, leaving a record of having done good to others and fulfilled his duty to God.

Divie Bethune Duffield.—Divie Bethune Duffield was born at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, August 29, 1821, and died at Detroit, April 13, 1891.

Mr. Duffield came to Detroit in 1830, soon after his father, the Reverend George Duffield, D. D., who was a distinguished Presbyterian divine who exerted great influence in the councils of that important body. He was the pastor of the First Presbyterian church of this city from 1838 until stricken down while in the actual services of the pulpit in 1867.

From his earliest years D. Bethune gave high promises and showed great aptitude for languages and polite literature, so much so that at the age of twelve years he might have entered Dickinson College, at Carlisle, Pa., had not his immature years excluded him. In 1836 he entered Yale College, but impaired health preventing his completing the full course, he subsequently received (unsolicited) from Yale, his diploma together with the degree of A. B.

Having decided upon the profession of law, he, on his arrival at Detroit, entered the office of Bates & Talbot, then a prominent law firm in this city. Later he pursued his law studies by taking the two years' law course at Yale and after a six months' course in Union Theological Seminary at New York, he returned to Detroit and in 1843 was

admitted to the bar, the following spring formed a partnership with the Hon. George V. N. Lothrop.

For the next twelve years the firm of Lothrop & Duffield was well and favorably known not only in Detroit but throughout Michigan and the states east and west.

Few men became better known in Detroit than Mr. Duffield. His manners were simple and agreeable, his conversation natural and amusing and enlivened by a happy faculty of recounting what he saw and heard; his society, therefore, was always sought and was always welcome. He was easy of approach by all classes of society. The poor and needy found in him a sympathizing friend and counselor. His purity of character and his love for what was just and true was universally recognized. His methods were unusually temperate, conciliatory and persuasive; except when he saw justice and right in peril or wickedly assailed, then the fighting blood of the old Covenanters and Huguenots would flame up as it did in his ancestors and then it was battle to the death.

We have not space, neither would it be proper to enumerate all his public work, but it will suffice to mention that he was the almost perpetual secretary of the old bar; an active worker in organizing Harper hospital, a member of the school board,—one of its buildings bearing his name—and a member of the State board of railroad control.

He neither sought nor would he accept political official position although often tendered.

He held a ready pen and was often heard through the public press. His mind did not tempt him to ambitious themes; but it was always pure, refined, winning and helpful. He used verse to consecrate his friendships, his joys, his convictions and his hopes.

The Honorable Alfred Russell in his "Legal History of Detroit," in alluding to the custom of the old bar of Detroit, to give annual dinners to the judges says, "D. Bethune Duffield, secretary of the bar, was generally the poet of the occasion and one of his productions entitled 'A Post Prandial Rhyme' which was printed, containing a running fire of satire, fun, grave sentimentality and pathos quite unexcelled."

Late in life Mr. Duffield feeling that his work was nearly done, gathered many of his poems into a pleasant volume, entitled "Stray Songs of Life," which many of his friends cherish as a valuable legacy.

Mr. Duffield's death was sudden and unexpected. His health during the winter had seemed better than usual; nor when he became ill was any serious apprehension felt, he suffered but little pain, his disease seemed to lull his senses and faculties to rest so that he passed away as if asleep.

His life was fragrant with good deeds and the inspiration of a good example enobles his memory.

JACOB S. FARRAND.—There were few dry eyes and many sad countenances among the older citizens on the morning of April 3, 1891, when it was announced "that Jacob S. Farrand is dead!" Jacob Shaw Farrand was born in the State of New York, May 7, 1815, and came to Michigan with his parents in 1825.

For two years he worked upon his father's farm situated near Ann Arbor, a portion of the time carrying the United States mail between Ann Arbor and Detroit on horseback. The third year he engaged as clerk with Lord & Denton, druggists at Ann Arbor, and then at the end of a year entered the drug store of Rice & Bingham, which was his first introduction as a resident of Detroit. This house was founded in 1819, changes in which occurred as follows: "Penneman & Rice, then to Rice & Bingham (by whom Mr. Farrand was first employed), in 1830 to Edward Bingham and in 1836 to Edward Bingham and Mr. Farrand being the junior partner. In 1842 their establishment was destroyed by fire; on its restoration by Mr. Farrand he continued the business alone until 1855 when it became Farrand & Wheaton. In 1858 it changed to Farrand & Sheley, subsequently to Farrand, Williams & Sheley, and lastly to Farrand, Williams & Clark which is the present style of the firm.

Mr. Farrand during this period, was from 1856 a ruling elder of the First Presbyterian church, a member of the executive committee of the Young Men's State Temperance Society; commissioner to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church held at Dayton, Ohio, in 1863; also at its meetings held in New York in 1869 and at Detroit in 1873 and a delegate to the Presbyterian Alliance held at Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1877.

In addition to his drug business he was for years, president of the First National Bank; a director in the Wayne County Savings Bank; president of the Detroit Fire and Marine Insurance Co.; trustee and president of Harper Hospital; trustee of the Eastern Asylum of Michigan for the Insane; president of the Michigan Life Insurance Company; president of the Board of Water Commissioners; and also member of the Board of Police Commissioners; besides holding many public positions of honor and trust. All of these multiplied cares and responsibilities were borne and discharged by Mr. Farrand with such Christian meekness, such modest philanthropy and sterling honesty and integrity as to win for him the esteem, confidence and love of his fellow citizens.

The character and career of Mr. Farrand presents a useful example to others and serves to show that good sense, diligence and industry and unaffected piety may prove more for the good of mankind and the advantage of the possessor than is ever accomplished by the most brilliant genius, the most vigorous intellects, or the profoundest erudition. Such men are an honor and blessing to any community.

The sun of Mr. Farrand's earthly life set cloudlessly. Its lengthened rays gave a sweet token to all who beheld or knew him, of that glorious day without clouds or tears upon which his immortal eyes were opened.

His contemporaries, James F. Joy, H. P. Baldwin, C. H. Buhl, A. C. McGraw, James E. Pittman and Sidney D. Miller bore his body to its last resting place, mingling their condolence with his family in their bereavement and the loss sustained by his departure to the residents of his adopted city.

JOHN OWEN.—John Owen was a native of Canada and was born on the banks of the River Don, near Toronto, March 20, 1809. He was the only son of a poor widowed mother and with her came to Detroit in 1818 crossing Lake Erie in the steamer Walk-in-the-Water, which at that time landed her passengers and cargo on the present site of the Detroit & Cleveland Steam Navigation Company's Dock.

Mr. Owen as will be seen, was but nine years of age when he landed at Detroit, and was without money, friends and relations, except his mother. He attended school for a time under the patronage of Lemuel Shattuck, paying for his board and tuition by sweeping the schoolroom and blacking the shoes of his teacher.

Unfortunately for Mr. Owen, his patron Mr. Shattuck was compelled to return in 1821 to his former home in the east and John Owen's school days ended. Through the recommendation of his kind patron he secured a situation in the drug store of Dr. Marshall Chapin as chore boy and clerk. He held this position until the autumn of 1829 when he became a partner. The firm of Chapin & Owen continued until the death of Dr. Chapin in 1838, when Mr. Owen assumed and conducted the business in his own name until 1842 at which time he admitted Theodore H. Hinchman, as a partner, and under the firm name of J. Owen & Co. the business was carried on until 1853. Mr. Owen then disposed of his entire interest to Mr. Hinchman and engaged with Mr. Gordon Campbell and others in the establishment of the Detroit Dry Dock Co. and with Captain Arthur Edwards in the vessel business.

He was also a director and president of the Michigan Insurance Bank

and about the same time organized the Detroit and Cleveland Steam Navigation Company and was its president until within a few years.

He also became interested in several other large financial enterprises, in all of which he was first induced to engage from a desire to aid his friends.

Mr. Owen was one of the incorporators of the first Methodist Episcopal church in Michigan, his connection with which dates from June to the time of his decease, April 30, 1892.

Mr. Owen was a member of the city council. In 1841 he was appointed by the acting governor, J. W. Gordon, regent of the State University and re-appointed by Governor John S. Barry in 1843, notwithstanding their differences in political sentiment.

In 1860 he was elected State Treasurer, succeeding John McKinney. On assuming the duties he found that the interest on the State's bonds was about to mature and that there was no money in the treasury to meet it, he immediately hastened to New York, raised the money ($80,000) on his undivided security, met the interest at maturity and thus saved the credit of the State from dishonor. This act he performed without the knowledge or consultation with his associates in office and is characteristic of his modesty in not desiring to give publicity to similar acts, involving even in larger sums than the foregoing to relieve a friend or an enterprise from embarrassments.

His benefactions to his church or for other charitable objects were always concealed from all except the recipients.

For some years prior to the final end, his health did not permit him to undertake the cares of business and hence he, as well as his friends were aware that his time on earth was being shortened.

The closing up of the career of such a man, eminent for his worth and usefulness, illustrates many of the noblest virtues of a business character. Exact, conscientious, enterprising, his generosity and public spirit kept pace with his wealth. His charities were not confined to public acts, but were governed by religious principles and sought as well the secrecy of private life. It may be said of him that every day of his life was a blessing to *some one,* or to some worthy enterprise or object. Surely it cannot be with some of us quite the same as if so true a man had never lived.

CHAS. I. WALKER
ELON W. HUDSON
FRED CARLISLE
Committee

PAPERS READ AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF 1892, AND OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

PIONEERS—A merciful Providence has permitted us to assemble once more in annual council, in this beautiful capitol of the state of Michigan. Welcome, thrice welcome, to these halls! In this meeting after the lapse of another eventful year, we have great reason to be thankful. Many of our compatriots we shall see no more on earth; they have passed beyond the spiritual Jordan and are now at rest. With kindling eye and friendly grasp we, who are left on this side, salute each other. We believe that we still have some work to do here and have cheerfully left our homes and traveled far to do the State some service. Our historical work is, indeed, a work of love; we must do it and no one else. Time presses; the burdens of many winters weigh us down and we feel that, having important duties to discharge, we must discharge them quickly. It is the evening of life; our sun is nearing the western horizon and it will soon be night.

Pioneers and members of this historical society, I desire to express my sincere thanks for the high honor you have done me in electing me as your presiding officer for a second term. As in the past, so in the future it will be my earnest endeavor to merit your approbation. I feel sure of your sympathy and charity to aid and sustain me in the discharge of the duties of my office.

You will please notice that the by-laws of this society expressly define the duties of the president. His functions are purely executive: "He must preside at all meetings of the society, preserve order and see that the business is conducted according to parliamentary rules."

Here I might rest but I desire to say a few words concerning our historical society in a business way.

In looking to the State for aid in the publication of our collections we ought not to stand as humble supplicants, unfriendly criticism ought not to be indulged in, nor obstructions thrown in the way of our patriotic work. Michigan can afford to be generous if not grateful toward those who are striving unselfishly to perpetuate her name and fame as embodied in the lives and deeds of her heroic pioneer settlers, who have redeemed these twin peninsulas from the wilderness and made them blossom as the rose, bearing fruit a thousand fold.

Our society has been organized nineteen years. Under its auspices have been published to date eighteen volumes of transactions or collections. Each volume contains about seven hundred pages of printed matter. These historical works are highly prized by all of those who have taken the trouble to read or examine them. They are really a noble and lasting monument to the intelligence, skill, culture and devotion of the men and women of the Peninsular state; to the state itself, and, to the world at large, they are of inestimable value. By reason of these collections future generations will rise up and call the old pioneers blessed.

The glory, the honor, the achievements of a great, enlightened people depend upon written history for adequate expression and abiding influence. He who does not regard the glory and honor of his country as its crown jewels has verily no just conception of patriotism. Yet at this late day, strange as it may appear to you, an apology seems to be necessary on the part of this society *for existing at all.*

There are persons who, in their wisdom, are pleased to call the members of this society venerable gossips, who like to toddle down to Lansing once a year to fight their pioneer battles o'er again.

Others occupying the seats of statesmen declare that the welfare of a poor farmer struggling for existence on a forty acre lot is of more importance than all the musty history of the past.

Again, we find individuals who entertain the opinion that the State itself, through and by means of an historical bureau located here in Lansing, should undertake historical work. The secretary of the bureau, a paid official, riding into temporary power on some tidal wave of politics, would sit in his office and receive historical contributions from a grateful and confiding people.

Now our historical society, doing its work gratuitously, from honorable motives, inspired by love of country, is a powerful organization, not temporary, not mercenary, capable of winning the respect of a majority of the people. The mutual good will, the sympathy, the de-

votion and ability of the members of this society make its work effective. Each member delights, through much labor and sacrifice, to offer upon the altar of history his own contributions. More than this, he goes out of his way to inspire others with his own zeal, persuading them to contribute from their own stores of memory and experience historical facts, or to give up for public use historical heirlooms, manuscripts, books, maps, etc., hidden away in private libraries.

Without these individual and painstaking exertions we could not expect a very great harvest in the historical field. People, those especially whose writings and contributions are the most desirable and valuable, would not be found crowding into the vestibule of the State Bureau of History, begging the privilege of depositing their collections.

Others object to or suggest that this society is not strict enough in selecting matter offered—that some things are printed in the collections that are not of historical value. That possibly may be so. It is hard to select with perfect acumen. Besides, opinions may differ as to values. The committee of historians exercise a conscientious censorship or supervision over manuscripts, as well as all other matter presented; but it believes that in the exercise of its best judgment, it may be well to leave to the future historian of Michigan, room for more rigid sifting and selecting. The trifles of today may become important one hundred years hence. Even a humorous speech, by some worthy pioneer, may at some future time be read with interest, showing what manner of men the fathers were in their thoughts, feelings, and emotions.

This historical society has never arrogated to itself the title of *Historian.* All that it claims for itself is that it is a gleaner, collector and preserver, of historical facts and incidents, of biography, of books, pictures and maps. In another's word, "the bricks and blocks and beams with which the historian builds up his structure." Its collections are placed in the State library, for the use and enlightenment of some one, perhaps as yet unborn, who may be found worthy to write the real history of a great people.

The annual appropriation of $2,500 by the legislature for the society is considered by some excessive. As you are aware, about 2,000 volumes of the collections are published annually, 500 copies are placed in the State library for exchange with other state libraries. Under our laws every organized library in this State is entitled to a copy of the collections gratis. The remainder of the books of the collections

are placed in the hands of the State librarian,[1] for sale at seventy-five cents per volume; the proceeds go into the treasury. Therefore, as a purely business transaction, the State cannot be a great loser. The cost of printing swallows up most of the appropriation.

But the value of these collections is not to be measured by the cost of preparation and printing.

I assert boldly that some one individual paper in our archives is worth more than all the cost of printing a volume; that the value of the entire collection cannot be estimated in dollars and cents.

The officers of the society do much hard, pains-taking work (especially the chairman of the committee of historians) for which they receive no compensation. It is hardly to be expected of them that they would devote their time to mere clerical work, such as reading proof, which, moreover, would require them to spend much time in Lansing.

The papers voluntarily contributed to the society by members, not officers, are often manifestly the product of much thought, study, research and clerical work which would not be undertaken for mere *pay.*

But I am happy to state that the work of this society is more highly appreciated as time advances. In my opinion, if we have erred in any way it is in the fact that we have been too *modest.* To use a commercial term, we have not advertised enough. Legislators and others have opposed our work because, as they frankly admitted, they knew nothing about it. As soon as their attention was called to the facts in the case, almost invariably they became fast friends and co-laborers. Surprise was expressed at the number and value of our printed volumes; forthwith the whole set was purchased and expressed home to enrich their private libraries.

And I cannot refrain in this place from expressing the thanks of this historical society to our legislatures as a whole for repeated tokens of their appreciation and support.

Piles of the society's books lie in the State library for sale and remain there, because those who would eagerly purchase them for private use or order them for public libraries entitled to them under the law, do not know of their existence.

It does seem that this state of things should be corrected for the sake of all concerned.

The society's collections more generally distributed would lead to a better understanding and appreciation of its important labors.

The work of this historical society is by no means done. It is true

[1]See appendix.

we pioneers, so-called, must soon rest from all earthly toil, but our successors will abide. It is *men* that make the history of the State, the State itself, and the history of the State will go on formulating as long as there are any noble men and women left.

In conclusion, I beg to call your attention to the interesting program on your desks and trust that you will enjoy its discussion.

JOHN HARRIS FORSTER
President

June 1, 1892

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF JOHN H. FORSTER

Sketch of the life work of John Harris Forster, President of the State Pioneer and Historical Society for the years 1891 and 1892, for some time a member of the committee of historians. Brought down to April, 1892. Residence at date, on Springbrook Farm, township of Williamstown, Ingham county, Michigan. Pioneer in the upper peninsula. Pioneer in California, went thither in 1848-9.

JOHN HARRIS FORSTER

SKETCH

Born at Erie, Pennsylvania, on the 29th day of May, A. D. 1822, of Scotch-Irish descent. Forefathers settled in eastern Pennsylvania before the Revolution. Distinguished for patriotism and ability in colonial service. My grandfather, Thomas Forster, was a colonel, receiving his commission from Washington. He founded the city of Erie, Pennsylvania. My grandfather, William Bell, from Scotland, served in the Revolutionary war on the side of the colonies, and died at Erie, Pennsylvania, as did Thomas Forster.

One of my grandmothers was a Montgomery, cousin to General Montgomery. Benjamin Rash[1] was a relative and also the Harrises of Dauphin county and Philadelphia.

[1]This should be Benjamin Rush, an American physician of great note and a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

The subject of this memoir was educated at the Fredonia Academy, Chautauqua county, N. Y., finishing his course at Temple Hill Academy, Livingston county, N. Y., graduating in 1840.

Began work as roadman on the New York & Erie railroad in 1841, in Cattaraugus county.

After a time the company failed and construction was suspended. Having nothing better to do, I taught school and read Blackstone in Dunkirk, N. Y.

In 1843 I went west, sailing from Dunkirk to Chicago in a small schooner, getting my first idea of the magnitude of the Great Lakes. Chicago, Milwaukee and Racine were insignificant villages then, but full of life. I slept one night in the grass on the open prairie, north side of the river, about one-fourth of a mile from the present Tremont House. Then it was a two story wooden building kept by the brothers Couch.

Farmed one year on banks of Fox river. Overcome by the chills and fever, returned to Dunkirk, broken in health.

In 1844 joined the lake survey. Superintendent of the survey at the time, Captain Williams, corps of topographical engineers. He was killed at the storming of Monterey, during the Mexican war. He was a gallant, accomplished officer. My immediate commander was Lieut. Gunnison, who later on made a survey of Great Salt Lake valley in Utah; wrote a book on the Mormons. Later still, while engaged in running a railroad line across the continent, he was assassinated by Mormons disguised as Indians, near Sevier river, Utah. He was punished, doubtless, for having dared to write the aforementioned book. He was a noble Christian gentleman and an accomplished, enterprising officer, a graduate of West Point Academy, a native of New Hampshire.

The season of 1844 was spent in measuring a base line on the south shore of the Straits of Mackinac, near the old fort. The fort was burned by the Indians under Pontiac; some charred pickets of the fort were left standing. It had been a cedar stockade. While sounding in the straits we discovered cannon balls lying on the sandy bottom.

In 1845 the surveying parties were engaged in Green Bay topographical hydrographic work. The country was a wilderness in possession of Indians. There was a small village and Fort Howard near the mouth of Fox river, and a sawmill on Menominee river.

Later in the season the survey was suspended for want of an appropriation, and the writer returned to Dunkirk, where he resumed teaching and law studies.

In the spring of 1846 he took the copper fever and made his way to

Lake Superior with thousands of other adventurers. He spent two years in that cold north land working diligently as a surveyor, explorer, geologist and mine superintendent.

The year 1847 witnessed a subsidence of the fever and most of the adventurers beat a retreat to more genial climes, the writer among the number. But some remained in the country, the seed of the future wealthy empire.

In 1848 I rejoined the good old lake survey now resting upon a substantial basis. I was fortunate to work again under my old commander, Lieut. Gunnison. We were engaged on the survey of the west end of Lake Erie.

In January, 1849, I voluntarily quitted the survey, accepting an appointment of second assistant engineer on the Mexican boundary line survey. This was before the discovery of gold in California was known, but the spirit of adventure was strong upon me. We were six months en route to San Diego, the starting point of the survey. Had many adventures by "flood and field."

In July, 1849, the Mexican commission joined ours and work began. The writer surveyed the marine league south of the bay of San Diego and set up a stake as the initial or starting point of the boundary line. Helped survey the bay. In October went to the Colorado river, through an unexplored, savage region (mountain) and crossed the great desert. Made a survey of the junction of the Gila river with the Colorado. After great hardships returned in due time to San Diego headquarters.

In 1850 the commission collapsed. Col. Weller, the commissioner, went to Monterey and was elected United States Senator for California. Others of our officers got places in the new state. Some others returned to the "states." The writer tried his hand at cattle raising, farming and gold mining in upper California, with varied experiences and success. At one time he was postmaster, at another justice of the peace, then judge of the court of sessions, and later, public administrator or probate judge.

In May, 1855, by a rapid transition, he rejoined the lake survey now under the command of Capt. Meade (later General Meade of Gettysburg fame). He found himself in June on Beaver Island, in Lake Michigan. He enjoyed the acquaintance for a season of the King of the Island—Strang[1]—a talented humbug. Later on Strang was shot by one of his own henchmen.

In 1855, in October, I realized my first great success, a success without any qualifications, my marriage with Martha Mullett, youngest

[1]For sketches of King Strang see Vol. XVIII, p. 628 and Vol. XXXII, pp. 98-134, 180-235.

daughter of the well-known and experienced pioneer and surveyor, John Mullett, of Detroit. Perhaps Martha was the lodestone that drew me all the way from California across seas, across the torrid region of Central America, across the turbulent gulf and Atlantic seas.

In 1856 the writer was engaged on the surveys of Saginaw river, Saginaw Bay and Lake Huron. He drew the map of the mouth of Saginaw river. Got the ague and was cared for by Dr. Smith, of Bay City. That city was then a small affair. Mr. Frazier was a kind friend of ours, but we had not the pleasure of meeting at that time with our dear old pioneer friend, Judge Miller. Our impressions of all that Saginaw region were, it must be confessed, not favorable. We would form a different estimate now.

In the spring of 1857 I left the lake survey (the spirit of change still possessing me) and reported for duty in the river and harbor improvement department. Had charge of improvements in St. Mary's river, Lake George and Neebish rapids. Served under Capt. Whipple, United States engineer. This officer was shot to death in the battle of Chancellorsville, holding the rank of general of division in Union army. He was a dear friend of mine; my heart still mourns for him. I had known him and been succored by him in the deserts of the west. He tendered me the position of assistant adjutant general under him but I respectfully declined the honor.

After two years' work on the St. Mary's river the writer resigned from the government services, this time permanently.

In 1859 he drifted back to the copper mines. It is strange how human life moves in circles, like windstorms, and how we drift back in the end to the place of beginning. It is presumed that is the natural way for an old surveyor.

The writer engaged as engineer for mining companies in opening the mouth of Portage for navigation, building a breakwater and improving the river, continued engineer and director of the improvement several years.

In the fall of 1860 was appointed superintendent of the Pewabic and Franklin mines, in Houghton county, succeeding Charles H. Palmer. Managed these institutions for five years, building them up and putting them on the list of dividend paying mines. Mining was then in its infancy.

In 1864-5 the writer was chosen to represent the whole upper peninsula in the State senate. One term of political office proved sufficient, so the writer declined subsequent honors tendered by injudicious friends. For an active man a sedentary life was distasteful.

In 1865 the writer resigned from the Pewabic and Franklin mines and rested a while. The loss of his only child broke him up badly.

Later on, finding work the best panacea for sorrow, he accepted the position as agent for the Sheldon & Columbian Copper Co. and the Douglass mine. Here he remained four years.

In 1868 he went to southern Nevada to examine silver mines for New York parties, spent the winter in the mountains and returned home via San Francisco and the Isthmus of Panama.

On reaching Detroit Governor Baldwin commissioned me as chief engineer of the Portage Lake and Lake Superior canal, then under construction. At the incoming of Governor Bagley I received, without solicitation on my part, a commission from him. Under these two excellent executives I served for about six years, or until the works were completed and accepted. Thus end my public services.

In 1874, much broken in health by early privations and hard work, with a crippled leg thrown in, the writer gracefully retired to his farm—Springbrook—in Ingham county, Michigan, having accumulated a sufficiency of the "dust" to make himself and family comfortable for life. A gracious Providence has given him money to enjoy a much needed and, it is hoped, a well deserved rest. He confesses with humility his dependence upon his Creator and believes he can, in his long adventurous life, detect many special Providences. Traveling through the wilderness of life but for a Savior's sustaining hand he would have perished morally and physically. A border life presents unusual temptations and he is a strong man indeed who can combat them alone.

April, 1892. The writer will soon be seventy years old—on the 29th of May.

His life on the farm has been exceptionally blessed. His work agreeable. The fact that he has become a Patron of Husbandry adds to his pleasures, perhaps usefulness. It is better to wear out than to rust out. One of the compensations of his old age is the privileges he enjoys as an enrolled pioneer of Michigan. In pioneer and historical work he finds much comfort. He is proud of Michigan, proud of his pioneer brethren. But his heart is saddened by the thought that so many of his comrades have answered the last "bugle call." When called himself he prays that he may be able to answer cheerfully, Here! Ready!

FRANCE AND AMERICA, 1524-1783

BY FREDERICK CARLISLE [1]

More than three hundred years before the birth of Columbus, "Averroës,"[2] of Spain wrote his abridgment of Ptolemy's "Almagest," an arrangement of astronomical discoveries and observations, demonstrating the globular form of the earth.

His deductions and theories were much read and studied by the "school men" of the Middle Ages. In 1473 Louis XI of France made a decree "That the teachings of Averroës should be read, taught, learned and enforced in all the schools of his kingdom, so that before the discoveries of Columbus (who had undoubtedly studied them also), the scholars of France had become satisfied as to the existence of large bodies of land which could be reached by sailing a westerly course, or if not reached they would return to their point of departure."

According to the records of the period, the death of Louis XI (1483) and of his successors, Charles VIII (1498), and Louis XII (1515), and the wars in which they were engaged (although comtemplated) interfered to prevent either from testing these theories and it was reserved for Francis I to prove their correctness. He therefore in 1524 fitted out an expedition and gave the command of it to Verrazano, a Florentine by birth, but who had long been employed in the French navy. He sailed directly west from Madeira reaching land near and entered the present harbor of Wilmington, North Carolina, where he spent more time, and coasting along the shores of Carolina and New Jersey, he entered New York harbor, ascending the river, claimed seventy-five years after to have been discovered by Hendrick Hudson, an English navigator in the Dutch service. It is now, however, conceded by the best authorities (Bannes and Bancroft, Fallion and others) that Verrazano[3] was the true discoverer of the Hudson. After entering the harbor of what is now Newport, he returned to France with a glowing

[1] See Appendix.
[2] Ibn Roshd Averroes, an Arabian philosopher and physician, born 1120, died 1198.
[3] Giovanni Verrazano, a Florentine navigator; born 1480, died 1527.

description of the country, naming it upon a rough map which he prepared, "New France." Two years following Francis I was taken prisoner at the battle of Pavia, Italy, and after his liberation, being continually engaged in war with England, Italy and other European nations, no further explorations were undertaken by him until 1534, when Jacques Cartier[1] (Quartier) discovered Cape Breton and established fisheries upon and on the shores of Newfoundland. In 1534, he landed at what is now Quebec[1] and in 1535 Cartier entered the St. Lawrence river which he ascended to the Indian village of Hochelaga (ho-she-la-ga) the present site of Montreal. He found the village situated at the foot of a high hill, which he climbed and was so stirred by the magnificent view from its top that he named it Mont Real (regal mountain). He built a fort and remained here until the following spring, when he returned to France. He came back to Quebec the next year, invested with the title of Lieutenant Governor of New France, and established a settlement at Acadia, Nova Scotia, Quebec, and at Montreal. These were the first settlements of a permanent character made in North America. In 1562 a colony was planted at Port Royal, South Carolina, by John Ribault[1] who erected a fort which he named after Charles IX, Carolina. Two years subsequent, 1564, Laudonniere built a fort on the St. Johns river, and in August of the same year John Ribault started from France with a large number to strengthen the settlement at Port Royal, but missing his course joined the colony on the St. Johns river. (This was further strengthened years after, by a large number of French who had previously settled in Virginia in 1690.) The colony at Port Royal prospered. The culture of silk worms and the manufacture of silk was first introduced by it; also the growing of grapes and rice.

Two noted generals of the Revolution, Marion[2] and [3]Moultrie, were descended from these colonists. Settlements from these colonists were also made in what is now the State of Alabama. In 1605 Champlain and De Monts[1] established settlements at what is now Prince Edward, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Champlain after going to France returned in 1608 to Quebec and founded it upon a substantial basis. The next spring he discovered the lake which bears his name, sailing down it as far as what is now Lake George. The following year he established Montreal upon a firm footing. He also, from the reports of his voyages, and from the Indians, made a perfect map[1] of the entire chain of lakes and rivers, designating upon it the points where trading posts and settlements should be made, and a description of country surrounding.

[1]See appendix.
[2]Francis Marion was born near Georgetown, S. C., 1732, and died Feb. 29, 1793.
[3]William Moultrie was born in 1731, prisoner siege Charleston in 1780-1782. Maj. Gen. 1802. Gov. S. C., 1785, died at Charleston, S. C., Sept. 27, 1805.

Amid discouragements which would have overwhelmed most men, he firmly established the authority of France upon the banks of the St. Lawrence. "The Father of New France," as he was styled, died in 1632 and his remains were deposited in the soil of the land he won to civilization.

In 1609, while the Franciscan monk was converting the savages of Florida, Biaset[1] and Massa,[1] his Jesuit brethren, had established a colony near what is now Somerville, Mt. Desert on the coast of Maine; (subsequently De La Motte Cadillac in 1691 planted another on the same island.) In 1610 Detroit was visited by missionaries who met the Ottawas, Hurons, Potawatomies and Miamis; they also spent months among the neutral tribes known as the Eries which occupied the islands of Put-in-Bay and Sandusky.

In 1640 the missionaries of St. Joseph planted a mission at what is now Fort Gratiot also at Sault Ste. Marie, St. Louis and St. Ignace. In 1660 the missions St. Theresa, Keweenaw Bay, Lake Superior. In 1666 Allouez crossed to the north shore of Lake Superior and in 1668 with Marquette and Hennepin explored the shores of that lake and the west shore of Lake Michigan; established missions at Michilimackinac and Green Bay. In 1673[2] Marquette floated down the Wisconsin river to the Mississippi "The Father of Waters" thence to the mouth of the Arkansas.

This noble Christian and explorer, while on another expedition went ashore for private devotion. His companions after waiting for his return for some time sought and found him dead. He had apparently died while at prayer. He was buried near the mouth of the Marquette.[1] In 1678 La Salle[1] built at Black Rock[1] the first European vessel which ever had sailed the lakes and in the spring of 1679 crossed Lake Erie, passed through the Straits, then across Lake St. Clair up the river of that name, crossing Lake Huron and via Straits of Mackinac into Lake Michigan, at the head of which he built a fort, thence he sailed to Green Bay, loaded his vessel with furs and dispatching her for Niagara, with fourteen men coasted the shore of Lake Michigan, touching at present Chicago, to the mouth of the St. Joseph river, then the Miami; leaving ten men to garrison the fort, he struck across the country to the portage of the Kan Ka Ke (The-a-ki-ki) thence to the Illinois, down it to Peoria lake where he erected a fort, naming it Fort Crevecoeur (Broken Heart) because there he first heard of the loss of the Griffin.[3] He then in February, 1680, started on his return through the wilderness and after traveling over twelve hundred miles reached Canada where, notwithstanding his losses and discouragements, after gathering supplies and men, he started again for the Mississippi where he arrived via

[1]See appendix.
[2]*Cf. supra* 447-500.
[3]Spelled also Griffen, Griffon.

Illinois river in February, 1682. Passing down to the mouth he discovered the three openings by which this great river empties its waters into the ocean. On the 9th, after examining the coast he erected the cross and took possession of all the lands watered by this great stream in the name of the King of France, sending Tonte[1] with his report to Frontenac, he proceeded to St. Joseph where he arrived September 10. La Salle returned to France in the autumn of 1683 and after reporting to the King started with twenty-four ships for the mouth of the Mississippi which, through miscalculations, he missed but landed at Matagorda bay, Texas, where he built a fort naming it Fort St. Louis. He remained here and in exploring the surrounding country until March 20, 1687, when he was brutally shot by a renegade Indian. Thus ended the career of one of the boldest, most persevering and sagacious explorers of that or any other age. In 1680 the Falls of St. Anthony were discovered by Fr. Louis Hennepin who after enduring great hardships traveled two hundred and fifty miles northwest to a village of the Sioux Indians where he met Sieur De Luth (after whom Duluth is named) and with him returned to Montreal and from thence to France, when in 1684 he published a history of his explorations.

The result of French explorations up to 1700 are as follows: They had explored the Great Lakes, the Fox, Maumee, Wabash, Illinois, Wisconsin and Mississippi from the Falls of St. Anthony to the Gulf, the Atlantic coast from Wilmington, North Carolina, to New York, Newport, Rhode Island and the Gulf of St. Lawrence. They had traversed the vast region extending from Newfoundland and planted here and there in the wilderness settlements—the beginnings of civilization. They had secured the friendship and allegiance of all the numerous tribes of Indians, the original occupants of this extensive territory, many of which they had Christianized, and over whom they exercised an influence, such as no other nationality had before ever accomplished, or that any nation succeeding them has been able to change. At this period New France possessed a population of but 11,000. The English at this time occupied a narrow strip along the Atlantic coast of a thousand miles in length, not a hundred miles in breadth, containing 200,000 inhabitants.

In 1701 on the 24th day of July, Detroit was established by Cadillac. This was the first settlement in what afterwards became the Great Northwest Territory. At this time the first church[1] was erected and at this point civil law was first enforced and the rights of private citizens secured and adjusted and here the children of the white man and the Indian were schoolmates.

[1]See appendix.

To Cadillac must be given the credit of subduing the wild savage tribes of the northwest, by kindness and the recognition of their rights as well as the enactment of wise measures for the benefit of his own people and those who were to succeed them.

Cadillac's first act was to secure a chain of communication by establishing posts from Detroit, north and east to Montreal, and south and west to the gulf of Mexico.

During the twelve years he remained they all prospered. The greatest sources of trouble were those occasioned by the cupidity of the Montreal government and the intrigues of the Iroquois Indians, instigated by English traders. Space will not permit a detail of the events which transpired from this period to 1744, suffice it that from 1702 to 1712 the war between England and France extended to their respective colonies. The five nations (embracing the Iroquois) having made a treaty with the French remained neutral. Port Royal was wrested from the French by a combined force of English and colonial troops. This war was ended by the treaty of Utrecht (o'trekt) according to which Acadia was ceded to England.

From 1712 to 1744 the French had permanently established settlements at Vincennes, Indiana; Kaskaskia, Illinois; Duquesne (now Pittsburg); Sandusky, Ohio; Shawnewa, at the junction of the Kanawha and Ohio; a strong fort on the present site of Nashville, Tennessee; another (French store) on the Tennessee river; another fort at the junction of the Kentucky and Ohio, (now Louisville); fort at junction of the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers; Arkansas, at junction of that river and the Mississippi; Rosalin (Nashville), New Orleans, and about sixty more over the territory which France claimed and maintained jurisdiction. In 1744, war[1] having again broken out between England and France, the flame extended to the colonies. The only event of importance was the capture of Louisburg,[1] on the island of Cape Breton, by the united forces of the English and colonists. The historian commenting says: "The colonial troops did most of the fighting, but the English took the glory and the booty." Peace being declared in 1748 by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, England gave back Louisburg to the French, and all former boundaries between the two remained undecided, leaving the germ of a new war.

During the next six years the French erected forts at Presque Isle (Erie), one near the present town of Waterford, Le Bœuf, and at Venango (French Creek), and had strengthened seventy others already built. The English occupied, as before stated, a thousand miles of coast. It was like the string of a great bow compared to that held by

[1]See appendix.

the French, which reached from the islands of the gulf of St. Lawrence to the gulf of Mexico. In 1754 Gov. Dinwiddie,[1] of Virginia, sent George Washington to Fort Le Bœuf to remonstrate with the commander, St. Pierre,[1] for certain alleged encroachments made upon English territory and desired him to withdraw his troops from certain points claimed by Virginia. St. Pierre, while treating Washington courteously, refused to discuss theories and declared he was under orders which he should obey.

On the delivery of St. Pierre's reply by Washington to Governor Dinwiddie, war was declared. In considering their plans the English and colonial commanders decided that there were five objective points of the war which must be taken. First, Fort Duquesne, the key to the region west of the Alleghenies. Second, the possession of Louisburg and Acadia, otherwise New England would be constantly threatened. Third, Crown Point and Ticonderoga, which controlled Canada by way of Lake George. Fourth, Niagara lay on the portage between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario, and thus protected the great fur trade of the upper lakes and the west; and, fifth, Quebec, it being the strongest fortification in Canada, gave control of the St. Lawrence, and largely the possession of the provinces. It was therefore determined to concentrate all means and appliances at the command of England in America toward the capture of these points.

The first expedition against Duquesne (1755) commanded by Braddock failed—Braddock[2] was himself killed and his army driven back. The second, led by General Forbes[1] was a success. The French, owing to failure of reinforcements and supplies, were worn out. They therefore fired the fort and fled on the approach of the English.

Scarcely had the war commenced when an attack was made on the forts at the head of the Bay of Fundy, and Acadia was captured.

The capture of Acadia was disgraced by an act of cruelty on the part of the English equaling the grossest barbarity ever practiced in Indian warfare. The Acadians were a simple-minded people. They readily gave up their arms and submitted meekly to their conquerors, but the English troops drove old and young on board the ships at the point of the bayonet. Families were broken up, their homes burned, and the broken-hearted Acadians were subjected to the most degrading treatment. Longfellow's "Evangeline" particularly describes their misfortunes.

Louisburg, the third point in 1757 was next attacked, but the English were driven off. The following year it was captured after a severe bombardment by Generals Wolf and Amherst.

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[1]See appendix.

[2]Gen. Edward Braddock was wounded July 9, 1755, and died July 13. Gen. Washington read his burial service.

The first attack on Ticonderoga was a failure. The second was made by General Amherst (1759) with a large army, and at his approach both Ticonderoga and Crown Point were abandoned.

Niagara. About the time of Braddock's defeat, General Shirly[1] advanced on the Fort, but speedily retired. Nothing further was done for four years toward the capture of this post, but in 1759 it was invested by Gen. Prideaux[1] and taken. New York was thus extended to Niagara river and the west was secured to the English.

The same summer in which Ticonderoga and Crown Point were occupied by the English, General Wolf anchored with a large fleet and eight thousand troops in front of Quebec. He was opposed by Montcalm. After lingering for months before the city, he at length through the treachery of a half-breed found a narrow pathway up the bluff, and availing himself of a dark night his advance surprised the guards, and by daylight the next day he reached the plains of Abraham. He was immediately met by the French led by Montcalm, when a fierce fight ensued. At length the French gave way and Montcalm in trying to arrest them in their flight was severely wounded. He died within twelve hours, his wish being granted "not to live to see the city surrendered." Wolf was also fatally wounded. The city capitulated in five days after. The next year the attempt of the French to recapture Quebec failed. A large English army marched upon Montreal and Canada soon submitted. Peace was concluded at Paris in 1763. Spain ceded Florida to England, and France gave up all her territory east of the Mississippi to England, retaining two small islands south of Newfoundland for fishing stations, while to Spain she ceded New Orleans and all west of the Mississippi.

While the physical power of France was thus broken, her influence over the Indians still continued. When it is considered that for over two hundred years the intercourse between the French and the savage tribes was harmonious (except with a few tribes which inhabited New York, Delaware and Pennsylvania) and continued unbroken. There were but few wars such as occurred between the Indian and the English, Dutch and Spanish colonies. It is conceded that, while the French were conciliatory in their treatment of the Indian, the Dutch and Spaniards, also to a great extent the English, adopted the policy of extermination. It was charged by the English that the French incited the Indians to acts of barbarity. We think this is somewhat exaggerated. Does it not occur that the Indian tribes of Virginia, those of New York (except the five nations) and in New England, were pursued with a war of extermination? Will they find in history a parallel of such treatment by France? With the small number of whites as compared with the

[1]See appendix.

Indians to maintain its power over so large an area of territory, such a policy, even if they were disposed to adopt it, would have driven away or destroyed the French population.

The question now occurs, how far did the extensive explorations and settlements made by the French in America from 1524 to 1763 promote and hasten the civilization of the region occupied by them and ceded to England? From the settlement of Jamestown, Virginia, to the period referred to, the English had not even explored the region bordering the Alleghenies and Ohio river. In New York the Niagara river, the shores of Lakes Erie, Ontario and Champlain were comparatively unknown. The New England boundary beyond the Connecticut at Springfield and the country beyond the mountain ranges, was unknown, except through the Indian and white trapper. All the time the French were establishing missions, and civilizing the vast territory held and finally relinquished by them. The other nationalities had confined their dominion and their influence to an extent of territory hardly one hundred miles from the Atlantic coast. What other conclusion, therefore, can we come to than this: That to French enterprise, and to the sacrificing spirit of her religious representatives, the American republic is indebted for the development of the Great northwest, the valley of the Mississippi and its contributing territory, preparing it for occupation over one hundred years earlier than if English policy had prevailed. We now, even today, can judge of the advantages derived from French influence thus exercised during the 16th and 18th centuries.

Coming back, the war of 1754-63 left the colonists with almost as much bitterness and dissatisfaction of feeling toward the English as they previously felt toward the French. During this war the colonists had spent $16,000,000 and the English but $5,000,000 and for the payment of the latter sum the colonists were taxed by the mother country. The treatment of the provincial officers by the English officers, added to their feeling of bitterness. The English made sport of the awkward provincial soldiers, and the best American officers were often thrust aside to make place for some English subaltern so that soon after the war closed the French who remained in the territory ceded to England, were ready and did readily affiliate with the Americans. French ideas and sentiment began to have its influence over the colonists.

Emilio Castelar,[1] the celebrated Spanish philosopher and statesman, in his paper entitled "The Republican Movement in Europe," says: "America and the human race will be guilty of gross ingratitude if it

[1]Spanish statesman and man of letters; born 1832, died 1899.

forgets that all modern ideas have been diffused and popularized by the apostolate of France."

The time soon came when the sentiment "that taxation without representation" could not exist. That property could not be taken with out the consent of its owner. That God gave man rights which his fellowman, though vested with human authority, could not deprive him, except for a violation of the divine law which recognizes the equality of humanity. Then when the founders of this Republic, after the lapse of ten years (1773) and after repeated remonstrances against the arrogant demands of the mother country, the colonists had determined to assert their rights, and absolve their allegiance, it was then that France again appeared and recognizing the principles upon which the new Republic was based, gave it their approval, not in a sentimental manner, but appreciating their material necessities first, gave the colonies $1,000,000. Subsequently guaranteed their paper to the amount of $1,-700,000. This was not all Lafayette, who justly bears an equal place with Washington in the hearts of every true American. He came to the aid of the young Republic pledging his fortune and offering his own body as a sacrifice upon that altar erected by our fathers, not upon the British constitution, which they deemed based upon popular ignorance or servile fear, nor upon the experience of Holland and Germany. But in their search passing over the feudal and papal period, beyond the wild inroads of youths and savages, far over the days of imperial Rome, they caught the last accents of Cicero, and from the pages of Livy the image of a Republic arose, bound up in the equality of man, and (they) resolved to cast aside the despotism of church and State, permitting every man (to act) according to the dictates of his conscience.

The subsequent acts of Lafayette, the aid rendered by France in our struggle for independence can be read and are known by every student of American history. Neither is it necessary for me to refer to the loyalty of the French element to the American cause during the later wars with England. We, as citizens of Michigan, are familiar with the numerous representatives of that element and the power and influence which was exercised in promoting and establishing the enviable position which it now enjoys among the states of our union, can testify to their patriotism, their enterprise, and sagacity.

INDIAN REMINISCENCES

BY MRS. HELEN NICHOLS CALDWELL

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I presume some of you remember my dear father, John Nichols. If there are any here from Eaton county, I am quite sure they will remember his stepfather, Richard Hughes. Some years ago our friend, Rev. Reed Stuart, desired me to write this little story, saying to me: "The time will come when you will be very glad you had it as your father told it to you." That time has come and I am glad I have it, and I am glad that through the courtesy of your society I am permitted to read it to you this morning.

There is a bit of history connected with the removal of the Potawatomie Indians from their village (now Olivet, Eaton county, Mich.) that has never been made public. The story, as told by my father, John Nichols, and his stepfather, Richard Hughes,[1] was of interest to me as a child, and I find as the years come and go the story still remains with me. I feel that a story that has gone with me from my earliest remembrance, and always excited such lively interest, cannot fail to be enjoyable to those who have never had the pleasure of hearing it. I cannot give this the life and force that characterized it as told by actual participants, neither can I give it in detail; I can only relate some of the incidents as they have been told me. I only wish I could invest it with one-half the charm it would have if well told.

In the spring of the year 1838, a party consisting of Grandfather Hughes, his wife, Charles Nichols (my father's brother, then a boy of sixteen, and a man by the name of Chandler, had been following an Indian trail for several days. Just as the sun was sinking below the horizon, they came to a halt in the heart of this unbroken forest,

[1]See Vol. IX, p. 35, this series for sketch.

and grandfather said they had reached home. They had bought a tract of land, and grandfather had logs ready for a house, but the building was in the future. Grandmother had a good deal of the Gypsy element in her make-up, and the novelty of the situation was pleasing. In telling me, she said, "I clambered out of the wagon as quickly as possible, and seeing a brook a little way off, I took my little brass kettle out, filled it with water, and built up a fire, and by the time 'father' and the boys had the team taken care of, I had supper ready, and a good supper it was, too. After I had my dishes washed, I sat down on a log to watch the men get the camp fire ready. It was twilight, the frogs were beginning to croak, the whippoorwills to sing, and I began to feel a little homesick. My attention was attracted, and upon looking up, I had my first introduction to my nearest neighbors, the Indians. Four big Indians, wrapped in their blankets were looking me over. With folded arms and stealthy tread they moved about inspecting things generally. I tell you I wasn't long in getting where the men were. Finally, Charlie spoke to a big dog he had, who flew at them and they took to their heels lively, leaving behind a blanket which the dog pulled off an Indian." (This dog was so ugly Uncle Charlie named him "Pharaoh.") Grandmother slept in the wagon, the men outside, to keep away the wolves and Indians. When night finally settled down, her trouble began. She said, "The first thing added to the noise of the frogs and whippoorwills was the hooting of the owls and then later the terrible howling of the wolves. We were surrounded with them, and they seemed so near I felt as if they must be ready to spring upon me any moment; but with the first ray of morning light the sounds grew fainter and farther and all was still. Then began the morning song of the birds, the woods resounded with their music." She often told me, "Helen, you never heard the music birds can make; each tree and bush was filled with them, each singing their own song, yet there was no discord. I have never, before or since, heard such music as came to my ears in those early mornings. We don't have nowadays the birds we had then." Their nearest neighbors were two miles away, and grandmother would rather stay and help build the house and cook out of doors than to visit. Very soon, however, the new house was ready for occupancy. (I would say here that this house was within forty feet of the site of Olivet college.)

The Indian village was only a half mile off, so the Indians were frequent visitors. Grandfather was a very large, powerful man, and while very kind to them he was decided, and never yielded a point

if right. They called him "Big Che-mo-ko-man." They soon began to regard him with a sort of superstitious awe, and to invest him with a power from the "Great Spirit," a feeling he took care to impress upon them at every opportunity. He settled all their difficulties; they brought him all their armor, tomahawks, etc., when they went on their powwow, and he helped them in all possible ways. He never dared under any circumstances break his word with them. He told me this: "I noticed when my cattle came home at night their sides would be bleeding and there were marks of arrows on them; those pesky little Indians were trying their skill at shooting. I became so annoyed that I finally decided to stop it. I went over to the village, called out Si-mas, one of the head Indians; told him their papooses were hurting my cattle, and if I found any more signs of their being shot at, I would kill a pony belonging to some of them. I thought afterwards perhaps I had undertaken a great deal, for I would have been obliged to have kept my exact word with them or lost at once and forever all power over them. Fortunately I had no further trouble."

The Indians had a keen sense of the ludicrous, and would appreciate a joke thoroughly. Uncle Charles was a great favorite with them, and one morning he stole one of their ponies and went to Bellevue, four miles away. In telling me grandmother said: "I was at work, and looking out I saw an Indian coming along with a bridle in his hand. He came in, looked around, and finally said: 'Pony, seen 'em?'" "No," grandmother said. "No seen 'em ting-a-ling?" To which she replied: "No." After standing a moment he asks, "Where's papoose?" "Papoose Menchee?" Grandmother told him she did not know where he had gone. The Indian went out saying, "Me find 'em papoose." She saw him following the trail. "Some time after," she said, "I saw Charles coming on the pony, the Indian walking along by his side. Charlie rushed into the house and he threw himself down on the bed groaning, but the Indian passed on so Charlie thought he was safe, and he suddenly grew better, and sat down to the table to eat his dinner. I felt rather than heard a sound, and upon looking up I saw the Indian close by Charlie's side. He turned to me with, 'Papoose plenty sick, muchee medicine.' Then he would double himself up and groan, laughing and talking Indian; even after he had gone they could hear him saying, 'Papoose plenty sick, Ugh!'" When Uncle Charlie saw the old fellow coming he doubled up on the pony and told him he was so sick he was obliged to go to Bellevue in great haste for medicine. Grand-

mother said it was all lost on the Indian, however, for he was too smart for Charlie.

Pete-Na-Wan, a chief, had a girl six years old who had consumption. She came every day for a long time to see grandmother, who would prepare little delicacies for her. Even after she could not sit up the Indian would bring her in his arms and let her stay there as long as she liked. I have often heard her speak of their great affection for this child, and how tender and gentle they were with her. Failing to come for several days, she decided one Sunday afternoon to go over to the village. Grandmother said, "I told 'father' I was afraid Pete-Na-Wan's girl was worse, and we had better go over and see. When we reached the place we found them way off by themselves with the girl in a sort of hammock. He came to meet us, saying: 'Papoose plenty sick, going to Great Spirit.' The squaw sat there crying bitterly. The next morning just at daybreak I heard some one come in and sit down by the fire. I said: 'Hughes, I guess Pete-Na-Wan's girl is dead. I think he is out there.' Sure enough, there he sat; would not speak, but marked on the floor, with a stick he had, the shape of a coffin; finally said: 'Fix 'em papoose like Che-mo-ko-man's papoose.' So father went out and nailed together a rough box, and the Indian took it under his arm and disappeared."

I have often heard grandmother tell of looking into the pens where they buried their dead. They built a fence around them and left them sitting up. They tried sometimes to have their way with grandfather, but he always conquered them. He said: "I was fencing in some land one day and their trail went through it. I looked up and saw four Indians on their ponies coming across. They had taken down the fence and were coming towards me. I picked up a long stick I had cut in the marsh that morning. I yelled to them, 'Marchee back.' Indian said, 'No marchee,' and on they came. I told them I should whip them, and as they came near enough, if I didn't lay that whip on their bare legs then I don't know! I said, 'Marchee now? Understand?' They yelled, 'Plenty understand, marchee quick,' and I never had any more trouble with them." At one time when the Indians were away, someone set fire to the village and burned their wigwams. They were inclined to charge it to grandfather, and called a council to decide what to do. They gathered around a big tree, and grandfather and Uncle Charles were not far away. Finally they heard one Indian say, "Damem, Che-mo-ko-man, kill 'em, burn 'em wigwam, kill 'em!" Grandfather went to them and said, "What you say, you rascal? Kill 'em,

will you?" and he gave him a terrible whipping, until he was glad enough to cry out, "No kill 'em."

There were two strange Indians came to stay all night. Grandfather said, "Sally, those Indians mean mischief, we'll have to watch them." So he brought in his ax and put it beside his rifle, at the head of his bed which stood in a recess where they could see all that was going on. The Indians spread their blankets before the fire and laid down. Grandfather had taken the precaution to set their guns away, and their tomahawks stood in the corner. In telling me of it grandmother said: "I told 'father' to get in bed and I would sleep in front, as I could watch better than he, and I was afraid he would go to sleep. Sure enough, he was soon snoring, and then I watched. Pretty soon I saw one of the Indians rise up, listen, then without a noise crawl on the floor, get his tomahawk and creep along towards the bed. I tell you I jumped clear over father pretty quick. He got up, took his ax and drove him back. Three times that night he repeated that. I was glad when daylight came, for then he opened the door and marched them out, and told them he would shoot them if they ever came there again."

One day some squaws came to grandmother's after some bread. She was sick and told them to go off. They persisted, and she told them to go or she would call *"big che-mo-ko-man."* They were very angry, came to the bed, shook their fists at her saying, "Me speak 'em, hope 'em die." And as far as she could hear them they were muttering and scolding.

I also remember her telling of a chief who had murdered three squaws, and for punishment they took away all the trappings representing power. He was not allowed a seat in the council, could have no arms, wear no feathers or paint, and was held in disgrace always. He died while they were there. They buried him off alone, gave him nothing belonging to him, and would not furnish him with provisions so he could reach the "happy hunting grounds," but his spirit would roam alone always.

In the spring of 1840 my father moved there with his family. He had been there a portion of the time each year, but we remained in Clinton. I have often heard my mother tell how perfectly beautiful the country was. She said it was like riding through an elegant park full of grand old trees, the birds singing from every bush, and the air was full of music and fragrance, for as far as the eye could reach the ground was carpeted with flowers of every hue. There was no underbrush; one could drive anywhere. Every day was a surprise and a

delight to her. I remember very little connected with this, but one thing stands out very clear. The first time I heard a whippoorwill, I was sitting with my brother in a big rocking-chair, and I heard that peculiar sound. Upon asking what it was, Uncle Charlie told me it was a big bird that came around every night to see if children were good; he said, "Don't you hear it say, 'Whip-er-I-will, whip-er-I-will?' And if you are not good he will whip you with his wings." From that day to this I don't like to hear this bird, and I always associate it with that story.

Father's house was of logs, and blankets served as doors, and the windows were of cloth, but he has said many times that he would not exchange that summer's experience and pleasure for any six months of his life before or since. They brought a great deal of furniture with them, and they hung up all they could on the rafters. It was a very funny looking house, but quite the envy of many of the neighbors; they were accused of putting on a good deal of style.

The fruit was perfectly delicious; strawberries were in such abundance that a few minutes would suffice to pick all they could possibly use for the day. They had desserts fit for a king all summer long. Father said the strawberries were so plentiful that the ground would be stained with the juice as the oxen would trample the vines down when plowing. Whortleberries, raspberries, blackberries, wild plums, all were there in great abundance. It was one continuous feast of fruit all through the season. Nothing made grandmother quite so happy as picking berries, sugar-making, bee-hunting, anything out of doors. She was always ready and would inveigle mother into going, and she said after a little she would see grandmother kindling a fire, fill her brass kettle with water, put it on to boil, and from some unknown quarter produce some eggs to cook, or something good to eat. One day the men were going bee-hunting; she wanted to go but they did not take her. She came over and said she was going anyhow. She saw some bees going a certain direction one day, and she was going to find the tree. So she yoked up the oxen (the men had the horses), and proceeded to get ready. She had a cousin with her who had a baby. They fixed up a sled with pillows, blankets, etc., packed up their dinner, and off they went in fine style. Soon after reaching their destination grandmother, as usual, was hungry; so she built up her fire and cooked their dinner, put the baby to sleep on the sled and started in search of bees. Chancing to look back it was found the sled was on fire—all made a rush, the baby was all right, but the pillows, blankets, etc., were burned, together with the sled. They "wended their home-

ward way" on foot, grandmother driving the oxen, and hanging on to that same brass kettle. (I think that must have been her "mascot.")

When the men returned there were no allusions made to the "outing" of the women. Sometime after grandfather began making inquiries about the sled. Nobody knew, and it was a long time before the mystery was solved. Hunting in the woods one day, he came across the remains of it. He went home, accosted grandmother with: "Sally, I know about that sled business now. How in the name of common sense did you burn that up? What were you doing out there anyhow?" Grandmother owned up, and told him that the fire she kindled ran along the dry leaves and caught the sled. He told her it "was a regular woman's trick." He wondered they didn't "burn the woods up, they were so blamed careless." Grandmother would often go and examine the traps for the men; anything to be out of doors. Domestic cares and responsibilities were not as complicated as now, and social demands were few, so she had ample time to indulge in any out-of-door pleasure that offered.

Uncle Charles told me this: "Our sugar camp was three miles away from our house, and I wondered why mother didn't want to go over with us, as she was ready usually for sugar making, but one afternoon I had occasion to cross the creek a little ways from the house, and I discovered why she was so contented. There was a little grove of maple trees over there, and I found they had been tapped, and there were all sorts of utensils there for catching sap—old basins, coffee-pots, and the worst lot of traps you ever saw. I knew that was some of mother's work. She couldn't be 'boss' in our camp and she didn't like it, so she had gone in business on her 'own hook.' I said nothing, but I did not hear anything about any sugar, so I finally said: 'Mother, how did you come out sugar making? I found you had a camp of your own.' She looked puzzled for a minute and then said, 'I never meant to say anything about that, but I may as well tell now. Well, I boiled the sap down until I had my big brass kettle full of lovely syrup. I then thought I would bring it home to "sugar off." I started to cross the creek (there was only a log to cross on), and somehow I lost my balance, and in I went, and I don't know but I would have drowned if old Burr hadn't pulled me out. I didn't care about getting wet, but I was awfully sorry to lose all my syrup.'" This dog was one they traded off Pharaoh for, and grandmother had never liked him. But Charlie said when he went home that night he found they were pretty good friends, and ever after Burr would keep close to grandmother's heels, and would always try to prevent her going across the creek.

My father's sister, a girl of fourteen, would sometimes come up, but the Indians so terrified her that she would not stay. She told me that one day a young Indian stopped at the house, and after looking her over, turned to grandfather saying: "Nice papoose, marchee wigwam?" Grandfather told him he could have her; he turned to auntie and said: "Three moons, sun so (pointing to the west), me come again, papoose marchee wigwam." The third day at sunset he put in an appearance. Auntie ran behind the door frightened nearly to death. He hunted her up and told her, "Papoose marchee wigwam now." With a scream she bounded to her father, begging him to send him away. The Indian was so pleased because she was afraid. "Papoose scare, no brave, ugh!" and then he would point his finger at her and laugh. She said they were all welcome to live with the Indians if they liked, but she begged to be excused. Grandmother left her alone one day for awhile, and the squaws knew how afraid she was, and four of them came in, pulled all the pins out of her clothes, took her hair down, examined her clothing, talking Indian and laughing among themselves. She did not dare move but let them do as they pleased. Grandfather was near, fortunately, and saw a squaw going in the house, and fearing auntie might be frightened he went to the rescue. He found the squaws having a gay time, but auntie was almost in hysterics. They scattered lively when he put in an appearance.

The nearest neighbor was Captain Hickok and family. Grandfather said, one morning as the captain was coming over to his house, he met an Indian who accosted him with, "Buy 'em honey?" (giving it the Indian name which I do not remember.) He had been very desirous to find a bee tree, so was very glad to answer, "Yes, how much?" The Indian told him, "One dollar," and they walked until they came to the tree, when the Indian, after looking up, turned to the captain, saying, *"Cho-in-bees! Cho-in-bees!"* The captain saw the tree, it seemed swarming with bees, and felt he had struck a bonanza, consequently offered the Indian the money at once. He refused it and still kept looking up, saying *"Cho-in-bees!"* The captain thought the old fellow was getting sick of his bargain and was trying to have him give up the tree. So he told him, "That's all right, I see them, here's your money," and insisted that he should take it. He kept saying as he went off, *"Cho-in-bees!"* but he could not persuade the captain to give up the tree, and he went to work to cut it at once. As it fell with a crash he found himself literally and truly in a hornet's nest, and he was nearly stung to death. The old Indian discovered it was a wasp's nest, and tried in every possible to explain, but the captain said

he was too anxious to drive a sharp bargain to heed it, and it took about ten thousand stings and a dollar in cash to teach him that *Cho-in-bees* meant no bees. The captain enjoyed the joke and always told it on all occasions.

About this time an Englishman moved in, and he immediately set to work to teach the people there how to do things properly. Grandfather said he was very pompous, and evidently thought he had struck people who were not far removed from savages. They had a good deal of fun at his expense. Among other things I have heard them tell of his sugar-making. He had a good many maple trees on his land and made a large amount of sugar. In speaking of it to grandfather, he asked him how long he should continue making sugar. He told him only a short time. The old Englishman looked disgusted with him, and said the Americans were so fickle they never accomplished anything. For his part he had just commenced, and if he could see any profit in it at all, he should continue on all through the summer, as he believed in sticking to a thing you undertake. Grandfather was so convulsed with laughter that he could not answer, and the Englishman was very indignant for a time. Finally he explained to him that the sugar season did not depend on the inclination of the individual, but he would be obliged to conform to the habits of the maple trees. Grandfather thought that nature usually carried out her program, regardless even of Englishmen.

In 1838 General Harrison (afterwards president), made a treaty with the Indians of the State to remove them west of the Mississippi river. The Potawatomie tribe was to go in the fall of 1840. About this time Uncle Charles came home one day and said, "Father, I wonder where the Indians are. I was down to the village this morning and I did not see any signs of them." Grandfather said he presumed they had gone on the cranberry marsh. He went over, came back and said, "Well, Mother, I've been down to the village, and I vum, I believe those pesky rascals have run away." The next day my father started for Marshall. In talking with some men they said, "Nichols, where have your Indians gone? We met a whole string of them the other day." Still later on he met another party who had seen them. It flashed through father's mind in a moment what the trouble was.

Upon reaching Marshall he found General Brady there, with four companies of soldiers to capture the Indians and send them on. Instead of going as agreed, they all ran away and were scattered in all directions. Some had been taken by Lieutenant Galt (among them an old Indian, McMoot, who escaped), and all the Potawatomies in the State

were on the move hiding from the soldiers. They were trying to escape to Canada. As soon as General Brady heard that father was there and had been among the Indians, he engaged him to go with him, and he was mustered into the United States service with a captain's commission.

I have heard my mother tell how frightened she was when General Brady came there. "I was standing in the door in the twilight," she said, "and I saw a posse of soldiers coming at full speed, and your father with them. My heart stood still for a minute, for I thought something dreadful must have happened to him. They drew rein at the door, and I soon found out what they were after." General Brady and staff slept at my father's and grandfather's, the soldiers built their campfire and slept outside.

Father said, "The next morning we went six miles north of Charlotte to Wheaton's. Left there for Ingersoll's Mill that afternoon, reached there the morning of the third day. I then started out to reconnoiter a little, and found the Indians had left the road and gone down the Grand River road about six miles south of Scott's[1] tavern and had taken to they went up the river to Clark's Mill, a distance of forty miles. I then returned to Ingersoll's where I had left the troops, and the next day we started on. I learned that the Indians had crossed the Grand River road about six miles south of Scott's[1] tavern and had taken to the woods. At this point I told General Brady I would go on a scouting expedition and report later. I followed them that afternoon, and the next night I brought up to a place called Rochester Colony[2] (now DeWitt). The town consisted of a blacksmith shop, a sawmill and a preacher. After much persuasion I induced the preacher to take a letter to General Brady at Scott's tavern, stating I had taken to the woods after the Indians, and should follow them until I found them, and he could do as he saw fit about coming on. I reached this colony Thursday and found the Indians had left there the previous Sunday. They had been carrying a sick squaw all this time, and she died and they stopped there long enough to bury her. I struck a man here who said he would go with me, so we started into the woods following the trail. We had not gone very far when I discovered my man was frightened nearly out of his wits, and was getting pretty sick of his bargain. After traveling awhile we stopped at a spring to get a drink and look around a little, and when I was ready to go on, my man was not in sight, neither did he put in an appearance. I felt equal to 'going it alone,' however, and was not disturbed in the least by his desertion. I devoted my attention to the Indian trail. In the lowland I had no difficulty, it was distinct then, but as soon as the Indians would reach high ground

[1]At DeWitt, kept by David Scott, first settler.
[2]Rochester colony, Clinton county, was settled in 1836 by about thirteen families from Rochester, N. Y.

they would scatter each way making so many trails it was impossible to tell which one to follow, I would sometimes think I was all right when suddenly I would lose it. After looking the ground over very carefully, I noticed the print of a pony's foot with only half a shoe on, so after that I followed that trail, it belonged to the squaw who led the march. After making this circuit around they would come together again and go on for awhile. As soon as I found they were in line again I would retrace my steps. Sometimes I would have to go back a mile and bridge over the gap by blazing and writing on the trees, so in case the troops came after me, they would have no difficulty in following me.

"I traveled all that day, and when night came I built up a big campfire and lay down beside my horse for the night. This horse had been in the Florida war and seemed to understand the situation. He would follow me like a dog and I could only keep him quiet by being near him. I was like Robinson Crusoe, 'monarch of all I surveyed,' and I thought, 'my rights there are none to dispute,' but after the wolves began their unearthly din, I was not quite so certain on that point. They circled round and round. Their cries grew nearer and more hideous, and when these became unbearable and their proximity was a little too close for comfort, I would throw a huge firebrand among them, and away they would scatter only to return with renewed energy. So passed that night. I was glad to avail myself of the first light of dawn to move on. By this time I began to realize that I was a good ways from home, and had little to eat. I did not kill any game for fear of alarming the Indians, but I felt, surely, I will overtake them soon; so on I went, deeper and deeper into the forest. Another night; still no Indians. I then thought, in the morning I would go back. This night was a repetition of the first one, but I had less to eat than on the morning previous. After holding a council (with myself), I decided I could manage one day longer, so on I went again. The third day I had dismounted, tied my horse to a sapling and was reconnoitering to see if I could find any possible trace of them, when, upon looking up, I saw an old Indian, See-Bas, coming directly towards me, with a coon on his back. I got out of sight as quickly as possible, and scarcely breathed for fear he would see me. He came on until within about four rods of me, then turned a little one side and passed on in happy unconsciousness of any danger. I lost no time in mounting a big stump where I could watch him. In the distance was an old tree, half blown down. Right there the old Indian disappeared. I waited a little and then made for the tree. I had to cross an old windfall, and many

times I would go staving along and down I would go, 'head, neck and heels.' Logs were of no account, however, my eye was fixed on that old tree, which I found was on the edge of a high bluff and reached over a ravine. I climbed along the tree very cautiously and upon getting so I could see over, I looked directly down upon the Indian camp. I could have thrown my hat among them. I didn't lose any time in getting to where I had left my horse, and I started back.

"I met the troops the afternoon of my fifth day in the woods. We traveled until the afternoon of the following day before we struck the windfall. We followed along the edge until I could point out the exact location of the camp. The Lieutenant then gave orders to move on as quietly and cautiously as possible. We had not gone far when we heard an unearthly war-whoop. At that every horse started on a keen run. We could not manage them at all. General Brady lost his blankets, watch and scabbard. The Lieutenant was the only man not unhorsed. We went helter-skelter over the logs and in much less time than I can tell I went clear over my horse's head. I left him (or he left me), and I started on a run and was the first man in camp. I looked around and all told I found one old Indian, a sick squaw and two papooses. We took them up the bluff and went in search of more. We found them hid in the tall weeds that grew in the bottom lands of the Shiawassee river. We captured sixty that night. We camped on this bluff, the Indians putting up blankets for protection. I felt I knew more about their tricks than the soldiers, so I decided to guard them myself. I sat where I could see along the line, and I sat bolt upright on a log. The huge campfire threw a weird light over everything; the soldiers sleeping, the Indians, the hooting of the owls, the neighing of a horse as the cries of the wolves came too near, altogether made an impression I shall never forget and can never describe. I waited and watched. Presently I saw a slight movement under a blanket, then without a sound an Indian (McMoot's son) slid down a little, then all was quiet. Presently another one wriggled down a few inches. It was wonderful how those fellows would, without raising their bodies in the least, and with scarcely any perceptible movement, slip down. I waited as long as I thought best and then I would touch them up with a whip, and back they would go. They did not, however, stay put, and they tried that scheme many times. Had they been able to have slidden down until they reached the foot of the hill, they would have been up and off in an instant. That was the way those Indians escaped from Lientenant Galt. In the morning we tried to move them on, but they would not stir. They would lie on their faces

on the ground, talking Indian, but we could make no impression on them in any way. Finally I became disgusted and told General Brady I was going out. Besides, I was half starved. The General was as hungry as I, but he said, 'We want to get the Indians somehow,' I told him if he would give me authority I would move them. He told me to go ahead. I had all the ponies brought up and began putting a saddle on one. These are made of wood, and unless there are blankets on first, will hurt the pony's back. I was not very particular as to details; I wanted to move out. I had not proceeded far when a vicious looking old squaw jerked the saddle away from me and began fixing it to suit herself, scolding meanwhile in Indian. She had no sooner finished than I put a squaw and as many papooses as I thought could possibly belong to her on the pony, gave one soldier the bridle, put one on each side of her to hold her down, and gave orders to lead them down the other side of the bluff. I thought that scheme would work well. Judge of my surprise, after having started off two or three loads, to see the first old squaw coming back again. I decided that was 'no go,' so I started them off again with the same escort, with orders to lead them half a mile, to the river, and then shove them in, and to stay there until they went across. As we were leaving I noticed one squaw who seemed to be in great distress; as we went along she would call out in such a pitiful way. I finally discovered that she had lost two papooses; they ran and hid, and she had not seen them since; so I told her to wait until we reached Owosso, then I would go back with her for them. We were there that night, and we put the Indians in the log cabin the Whigs had erected there. I had to keep my word with the squaw, so back we went. As we neared the old camp she began that same moan again. She jumped from her horse, walked along the bluff for half a mile, all the while calling in that pitiful way. I began to feel afraid she could not find them, when I heard her scream. She had found them hidden away in a little crevice or washout in the side of the bluff. It seems they were playing on the bluff and saw the soldiers and gave the alarm and then ran directly away from the camp and hid. They were nearly starved, but the old squaw had something for them to eat, and she put them up on her pony and went on, the happiest squaw I ever saw.

"Near Owosso was a camp of Ta-was (Ottawas), and this same squaw had a boy who had gone after cranberries with them. Of course if she had to go she wanted her boy. It was a long time before I found out the trouble, but finally she made me understand, so we started over to

their camp. She talked a long time with them, and then each Indian went and brought out his bag of cranberries, and took out just such a proportion and put in a heap; sometimes after a little talk they would all put in a few more; they were very exact about it and the boy gathered them up and came back with us. The old squaw had, after much tribulation, succeeded in getting her family together."

I have often heard father say that there was no event of his life which stood out more forcibly than his experience with this squaw. It proved to him conclusively that mother love was not a product of civilization. The dividing of the cranberries was significant as well, and represented a principle of justice underlying the Indian character that was of special interest to him.

Among the Ta-was (Ottawas) was an old Indian busily engaged making a pack saddle. Father said: "I went up to him and said, 'Potawatomie?' He replied, 'No Potawatomie, Ta-was; Potawatomie bad Injun, marchee so (pointing to the west), good.' I said, 'Squaw Ta-was?' The Indian waited a moment and then nodded yes. I knew better, so I told him, 'Squaw no Ta-was, Potawatomie, squaw marchee;' but I also told him he could stay. He dropped his work, looked pretty sober, and with eyes fixed on the ground, seemed to be studying the situation. I watched his face. After a time he jumped up, came to me, saying, 'Me be Potawatomie, me marchee too,' and began packing up his worldly goods; seemed to feel all right.

"I wanted to get one more Indian before I resigned, and that was the old war chief McMoot, who escaped from Lieutenant Galt. We had his papoose and squaw and wanted him. He had been at Owosso, and I felt pretty certain he had gone over to an Indian trader's, a Frenchman who had plenty of whiskey. I took Corporal Clark, and started after him, and found my surmise was correct, and the old Frenchman directed us on. We traveled that afternoon and the next day we saw him and an Indian with him drinking at a spring. I rode up, drew rein and said, 'McMoot?' He answered, 'Yes, me big chief, see 'em face.' His face was terribly scarred. I told him we had his squaw and papoose, and wanted him to go with us. He said, 'Dam lie, no got 'em.' I said, 'Papoose so high' (showing his height), 'white pony,' 'papoose play so' (making a motion like playing on a violin). McMoot studied a moment then said, 'Me marchee, see 'em papoose.' When they camped for the night the old fellow tried the sliding scheme again, but it didn't work I was watching him too closely. Upon starting next morning, I told Corporal Clark to take hold of McMoot's bridle, but he felt insulted, and absolutely refused to be led,

saying, 'Me no papoose, me big chief; no run away; marchee quick; see papoose.' We had no further trouble with him, and landed him safely at Owosso."

Here father's duties ended and he said: "When I handed in the last Indian I made for home, as I didn't have clothes enough left on me to make a respectable gun wad."

Mother said the whole country was aroused, and all sorts of rumors were afloat, and fear began to be expressed that the whole party had been killed. One morning she arose very early and went to the door. The first thing she saw was a horse drinking in the river. She wasn't long on discovering father on his back. He went to Marshall that night to report the safety of the troops. After they brought the Indians to Marshall, McMoot told them he would go alone to Canada and bring back more of the tribe. They took the old fellow at his word. Sure enough he did just as he promised.

In the spring of 1850, my father and Uncle Charles went to California. While on the Missouri river the boat made a landing, Uncle Charlie jumped off. He saw some Indians, took no special notice of them until one came up to him and spoke to him. It was old Pete-na-wan. He found Si-mas, See-bas, and many others. They were overjoyed at seeing him. The first question was, "Where big Che-mo-ko-man? Where squaw?" Uncle Charlie said he wouldn't have believed he would have been so glad to see the old fellows again.

There was that strong gypsy element running through my father's entire family, and my education in this direction began very early in life. My earliest remembrance is of excursions with grandmother, of various sorts. Prominent among them was that of hunting eggs. Chickens in those days did not have houses of their own, with all the modern improvements, but built their nests and raised their family wherever their fancy dictated, and that was usually in some out-of-the-way place. Grandmother would say, "Helen, old Speckle (or some other hen) has stolen her nest;" so off we would go to find it. How I would search; up in the hay; in the mangers; look in all the old barrels; go all through the barn, then under brush-heaps in fence corners, and what delight to go back with an apron full of eggs. She seemed to know where all the birds' nests were, and would lift me up, so I could peep into the hollow stumps and bushes, telling me I must never disturb them. Even now, when riding in the woods in summer time, the desire to look under brush-heaps and into hollow stumps is very strong. I know of nothing that affords me more genuine pleasure than a day in the woods, a campfire, and

the cooking of a meal; no amount of smoke, heat, or discomfort can break the charm. I inherited it, and I love it.

Grandmother was a very strong character. Anything she undertook she usually accomplished. I have often heard grandfather tell the story about their packing up to come to Michigan. Among other things that grandmother gave him to pack was an old bakekettle with a piece broken out of the side. He told her he shouldn't bring that old thing, but every time his back was turned she would stick it in somewhere, and he was always running across the old kettle. Finally, grandmother said he broke out with, "Mrs. Hughes, that bakekettle isn't going to Michigan. That's the sentence." Grandmother said, when "father" said "Mrs. Hughes," and "That's the sentence," she knew that argument was useless. Consequently she said no more about it. The first opportunity that offered, grandfather carried it to the back lot and threw it over the fence. They came directly to my father's, in Clinton, and father remarked: "Mother, I would give more for a piece of shortcake baked in that old bakekettle with a piece broken out of it, than anything I can think of." (Mother said father was always telling her of the wonderful shortcake his mother could make, and the first time she went to his house, about the first thing grandmother did was to rake out the coals from the fireplace and bake a cake in that identical kettle.) Grandfather answered, "Well, John, if you want that bakekettle you'll have to go to Syracuse and look over the fence in the back lot. Mother was determined to fetch it, but for once I had my own way."

There was nothing more said about that, but a little time after, while they were visiting, grandmother went out, and soon after walked in holding the disputed bakekettle at arms length, saying, "John, I guess we will have a shortcake for breakfast just the same. Some people think they are awful smart." Grandfather was thoroughly beaten, and could only say, "I vum! If that don't beat me. I never expected to set eyes on that thing again." Grandmother spied it over the fence, and brought it back and put it in a large chest she was packing. Grandmother often said, "Hughes made an awful fuss about that bakekettle, but I always noticed he liked the shortcake that came out of it pretty well." All agreed that the cake baked in that was a little better than any other. The last few years of grandmother's life she was an invalid, but even after that, the prospect of a day in the woods would give her new life. I can see her now, her form bent with age, gathering the wood for a campfire, and if possible making the tea. She lived at my father's many years. She

would always be dressed in the morning, lie on the sofa, apparently taking no note of the conversation. Perhaps father would be telling something of his early life or about the Indians, she would straighten herself up, sit erect, and say, "John, that isn't right, it is this way," and then she would tell it. We were always delighted to have her tell us about the Indians and she was always ready. Her black eyes would sparkle. "Those eyes with more of beauty in them, than time could ever touch, or death do more than hide." How her face would light up as she recalled those days, which she did only a few weeks previous to her death, which occurred after she had passed her ninety-second birthday.

"We may think what we will of it now, but the song and story heard around the hearthstone, has colored the thoughts and lives of most of us; has given us the germs of whatever memory blooms in our yesterdays." So we will set up a tablet in our hearts, and write on it only this:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY

OF OUR

GRANDMOTHER.

Grandfather Hughes was a wonderful man, and a perfect woodsman. My father says in his younger days, when he would go in the woods with him, it was a revelation to him to hear grandfather's interpretation of nature. Nothing escaped him, and father said he could always answer all questions pertaining to woodcraft. I remember if we especially wished to know regarding the weather we always consulted grandfather, and his predictions were authority with us, and I never knew of a failure.

Grandfather always went hunting with my father every year, and as soon as dinner was over every camper was anxious to hear grandfather tell some of his experience, and he never failed to interest them all. His stories were always in demand. Father said they were simply told, but he had the faculty of making them so real that you could see the picture before you.

They had one joke on grandfather that they told on all occasions. Father said at one time they were with a hunting party, among them Mr. Charles Cobb and brother, of Kalamazoo, and were camped on the

Maple river. Their tents were facing the river, and one Sunday morning the "boys" went out for a walk, taking their guns with them. Grandfather never left camp on Sunday, and would talk to the "boys" about it. So he dressed himself nicely, and was sitting outside reading when he heard a noise a little below him. Upon looking up he saw a deer coming out of the river, as quick as a flash he picked up a gun and started after him. He had not gone far when he saw his head peep out from a thicket, and he killed him at once. Upon examining him he discovered he had been killed with fine shot, and he knew his gun was loaded with buckshot. Mr. Charles Cobb had loaded his gun to kill some birds and left it lying where grandfather found it, supposing it to be his own. About this time it dawned upon him that it was Sunday. Here was a dilemma—besides breaking the Sabbath himself he had placed himself in a position where he would probably never hear the last of it. When Mr. Cobb came in grandfather took him one side and said: "Now, Charlie, I vum! I'm in a tight place, and you are the only man that can help me out. I was sitting here quietly reading, when the first thing I knew your gun was making for the river. I saw a deer's head peeking out of a thicket, when bang went the gun, and down went the deer. When I came to myself I found Dick Hughes was behind that gun, and it was Sunday morning. I don't want the boys to know this; my gun didn't kill that deer, Charlie. It was yours, and you must fix it up." Mr. Cobb said, "all right." But, of course, before many hours every man in camp was asking, "Who killed that deer on Sunday?" Grandfather would say, whenever the story was told, "I might have known better than to trust any of them, but the worst part is whenever they have a new fellow in camp they always want me to tell about the deer I killed on Sunday up on Maple river; and if they want to go off they will say, 'Well, if Father Hughes *will* kill deer on Sunday, and be a good Methodist, we can.' They all know it was a mistake, and I told them so." The joke lasted all his life, and he would look so foolish when father would tell the story, saying, "Well, John, you stretch that a little every time you tell it." As long as he lived, every year in camp he would be obliged to explain and apologize many times for that little escapade.

He always went with father in all his hunting expeditions, and grandmother would often say to him, "I think you are getting too old to travel round so much, I expect you will die with that old gun in your hand." To which he would reply, "Well, mother, that would *just* suit me. My gun and I have been good friends a great

many years, and a faithful friend it's been, too. Nothing would please me better than, when the time comes, to die with my old friend beside me." In the autumn of 1870 he went to the woods hunting with his grandson and a friend of his, when they saw him fall, they ran to him, but he was dead. His wish was granted, he was tightly grasping his rifle in his hand. His death occurred soon after he had passed his seventy-ninth birthday.

My father possesses that strongly marked individuality which so characterized his mother. I do not think he knows the sensation of fear. I think the men are few, who would have followed an Indian trail through the forest as he did, liable to be surprised at any moment. I am reminded of a story he often tells, about hearing a man describing a new railroad, which was unfinished. He said, "There wasn't any terminus at either end," and I should have thought father would have come to the same conclusion regarding the Indian trail. I don't suppose the thought that possibly the Indians would get him, ever occurred to him. No; he was going to get *them,* and he did. He is as fond of camp life as ever, and for thirty-eight consecutive years he has had his four weeks camping, going hundreds of miles to get the surroundings wild enough to please him. His hunting "outfit" is a model of convenience and perfection.

I cannot close this paper more fitly than to quote the following from the Battle Creek Journal, bearing date January 2, 1886:

"The first of January being the seventy-third birthday of Mr. John Nichols, his son, E. C. Nichols, invited the members of the Vibrator Hunting Club, to a dinner at his residence on Maple street. In response to the invitation, at half past five the hunters began to arrive and soon the members were all assembled in the library. The jest and laugh went round for half an hour, when the party were summoned to a dinner, rare in its quality and service. Covers were spread for eighteen, and it is safe to say they were not spread in vain. After an hour and a half had passed at the table, the company adjourned to the south parlor.

"Rev. Reed Stuart then rose and said: 'We have come here tonight for various reasons, yet the chief motive is the wish to pay our respects to you, "Uncle John," on your seventy-third birthday. We are all glad that in the year 1813 you arrived on earth. We do not any of us know where you came from, but we all think you must have come from some out-of-the-way place—a place from which there must be little emigration, for we have never met another one just like you. We have no doubt that you at once began to lay down new

rules to regulate the house, for you must have begun very early in life to have reached such proficiency in "running things" as you have exhibited since we have known you. We have never seen you where you were not "boss," whether it was in broiling venison, or getting a railroad train out of a snowdrift. It was the wish of us all in some way to show you the esteem in which we held you, but how to show that esteem was a problem. At first we thought we would buy a railroad, and give it to you; but so far as we can judge you already control all the railroads running towards the upper peninsula, so we concluded you would not care to look after another. Finally we concluded to present you with an album containing the pictures of all who have been associated with you in the "Happy Hunting Grounds" of Northern Michigan. In the collection are some faces which, every time you look upon them, will, as they do with all the rest of us, cause a lump to rise in the throat, and the smile to fade from the face, because they were and now are not. But this is the way of life, and every one must leave his "runway" at last.

"'But enough of this. We all here tonight wish to congratulate you, Uncle John, on your birthday. We are glad you are here, and only hope that many another first of January will find you still here. We make you this little present to show you our good will, and shall be more than satisfied if you take one-half the pleasure in receiving it that we do in giving it.'

"Following the presentation, Uncle John, in his characteristic manner, thanked the hunters, and in his own forcible way assured them of his appreciation of their gift. Then came some two or three social hours of chat. Many of the old stories, some of them grown gray in the service, but none the less interesting for that, were rehearsed—memories—some of them laughable, some of them pathetic, of the camp in the pine woods, were recalled, and it was not difficult, if the listener would close his eyes for a moment, to find the walls of the elegant parlor changing into the quivering walls of a tent, to hear the wind making music in the tree-tops, and catch the tonic fragrance of the hemlock boughs, so suggestive was the conversation and the company of camp life.

"At a late hour the company separated, and as the good-nights were said, every guest felt in his heart, if he did not utter it in words, that the evening had been one of unmixed pleasure, and was thankful to the host who had entertained his friends so royally, and given them an opportunity to pay their respects to the honored guests of the evening."

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF JOHN R. GROUT

BY JOHN HARRIS FORSTER

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The subject of this sketch was born in Petersham in the state of Massachusetts, on the 31st day of December, A. D. 1806, and died in the city of Detroit, January 5, 1882. He passed his boyhood in the common schools, working on the farm, nourishing a hardy frame and acquiring those habits of industry and virtue, the basic elements upon which in after life he built up a solid, admirable reputation. With this outfit the American boy left his home and began the struggle for existence in the city of New York.

He found employment in a dry goods store. While working faithfully as a clerk he was not satisfied. In after life he confessed to the writer that he was embarrassed by his environment. He was a simple-minded boy from the country. He had not enjoyed the advantages of cultivated society. He lacked confidence in himself. In contact with bright city men, trained to express themselves fluently (however confidently), he found himself dumb as a sheep before the shearers. This is a pitiful confession. He felt that he *had* ideas, but could not express them. With a determination characteristic of the man, he resolved to remedy the defects of an early education. He worked hard and saved money to obtain more schooling. He soon blossomed out as a school-teacher. Later on, by his own exertions, he was able to enter Union College, New York. He pursued the four years' course and was graduated honorably in 1833.

Having a decided bent for mathematics, and withal a taste for mechanics and a strong inventive faculty, he chose for his vocation the profession of civil engineer. He threw himself with energy into

his work and soon became a leading engineer on the canals and railroads of the State of New York.

He came to Michigan in 1836. For a time his engineering services were in demand. He was employed on the old Pontiac railroad and Michigan Central. He was prominent on the surveys and location of the Michigan Southern and Northern Indiana railroad—now Lake Shore. Soon after I became acquainted with him he sent for me. I found him lying sick in bed in his room at the old National[1] hotel, kept by Mr. (Edward) Lyon. He was prostrated by chills and fever, contracted while surveying in swamps and marshes. He had blocked out his final report on the railroad line with a pencil, in bed. The report was urgently called for. He requested me to make a fair copy in ink, which I did.

In 1845 he became a pioneer explorer and surveyor in the mineral regions of Lake Superior. He located many claims or "permits" for different companies, in most of which he secured an interest.

He provided himself with a large whaleboat, equipped with oars and sails, provisions, mining tools and surveying instruments. The boat carried six men. The entire season of 1845 was spent in exploring and surveying mineral lands contiguous to the great lake. He circumnavigated the lake, adding much to our knowledge of the geography, mineralogy and geology of that wilderness country. He was exposed to many hardships and dangers in navigation. Late in the fall he returned to Detroit.

In the field, at work, Mr. Grout was very energetic, very exact and very thorough. He went to the bottom of things. He was a man of facts and figures. He seemed destitute of the poetical faculty. A spade was always a spade with him. Yet he was not without humor, and enjoyed the current jokes around the campfire. As a friend he was true as steel, and he was a good hater of any person or thing low or mean. He was a strong man, an able man; he could not fail to make his impress upon his associates and the age in which he lived. It must be confessed that his virtues were somewhat Spartan. With him duty was of the utmost importance and he did not underestimate responsibility. It was hard for him to condone failure or remissness.

As I have already said, Mr. Grout was a man of unflagging energy. He never seemed to tire. In his relations with him the writer had a taste of these qualities. After a long hard day's work in the woods scrambling through the thick underbrush, over rocky ledges or through water-worn gorges, we would return to camp after dark. To

[1]See appendix.

rest? By no means. After partaking of the frugal fare and smoking a pipe (by the way, this iron man never smoked, chewed or indulged in intoxicating liquors), we would draw up our rude camp stools to a rude table, lighted with tallow dips, and go to work computing, copying field notes and platting topographical maps. Meanwhile, the other inmates of our log cabin were snoring lustily, though out of tune. Patiently, quietly the work went on. The clock struck 12. Mr. Grout, looking up almost shyly, said, "Mr. F., had you not better turn in?" "Oh, no; I cannot afford to leave you alone," I replied. I was a young fellow then, and had my way to make, as the saying is. I had an inner consciousness that my good friend was "taking my measure." Two of the clock came around, when we gave up by mutual consent. That he had been trying me I had ample assurance afterward, for he never repeated that night's experience. Mr. Grout was a good man to tie to. Once in his confidence it seemed impossible to do wrong in his estimation. He was sometimes unjust to those whom he did not like.

Mr. Grout owned large interests in mineral lands, and from first to last was a stockholder and director in numerous copper mining companies. He paid out many thousand dollars in the way of assessments, but I am of the opinion that his speculations in mine operations never "panned out" very well. As a speculator he had too much confidence in the thing speculated in, and would not sell at a small profit. This is a common error. The successful speculators in mining shares, as a rule, have been those sagacious persons who liked to quote the saying that "A bird in hand is worth two in the bush."

But as an engineer, inventor and copper smelter, Mr. Grout's success was all that could be desired. He stood in the front rank—often in advance. His was a commanding figure. Capitalists and operators turned to him for aid and advice.

While he made money for himself and secured a handsome fortune by perfectly legitimate means, yet he did much more. He promoted art and science, he made discoveries, he worked diligently in the interests of his State and mankind; in short, he was a good citizen, a good pioneer, leader, promotor and builder. Our Michigan owes much to his genius, ability, energy and patriotism. His adopted state was first in his affections.

We will now turn to his best works—those concerning the smelting and refining of copper—and see what he did. It must not be forgotten that herein he was a true pioneer smelter in Michigan. Not

that he was the first smelter anywhere. By no means. At Swansea, in Wales, copper and tin had been treated before he was born. The ancient Phœnicians knew how to mine and smelt and doubtless taught those arts to our British ancestors.

It is now, I suppose, well understood that the copper of Lake Superior differs from the copper of Cornwall or Chili. In the last named countries, which nearly supplied the world before the discoveries on Lake Superior, copper exists as an *ore—sulphurets*—while the mines of our lake produce pure, or virgin copper. The first successful producing mines of the lake country were what is called mass mines. The copper was found in the vein in enormous segregated masses, weighing hundreds of tons. These two things were new to the mining world; that is to say, the pure copper and the big masses. How to handle this copper the lamp of experience afforded no light.

In the first place the great masses in the mine must be got at, and reduced in size so that they could be handled. The mass copper was found in fissure veins which were nearly vertical. The veins were from three to six feet wide, filled with copper, calc spar, quartz and other minerals, including considerable native silver. The mass copper was found in lenticular shaped, flat slabs, with about thirty-five per cent rocky matter intermixed. The weight of some of these extraordinary masses ranged from one ton to five hundred. The conditions were abnormal. They of course stood on their sides in the mine, like a book resting on its back. To get at them double drifts or galleries had to be opened, and the ground broken away or stoped out from level to level in the mine. These expansive rock galleries exposed the mass, but did not afford room for the work of subdividing, consequently the monster was tilted to one side by a sand blast or the explosion of many kegs of powder placed on one side, in the gallery, tamped or filled with sand. The ignited fuse caused a violent explosion, throwing the mass over. Three miners, one with a long steel chisel and two with heavy steel hammers, mounted the mass and began cutting out blocks weighing from four to eight tons—a slow, tedious and costly process. The groove cut was from one-half to one inch wide. This practical mode of cutting up the masses was adopted after many experiments, with saws, acids, etc. The blocks of copper were raised from the mine by steam power. Here one part of the problem is solved; but the remaining part, quite as difficult, was a nut submitted to smelters to crack.

The old style furnaces would not do. They could not be charged in the ordinary way through small openings or doors in the side. A new

kind of furnace was invented with a moveable cover or top, composed of fire clay and brick bound together with iron. These covers were raised by huge cranes and swung aside. The masses were raised by the same machinery and lowered into the furnace. The bottom of the furnace must of necessity be of great solidity to sustain the weight imposed. After the furnace was charged the cover was replaced and made tight with fire clay. It required much patient experimentation to reach these results, simple as they appear. The reduction of such solid masses mixed with rock by the application of heat was no mean problem to solve.

Smelting mass copper was, I believe, first successfully done by the old Cliff Mine Company in Pittsburg, Pa. Welshmen were employed as smelters.

But Mr. Grout's experiments in the same line were independently wrought out here in Michigan, and he is entitled to great credit as *the* pioneer smelter of copper within our own borders. Smelters as a rule are tenacious of the secrets of their trade. They are not disposed to help kindred enterprises, especially if said smelters were born in Wales.

Be it noted that John R. Grout at first knew absolutely nothing about practical smelting. But he was a close student of science. He recognized our wants in the development of the copper region of Lake Superior. Broadly, in his masterful way, he devoted his talents, time and means to practical experiments. He quitted the city of Detroit and buried himself in the little hamlet of Birmingham, in Oakland county. Here in an old blacksmith shop, aided by Aaron Smith who was an iron founder, he built a small cupola furnace. Ex-president Poppleton informed me that Mr. Smith invented and patented the first cast iron mouldboard plow. The curvature of the mouldboard Mr. Grout calculated mathematically.

Since writing the above I have received some additional notes concerning the plow which may be of interest. The notes were kindly furnished me by Mr. H. A. Poppleton, of Birmingham, Mich.

Aaron Smith invented a plow in 1843. Mr. Grout assisted him in experimenting on a mouldboard, laboring for three months before succeeding in finding the true curved lines to said plow. His experiments were first made in drawing the curved lines on paper; then taking them in sheet lead of sufficient strength to permit him to adjust it to the mould plow which Smith had invented. Success finally crowned his efforts and they cast in iron the first mouldboard for their plow. On its first trial the plow proved a success.

Models were sent to Washington and a patent was secured in Smith's name. Smith gave Grout one-half interest in the patent as compensation for his services. They sold county rights for the use of the plow. In one instance they sold a whole state (Ohio), taking in payment a farm from a Mr. Rice, living near Birmingham. This farm they sold at a low figure as there was not much ready cash in those days and they needed money. They realized from this patent in all about $4,500, a handsome return for those times. These were pioneer days in manufacture.

The experiments made in the little furnace, practically worked out, satisfied Mr. Grout that he could handle the Lake Superior copper on an economic scale.

With a view of doing so extensively he visited New England, secured the necessary capital, organized a company, known as the Detroit & Waterbury Copper Company. In 1850 the company's smelting works were erected in the township of Springwells, on Detroit river. One refining furnace was built and about fifteen tons of mineral were smelted before the close of navigation. These were the pioneer works of Michigan. Mr. Grout personally superintended the construction, which included extensive docks, warehouses and buildings. For the first two years he employed Welsh smelters. But he was a man who believed that Americans should not only govern America, but do the work of America. He gave his countrymen the preference when practicable. This idea was opposed by the Welsh employés. They resisted the introduction of outsiders, but in spite of all opposition Mr. Grout carried out his idea. Moreover, he soon found that these boasting, clanish people did not really understand how to smelt and refine our copper. After they were gone he succeeded in making much better refined copper than they had done. Taking advantage of the occasion, when a new furnace and brick smokestack were being erected, our Welshmen struck work. They fancied that their skill at this crisis was indispensable. But they miscalculated; they had no ordinary man to deal with. He discharged the whole gang forthwith, threw off his coat, seized a trowel and actually went into the brick chimney and helped finish it. He was ably assisted by the few Americans he had trained up. In the spring of 1851 James R. Cooper joined him, coming from a farm in Oakland county. An able man, he, in the course of time became the successor of Mr. Grout and is today chief manager, or agent, of the great copper smelting works, which by consolidation and otherwise grew out of the original works in Springwells, Detroit, now known as the Lake Superior Smelting Company. Mr. Cooper has

brothers engaged in the same business, also a son, all well skilled in the art of smelting.

In 1851 the works at Springwells smelted about 700 tons of mineral. There was a steady increase in the production of mineral from that time forward so that in the year 1890 the Detroit & Lake Superior Copper Company, successor of the Waterbury & Detroit Copper Company, smelted about 60,000 tons of mineral, one year's work.

In 1865 Mr. Grout patented a gas consuming furnace which subsequently saved forty per cent of the fuel or coal that had formerly been consumed and at the same time produced a superior grade of copper. About the same time he patented the water back or jacket cupola furnace, which has come into general use, with but slight modifications, over the whole continent. There has been a good deal of discussion in scientific papers as to who first invented the water jacket furnace, but Mr. Grout was first to successfully attempt its use. In the year of 1867 the Waterbury & Detroit Company consolidated with the Portage Lake Smelting Company, whose works were near Hancock, Michigan. The new firm name became the Detroit & Lake Superior Copper Company. August 1, 1891, this last named company consolidated with the Dollar Bay Smelting Company works on Portage lake, and it is now known as the Lake Superior Smelting Company. Down to the time of his death Mr. Grout was manager and master spirit of these great and growing enterprises. His mantle has worthily fallen upon James R. Cooper, present agent.

The works at Hancock, as improved by Mr. Grout were models of neatness, order, exactness and efficiency. Some engineer, officer of the United States Army, inspecting the works, remarked to the writer, "This is admirable; the whole place is like a well kept military post, perfect in every detail."

Mr. Grout derived a handsome and well merited income from his patents, outside of his salary as manager. He was likewise a stockholder in the smelting company. He was held in high esteem by his associates in the companies and by all who could appreciate his extraordinary abilities and force of character.

Mr. Grout was twice married. His first marriage was celebrated in the spring of 1844. This wife, *nee* ——— Chidsey, lived only two months after their marriage, dying of consumption while her husband was absent on Lake Superior.

His second marriage took place on December 7, 1848. He married Miss Caroline Chidsey, sister to his first wife. She died very soon after her husband. Seven children blessed this marriage—one boy

and three girls survive. These are grown up, happily married and comfortably settled in life.

He owned and occupied a handsome residence on Fort Street, which some time after his death was sold to the Detroit Club. His remains with those of his devoted wife Caroline, repose in Elmwood cemetery, Detroit.

The last few years of Mr. Grout's life were clouded. He was a victim of over-work. No persuasion could induce him to rest from his labors. Perhaps he thought it better to wear out than to rust out. But the truth probably was that hard work had become second nature to him, and it was impossible for the active, aggressive man of affairs, to sit down and fold his hands in idleness.

The fell disease called softening of the brain, gradually destroyed his intellect. A few months before he died he sent for me. Pioneers together for more than a third of a century, he craved speech with his old comrade.

I visited him often. There is nothing so sad as the contemplation of a great mind "jangled and out of tune." Therefore I was glad when I helped to place his mortal remains in the bosom of his mother earth.

I have spoken highly, yet, I think truthfully, of John R. Grout. I will say nothing of his affection for me; that is among *my* sacred treasures.

He was a true, pure man, scrupulously honest, energetic, able, enterprising, masterful. He was a patriotic citizen, proud of his adopted state, Michigan,—proud of her wonderful resources, material progress and enlightenment. As a civil and mining engineer, smelter and scientist, he reached a distinguished position and his "works do follow him."

MICHIGAN'S COURT OF CHANCERY

BY EX-GOV. ALPHEUS FELCH[1]

There is no department of civil government more important than the judiciary. Courts and judges hold in their hands the dearest interests of all citizens, whether pertaining to life, liberty, property or reputation. The statute books are full of acts defining rights and powers and privileges and prohibiting the perpetration of wrongs, but the numberless questions which arise between man and man upon these subjects can be decided by the judicial tribunal only, and from that tribunal must come the decree which shall settle the controversy.

The judicial tribunals of Michigan have been subjected to many changes by legislative enactment. New courts have from time to time been created and old ones abolished and the jurisdiction of existing courts has not unfrequently been changed or greatly modified. The State has thus made for itself a record of judicial tribunals of no little interest. As we cast our eye along this list there appears one whose title at once attracts our attention and which at first glance seems out of place. This is the court of chancery. It is a court without a judge. In every other judicial tribunal in the State, whether of local or general jurisdiction, the presiding officer bears the honored title of judge; in this his legal designation is chancellor. The courts of law, their organization and the ordinary routine of their business proceedings are familiar to all intelligent persons, but the uninitiated may pause at the name of chancellor and inquire what powers and duties pertain to him and his court of chancery.

I trust, therefore, that a brief reference to the history of the officer and the court will not be without interest.

At the organization of the territory of Michigan in 1805 there was established in it a judicial tribunal consisting of three judges appointed

[1]For sketch of Gov. Felch by his son-in-law, Judge Grant, see vol. XXVIII pp. 94-104 this series.

by the president of the United States, but the power of this court was expressly limited to "a common law jurisdiction." In 1823 the legislative power of the territory passed from the governor and judges to the legislative council with the approval of the governor, and they were authorized by act of congress to regulate the powers and duties of the judges, but it was expressly declared by the act that said judges should possess chancery as well as common law jurisdiction. And again in 1827 the power of the governor and legislative council to prescribe the jurisdiction of the courts of the territory and the power and duties of the judges was conferred by act of congress. Under this authority the legislative council, by act passed in 1827 and another in 1833, provided that the supreme court and also the circuit court in the several counties should have jurisdiction in cases properly cognizable by a court of chancery and that the proceedings therein should conform to the rules and proceedings established by courts of chancery in England when not inconsistent with the constitution and laws of this country. This jurisdiction continued unimpaired until the territorial organization gave place to the State of Michigan, as organized under the constitution of 1835.

We have no definite knowledge as to the number of equity cases which were brought in the courts under the territorial statutes referred to, but they could not have been very numerous. No printed reports of them have ever been published.

It will be observed that up to the time of the organization of the State government, although the necessity of an equity jurisdiction somewhere was officially recognized, no separate or independent tribunal for that purpose was contemplated. The ordinary courts of law were looked upon as the proper depositories of such jurisdiction. But at the first regular session of the first legislature of the new State an important change was made. The existing laws on the subject were repealed and a new court—the court of chancery—was established and a new office—that of chancellor—was created.

This designation of both the court and its presiding officer was not unknown to the student of legal lore. For more than five hundred years both had existed in England and they occupied an important page in the history of English jurisprudence. There for numberless generations the court of common law and the court of chancery stood side by side, each with its own particular jurisdiction, its own subordinate officials, its own method of proceeding, its own means of enforcing its decisions.

As the new court in Michigan was here also to be an associate of

the courts of law in the administration of justice, a brief reference to its prototype in the father-land will more clearly show the distinction between the two courts and the object of associating them together.

The common law of England is claimed to have had its origin in times beyond the memory of man, and the courts by which it is administered, designated courts of the common law, are known to have existed at a very early period. But by the strict construction of the judges under their administration it was found to degenerate into a system limited in its scope, technical in its proceedings and far from recognizing the many subjects which the progress of society and the enlargement of business transactions presented. Most important rights of the citizen found no welcome recognition in the courts of the common law, and in such cases the aggrieved were accustomed to petition for relief to the king as the fountain of justice and a sovereign clothed with ample power to redress all grievances of his subjects. Such applications were usually referred by the king to his privy council, at the head of which was the lord high chancellor, and to his charge such petitions were generally committed by the council. Cases of this character gradually accumulating at length formed an important class, the examination and decision of which became onerous and finally resulted in the establishment of the court of chancery for the purpose. At the head of this great equity tribunal was appropriately placed the Lord High Chancellor of the kingdom. He was not, however, merely the presiding officer of the court of chancery, but next to the sovereign, the highest official dignitary in the kingdom, whose office dated back to the days of the early Saxon monarchs. In his official character, apart from the routine of judicial labor, he might be seen at one time in close consultation with the king as his legitimate council and adviser; at another time he might be found in the house of lords sitting on the wool-sack with the great seal and mace, the emblems of his power lying before him and presiding over that august body; or, still again, he might be observed accompanying the king to the throne in the house of lords on the opening of parliament as the bearer of the royal speech about to be read by his majesty and, humbly upon his knees, putting it into the hands of his royal master. But in his capacity of a judicial officer he was found attired in his appropriate official robes presiding in the court of chancery, listening to the arguments of counsel and deciding the important causes which pertain to equity jurisdiction.

Lord Campbell[1] defines this equity jurisdiction to be "the extraordinary interference of the chancellor without common law process or

[1]Baron John Campbell, British jurist and Lord Chancellor, born 1789, died 1861.

regard to the common law rules of proceeding, upon the petition of a party grieved who was without adequate remedy in a court of common law." It is the fact that a court of chancery can administer justice and give adequate relief in a large class of cases where a court of law cannot, that constitutes the marked distinction between the two tribunals. In view of this distinction the two courts may well exist side by side, each exercising its own peculiar jurisdiction, each busied with its own peculiar class of cases, and each within its own proper sphere, subserving the public interest in the administration of justice.

The Michigan court of chancery was established and the office of chancellor created by act of the legislature approved March 26, 1836. This act was amended in July of the same year and the year following, both statutes were repealed and a new law continuing the independent court of chancery with more specific provisions as to its powers and jurisdiction was enacted. By this statute the powers and jurisdiction were made co-extensive with the powers and jurisdiction of the court of chancery in England with the exceptions, additions and limitations created and imposed by the constitution and laws of the State. The act also refers specifically to some of the subjects to which its jurisdiction extends and which are within its proper cognizance. It expressly recognizes the authority to compel the discovery of the property of the fraudulent debtor, to enforce trusts, to issue injunctions, to discover and relieve against frauds, to foreclose mortgages, to appoint receivers. It in fact establishes a court of chancery with the principal equity powers of the English court of chancery with the requisite subordinate officers and with full authority to enforce its decrees. Its presiding officer, although denominated a chancellor, unlike the chancellor of England, was to hold no political station. His office was simply judicial in its character and was limited to adjudications upon the rights of parties litigant as recognized in a court of equity. He was to be appointed by the governor, by and with the advice and consent of the senate, and was to hold the office for seven years. The State was divided into three circuits (afterwards increased to five), in each of which two terms were to be held annually, and an appeal was given from the decrees of the chancellor to the supreme court of the State.

In July, 1836, Elon Farnsworth received the appointment of chancellor, and soon after the court of chancery was organized and the exercise of its functions commenced.

Chancellor Farnsworth was a native of Vermont, being born at Woodstock in that state on the second day of February, 1799. He graduated from Middlebury college and immediately after graduation commenced

the study of the law. In 1822 he came to Michigan, and for some time was in the office of Messrs. Sibley & Whitney, the most prominent law firm of Detroit at that early day. In 1824 we find him in the practice of his profession at that place, and there his residence was continued until his death, which occurred March 24, 1877. He was a successful, able and honorable member of the legal profession, always surrounded by warm and devoted friends and always regarded by all as a man of strict integrity and unquestioned honor. He was a member of the last legislative council of the territory of Michigan in 1834, and 1835, and in 1843 he was attorney-general of the State. When the new court of chancery was established in 1836 public attention was at once directed to him as the man most eminently qualified for the duties of the presiding officer of a court of equity. Always calm, deliberate and cautious, every solicitor who appeared before him was made at his ease, and both counsel and litigants had perfect confidence in his ability and his integrity. He was an ardent lover of justice, and always astute in his scrutiny of both the testimony and the arguments of counsel that he might be certain to seize the real truth of the case and well understand the rights of all the parties. None but they who were in the wrong ever feared the result of his deliberation or the announcement of his decision.

Chancellor Farnsworth continued to hold the office from the organization of the court in 1836 until 1842, when, on account of ill health, he resigned. The vacancy was filled by the appointment of Hon. Randolph Manning who entered at once on the duties of the office and during the next four years continued faithfully and ably to perform them.

Chancellor Manning was born at Plainfield, in New Jersey, May 19, 1804, and studied for the legal profession in the city of New York. He came to Michigan in 1832 and at once entered on the practice of his profession at Pontiac. He soon attracted the attention and secured the confidence and respect of his fellow citizens who early bestowed upon him testimonials of their high regard. He was elected a member of the convention which held its sessions in May and June, 1835, at Detroit, and drafted the first constitution of the State of Michigan. In 1836 he was a member of the State senate, and in 1838 was secretary of State. In 1846 he resigned the office of chancellor and returned to the practice of his profession, but so acceptable had his services as a judicial officer been to the public that subsequently, in 1858, he was elected a justice of the supreme court of the State, and in that

office he continued until his death which occurred in 1864. The resignation of Chancellor Manning anticipated by a few months only the time when the court of chancery itself ceased to exist.

By the revised statutes of 1846 most important changes were made in the judiciary of the State. Under the statutory enactments of 1844 Judge Sanford M. Green was appointed a commissioner to prepare and report a revision and consolidation of the general laws of the State. This work was performed by him and was reported to the legislature of 1846. By the revision so reported the court of chancery was retained and substantially, but with a few necessary modifications, the main features of the then existing judiciary system. All this was, however, repudiated by the legislature and radical changes were made in the courts. The court of chancery was abolished altogether by the revised statutes, and subsequently, but before these statutes went into operation, the office of chancellor was also specifically abolished by legislative act. The revised statutes were approved May 18, 1846, but by a special provision they did not go into effect until the first day of March, 1847. Immediately after the passage of this law Chancellor Manning signified to me, as governor of the State, his intention of resigning the office of chancellor. I received this intimation with great regret and reluctance and I urged him to withhold his resignation and to continue in the position during the short time which remained before the statute would go into effect and put the unfinished business of the court in the best possible condition for transfer to another tribunal. I was unsuccessful in my effort. His resignation was presented and I was compelled to select a successor. Terms of court were soon to be held, cases ready for the hearing were on the calendar and much current business necessarily required attention. The speedy termination of the court rendered it altogether improbable that anyone with fitting qualifications for the high office would consent to accept it. In this emergency I sought an interview with Chancellor Farnsworth, knowing not only his eminent qualifications for the position, but that his former experience as chancellor would render the task of closing up the business less irksome than it would be to any other person. He was at first unwilling even to consider the proposition of returning to the chancellorship, but on my urging the embarrassment of the position and the importance of the public interests involved, he finally acceded to my wishes and on June 1, 1846, was again commissioned as chancellor, and he continued to hold the courts of chancery and to officiate as chancellor until March 1, 1847, when the end came.

Thus ended after an existence of some ten years Michigan's court of

chancery; and the same individual who officiated at its first organization, and under whose direction the first entry in its record was made, was present at the closing scene and gave the last order ever made by Michigan's chancellor.

As to the causes and matters pending in the court of chancery at the time of its dissolution the revised statute provided that they should be transferred to the supreme court, but by subsequent provision of law they were submitted to the charge and jurisdiction of a single judge of that court, and so continued until by statute of June 27, 1851, they were transferred, with all books, papers and records, on the first day of January, 1852, to the circuit courts of the respective counties where the sessions of the chancery courts had previously been held. For the future original chancery jurisdiction was committed to the circuit courts where it has ever since continued.

The decisions of the Michigan court of chancery are found in two volumes of printed reports, entitled respectively, Harrington's Chancery Reports and Walker's Chancery Reports. They are rich in the lore pertaining to adjudications in courts of equity and embrace decisions on almost every subject cognizable by tribunals of that character. Indeed the ordinary equity jurisdiction was enlarged by statute not long after the organization of the court to meet a public necessity growing out of the financial embarrassment of the country and the numerous fraudulent institutions organized under the general banking law of 1837, which had flooded the State with the irredeemable currency known as "wildcat" bills. The cases growing out of this matter are both numerous and interesting. But when not controlled by special statutory provisions the chancellors were always careful to keep within the rules of equity jurisdiction, and cases were repeatedly dismissed by the court on the ground that the court of chancery had no jurisdiction, in cases where a plain, adequate and complete remedy could be had in the courts of common law, thus clearly recognizing the fact that each of the two jurisdictions had a large and important class of cases of its own which had no place and could not be heard in the tribunals of the other, and that the court of common law and the court of chancery, when existing together were, by no means antagonistic, but rather supplementary to each other in their judicial labors, and both necessary for the full administration of justice.

But the question naturally arises, why, if the court of chancery filled so important a place in the judicial system of the State, was it abolished by the legislature?

The citizens of Michigan whose memory will carry them back so far will remember the popular agitation in regard to the courts and the administration of justice which prevailed in 1845 and a few years subsequently. It was a cry for so-called reform. It was urged that the expense of the courts was too large; that a more simple system should be adopted; that justice should be brought to every man's door, and that the higher tribunals should be abolished or curtailed. It was insisted that the supreme court and court of chancery were aristocratic in their character and should give place to the more humble and simple institutions which belong to a republican government. This agitation, I am sorry to say, was to a considerable extent carried into the political contests of the day and was not without its effect on the public mind. Its influence is apparent in the radical changes in the judiciary system of this State made by the revised statutes of 1846. The court of chancery, as we have already seen, was abolished by that revision. A county court was established in every organized county, and for it a judge and a second judge were to be elected by the people every four years, and they were to be paid by fees taxed to the parties litigant; but this was afterwards changed to an annual compensation to be paid from the county treasury.

The county court was to be a court of record and its terms were to be held once in every month, and as much oftener as the judge should direct. The jurisdiction of the court was confined to civil causes. But this limited jurisdiction was subsequently enlarged until under the statutes of 1848 and 1849, it was made to embrace all causes at law, both civil and criminal, which were not within the cognizance of a justice of the peace, with the proviso, however, that a party might elect, in certain specified cases to be tried before the circuit judge, but in such cases the pleadings, proceedings and trial were required to be the same as in the county court.

At the time of the passage of the revised statutes of 1846 the supreme court was protected from legislative interference by the then existing constitution of 1835; but four years afterwards by the constitution of 1850, its organization was entirely changed, and it was provided that the offices of the judges, both of the supreme and county courts, should expire on the first day of January, 1852. Eight circuit courts were established, each with a circuit judge elected by the people of the circuit, and these circuit judges were made the judges of the supreme court. New circuits might be created by the legislature and each additional circuit would give one additional judge to the supreme court. With the increase of circuits and circuit judges

and with this provision still continued in force, the supreme court would this day (1892) consist of thirty-two judges instead of the five who now constitute the members of that tribunal and so ably and acceptably perform the duties pertaining to it. And if, in addition, the county court system, provided for by the revised statutes of 1846, continued intact to the present day, we should now have in the State eighty-four county judges, and eighty-four second county judges where now none exist; and each county would have fourteen terms of a court of record (two of the circuit and twelve of the county court) in each year, instead of the two terms now held by a single circuit judge charged with the duty of disposing of all civil, criminal and equity causes within the territorial jurisdiction of the court.

A few years' experience with these important changes in the courts proved the new order of things to be unsatisfactory. The county courts were the first to be dispensed with. They went out of existence by virtue of the provisions of the constitution of 1850, and in 1857 the legislature, under constitutional authority, reorganized the supreme court. The circuit judges, although many of them were able men and did good service to the State, were retired from the supreme bench, and in their places were put a chief-justice and three associate justices elected by the people of the State for a term of eight years. Thus was restored substantially and with the few additional provisions which were required by the increase of population and business, the judicial system and the courts as they existed prior to the revised statutes of 1846, with the exception of the court of chancery. This tribunal has not only never been restored, but under the provisions of the present constitution the legislature is deprived of the power of renewing it.

It is not without interest to note what may be called the solitary condition of our court of chancery. Nine only of the forty-four states of the Union have ever had a tribunal of exclusive equity jurisdiction presided over by a chancellor. Of all the states into which is divided the almost limitless region of the old Northwest Territory, and that stretching from the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico on the east to the Pacific on the west, Michigan alone has ever had a court of chancery.

It is also worthy of note that Michigan is not alone in the discontinuance of a court of chancery once established. Five of the nine states of the Union where they once existed have abolished them. In New York, by the provisions of the constitution of 1846, the court of chancery of that state, distinguished for the learning,

ability and worth of its most eminent presiding officers, Chancellors Kent and Walworth,[1] was doomed to extinction. Even in England a change of the same character has taken place. The court of chancery as it existed in days of yore is gone, and the Lord High Chancellor, released from the arduous labors of its presiding officer, is busied, instead, in hearing and deciding such appealed cases as formerly went to the house of lords.

Thus we see that this ancient and venerable judicial tribunal, long known on both sides of the Atlantic, appears to have passed its palmy days and to approach its exit. It is useless to speculate upon the causes. In this country it has doubtless been very generally regarded as an exotic belonging rather to England's aristocracy than to America's democracy. Its very name has been thought to indicate as much. In the century and a half of colonial existence in America no such tribunal was ever established although some of the powers of a court of equity were occasionally given to local authorities.

Perhaps the powers given to the chancellor were thought to be too extensive and too liable to abuse. He alone of all the judicial officials could compel a defendant to make specific answer, under solemn oath and against his interest, to the searching interrogatives put to him by his opponent in a bill of complaint. He alone could by the writ of *ne exeat* prevent a party from withdrawing from the jurisdiction of the court and thus preventing the enforcement of the decree. He alone could, by the writ of *injunction,* restrain a party from a threatened injury to another person while the courts of law were powerless to act until the injury was actually committed and the power of enforcing his orders and decrees by imprisonment or fine was always at his command. Perhaps the surroundings of the court of chancery and its method of proceeding may have created a prejudice against it.

The chancellor had no associate sitting by his side on the bench and no jurors were called from among the citizens to attend his court, although doubtful questions of facts were sometimes sent to a court of law to be there submitted to a jury. No witness appeared in this court to give oral testimony, but the proofs were taken before a master in chancery or a special commissioner and were reported and read on the hearing of the cause. There were no criminal trials to excite the popular interest or to draw a crowd of listeners, for the court of chancery had no jurisdiction of criminal causes. All its proceedings were deliberate, quiet and orderly. Solid argument, close reasoning and a skillful citation of apt authorities usually characterized the discussions before the court, and it was an arena worthy

[1]Reuben Hyde Walworth, eminent jurist, born 1788, died 1867.

the highest efforts of the giants of the legal profession, but it was no place for idle declamation or noisy harangue, and it rarely presented anything to arouse or secure popular applause. Even in England the chancery court seems not to have been a favorite with the common people. Complaints were continually made of delay in the dispatch of business and of expenses of litigation ruinous to the parties. Although no such charges were or could have been made against the court of chancery in Michigan during its ten years of existence and of useful labor, it is certain that public sentiment was not ardent in its favor and little regret was felt at its discontinuance.

But if we speak of the discontinuance of these tribunals and nothing more we leave half the tale untold. What became of the subject matters which parties were accustomed for years and centuries to submit to the adjudications of these courts of equity? What of that large class of cases involving millions in amount which the court of chancery was ever ready to hear but which the courts of common law, unaided by statutory enlargement of power, could not entertain? Has the world become better and all occasion for an equity tribunal ceased, or have iniquity and injustice become triumphant and able to walk abroad unchecked and unpunished by public authority? Neither of these contingencies has happened. In Michigan the same statute by which the court of chancery was abolished recognizes the necessity of such a jurisdiction and transfers the full power of administering it to the courts of law. Such courts with us are made tribunals of double jurisdiction and the two jurisdictions are kept separate and distinct. Each court has its law side and its equity or chancery side. As a court of law it knows nothing but the strict rules of the common law and the modifications of it made by statute. As a court of chancery not only are the broad subjects of chancery jurisdiction open before it, but it follows generally the forms and is armed with the powers usually pertaining to a separate court of equity. I know of no case where a court of chancery has been abolished that the jurisdiction has not been preserved and committed to some other tribunal. In all the states of the union this equity jurisdiction exists, in some in a greater, in others in a less degree of perfection. In a few states it is still held by a separate court of chancery; in some, as in Michigan, it is confided to the courts of law and is exercised as a special and separate jurisdiction; in others it is portioned out to the courts of law by statute to be exercised to the extent and in the manner therein specified. Indeed, no country where the English common law prevails has ever dared to abolish absolutely and altogether the jurisdiction

which hears and decides that great body of causes which are known as *equity cases*. They are too numerous and too important to be ignored in any civilized country. In *some* tribunal they *must* be heard. The present judiciary system of Michigan, recognizing the importance of the two jurisdictions and committing both, under proper regulations, to the same judicial tribunal is found eminently well to subserve the purposes of justice, and we can but regard our courts and the judges who officiate in them as entitled to our highest commendation and praise.

MEMOIR OF CAPT. SAMUEL WARD

WITH A SKETCH OF THE EARLY COMMERCE OF THE UPPER LAKES

BY WILLIAM L. BANCROFT

There is something of the mystical suggested when we contemplate the chain of wonderful lakes that nearly clasp our State in their embrace. Michigan, in geographical extent is itself an empire; yet as an appendage of those mighty waters she is merely a pearl of great price in a setting of crystal, peerless in size and regal in beauty. Reverse the picture, and lakes and land are surrounded again by a continent, as the gorgeous rings of Saturn encircle another world. Their vastness recalls that of the ocean. Their solitudes were unbroken until man had learned to brave the loneliness of every sea and to circumnavigate the terraqueous globe. Anon, they have become the channels of a commerce that has dwarfed that of the Mediterranean in the proudest days of Tyre and Sidon or of Greece and Rome, and approaches that of the broad dominions of Neptune himself.

The story of the men who led off in creating and managing the messengers of this commerce can never be without interest and instruction.

Your late president, Hon. Talcott E. Wing, of most honorable memory, some years since solicited me to prepare a paper upon this subject for your society. I cheerfully promised such coöperation as I felt I became a member, but the authorities for its preparation being sparse and scattered, a fulfillment of my obligations has been delayed until the present meeting.

In reviewing the list of names worthy of perpetuation in your archives, I have found none in this State more early, honorably or extensively identified with the commerce of the lakes, and particularly with the commerce of Michigan, than that of Captain Samuel Ward.

Capt. Ward was one of four sons of a Baptist minister and farmer, then living in the town of Wells, Rutland county, Vermont, where the subject of this memoir was born, May 20, 1784. As the boy grew up he assisted on the farm in summers, and as then usual in the New England states, acquired what education was dispensed during the three months' term of a district school in winter. The luxuriant valley of the Genesee river and the salt springs of Onondaga then constituted the ever-beckoning, ever-retreating "west" of our young republic. Measured by time they were further from the Green mountains than Denver is today. But at the age of nineteen years Sam started with an older brother (Eber) for Syracuse and Rochester.

The brothers stopped for several years at Syracuse, engaged in the salt industry. While there Sam married Miss Elizabeth Lambertson, of Manlius, N. Y. They lived together over forty years. "Aunt Betsey," as Mrs. Ward was familiarly called, was ever a pattern of the domestic virtues, and a devoted and efficient helpmeet to her busy and enterprising husband. Mrs. Tam Peck Mosely, of Onondaga, Michigan, is a niece and Jacob L. Wolverton and John and William Gallagher, long residents of St. Clair county, and more or less identified with Capt. Ward's shipping interests, were nephews of Mrs. Ward.

Precisely when Capt. Ward began his sailor life, it is impossible to determine. The war of 1812 engaged both him and his brother Eber in transporting supplies for the American army near Lake Ontario, and for the little navy which our government had undertaken to build at Sackett's Harbor. Their only craft was a small but lively coaster. She was finally captured and burned by the British. The temporary home of the brothers was then at Sodus Bay.

The real life-work of Capt. Ward began in 1817, when he removed to Conneaut, Ohio. The town was then called Salem, and there, in 1818, he built the Salem Packet, a little schooner of only twenty-seven tons

burden. In this craft he plied at all the struggling ports between Buffalo and Green Bay, carrying government supplies for military outposts, and trafficking with the sparse and scattered settlements bordering on Lake Erie, with Detroit and the little hamlets lying on the St. Clair river, and then passed beyond the primeval wilderness of what is now our populous State.

At that date only three vessels appear to have been documented on the upper lakes—two at Buffalo and one at Cleveland. The Salem Packet was not licensed until July 15, 1819.

These early voyages of Capt. Ward in his frail little craft were necessarily long and perilous. From early life he was exceptionally domestic in his associations. His location near one terminus of his trips interfered with his home enjoyments. In passing through the St. Clair river he came to love the quiet and perennial beauty of its banks and the shimmering clearness of its waters. Accordingly he fixed upon a location at what was then known as "Yankee Point"[1] at the mouth of Belle river, a tributary of the beautiful St. Clair, in St. Clair county. Here, in 1820, he transferred his family, consisting of his wife and one son. Their first home was a house constructed, like that of all the early settlers, of round logs, roofed with "shakes" a chimney piled cob-house fashion, of shakes and clay, and the whole finished off according to the architectural requirements of such structures, with "daubing and chinking" of the same materials. A few years later he established a brickyard, and in 1828 erected a commodious brick house of quite imposing proportions for the times. To this home he removed his family and there they passed the later years of their lives. He also built a somewhat larger brick house, which was used as a tavern for many years.

Two years after Capt. Ward's arrival the township was set off and called Cottrellville in honor of one of the oldest and most highly respected French residents of St. Clair county, Judge David Cottrell. There were not at that date over one hundred families living in St. Clair county, which embraced all the territory lying south and east of Saginaw bay and north of Macomb county. Farming, fishing, a little fur trading and less lumbering were the only vocations. Very little cash circulated; traffic was carried on principally by barter. The older French habitants enjoyed horse racing; their stakes were generally oats, never money! This little community was a sample of all except the larger places along the lakes. In scarcely any of them had the enterprising country merchant found a spot inviting him to locate. To all of them, therefore, the visits of Capt. Ward with his floating bazar,

[1]So called by having been settled by Eastern Yankees.

were a welcome event. He supplied them with powder, shot and fish-hooks, with calico at six shillings a yard, spices at about the same price per pound, tea and sugar for all he could get, and high wines costing only twenty cents, and diluted with practical skill to modern "ten rod whiskey" at one dollar a gallon. The "truck" this merchant captain gathered in exchange he sold far to the eastward.

An assessment roll of St. Clair county for 1821 does not show that Captain Ward had then become a land owner. He is assessed for two horses, three oxen, four young cattle, sixteen hogs and $80 worth of household goods. Vessel property and merchandise appear to have escaped taxation in those days, while four wooden clocks, three silver watches and sixteen orchards (!) are included in the roll. Capt. Ward was unfortunate enough to possess one of those silver watches; but "Aunt Betsey" had not arrived at the dignity of ownership of a wooden clock. Of seventy-nine taxpayers then in the county, the highest valuation being $2,941, our future millionaire ranked twenty-third in the list. In 1822 he procured the establishing of a postoffice at "Yankee Point," and localized the name to Belle River. He continued to act as postmaster during most of his life. In the days of 1835-7, when paper cities covered so much of Michigan, Gen. Duthan Northrup, as agent for a company of Ohio speculators, bought up a considerable amount of Belle River property and platted a town, giving it the name of Newport, by which it was known until 1859, when it was newly incorporated as Marine City, a very appropriate designation, selected by the citizens themselves.

Capt. Ward was the pioneer in what we have since learned to call direct or "through" trade. When the Erie canal was opened in 1825, he was prepared for it. During the preceding year he built at Belle River (the custom-house records erroneously say St. Clair) a schooner of twenty-eight tons burden, which he named the St. Clair. She was modeled like a canal boat, having full ends, her rudder hanging over the stern. Aunt Emily Ward (of whose virtues mention will be made farther on) related to me that the material for the sails of this vessel were spun and woven by "Aunt Betsey." This was an added accomplishment to those the captain was proud to ascribe to her—that she run the farm and drove trades as well as he could himself.

The St. Clair was licensed September 22, 1824. The next year she made a trip for trading to Green Bay, and on her return was loaded with potash, furs and gun stocks, and cleared for New York! At Buffalo her masts and rigging were displaced and she was towed to Albany, where the masts were reset and she sailed down the Hudson

to her destination. Returning she took on merchandise for the firm of Buckingham & Sturges, of Zanesville, Ohio, filled out her cargo with salt at Syracuse and delivered it safely at what is now Sandusky City, Ohio. It is related that Capt. Ward had been led to believe that his vessel would receive a bounty as the first one from the lakes to pass through the canal; instead, toll was exacted. Herein, perhaps, we may understand why the trip was not repeated, though it is said to have netted him the handsome sum of $6,000. His rates from Buffalo to points west were $15 per passenger and $5 per barrel bulk for freight.

In 1825 Capt. Ward built the Albatross, of twenty tons, and the Marshal Ney, of seventy-three tons, both schooners. These were followed in 1833 by the Elizabeth Ward, sixty-five tons, and the General Harrison, of one hundred and fifteen tons. The increased size of these later craft indicate a growing commerce and also rapid advances in the wealth of our pioneer sailor. They finish the list of sail craft built by him. He next became a stockholder in the steamer Michigan, built by Oliver Newberry, of Detroit, who, like Capt. Ward, was among the earliest and largest ship owners on the lakes.

By 1840 the Michigan Central railroad was so far completed that passengers and mails were taken to New Buffalo, where they were transferred by water to Chicago. The same foresight and enterprise which found Capt. Ward prepared to test the Erie canal, inspired him to preparations for sharing in the first fruits of this new traffic. In 1839 he began the construction of a steamer of one hundred and fifty tons burden, which he named the Huron. Securing a contract for carrying the mails between New Buffalo and Chicago, she was placed on that route. The trade increasing, the Champion, of two hundred and seventy tons, a much better as well as larger steamer, was built for its requirements. The venture was highly profitable. What was of far greater consequence, it opened up for Capt. Ward business relations with the company that in 1846 became the owners of the Central railroad.

About this time Capt. Ward associated with him in business his nephew, Eber Brock Ward, a son of the brother Eber, with whom Sam had left Rutland, Vt., where also Eber B. was born. You will be interested in a digression here, while I speak briefly of this very remarkable man and only business partner of the subject of this sketch.

Eber B. Ward came with his father to Belle River in 1822. On account of sickness, the family, excepting this boy, returned eastward in 1825. Attracted by the success of his uncle, some ten years later he entered his employ as a common sailor. When I first saw him he

was about twenty-two years of age, of rather unprepossessing appearance, hardly of the average stature, with a cold blue eye, a ruddy face, and what is known as an "iron jaw," betokening a firmness of purpose that characterized his life. He affected a little of the sailor swagger, and when in his vessel's yawl he once gave me my first "scull" I esteemed him as altogether more fit than his uncle to "go down to the sea in ships."

At the turning point in their fortunes Capt. Sam had reached an age when discretion usually delays zeal in new enterprises. It is creditable to his judgment that thenceforth he seems to have expected his partner to assume the weightier responsibilities in their rapidly expanding business.

Eber B. Ward was unquestionably one of the most enterprising, energetic and broad-minded business operators in a period whose abiding glories were its marvelous business men. It was these men who brought to the fore, expanded and utilized and distributed the diversified and matchless resources of Michigan. Among them all Eber B. Ward stood preeminent. Beginning life as the humble servant of his prosperous uncle, his energy and genius for great undertakings made him the leading shipowner on the greatest waterways of the globe. He was identified as president and for years of its infantile embarrassments guided the troublous finances of the Flint & Pere Marquette railway, upholding it by the strength of his credit and associations. He was also largely interested in railways west of the Mississippi river, and was the largest pine land owner in all the vast pine region of these north-central states. The immense mills at Ludington were built by him. He also built large mills at Toledo, and dealt extensively in the hardwoods of Ohio. The methods by which some of our largest sawmills are now supplied with stocks from distant shores are the results of his costly but unregretted experiments. It may also be claimed that he was the pioneer in our present predominating iron industry. He was an early owner and operator in iron mines. He shipped eastward, for both scientific and practical testing, the first five tons of ore turned out from the great Jackson mine. He caused the walking beam and shaft of one of the first large steamers constructed by Capt. Sam and himself (the Ocean) to be cast and wrought of this material. The rolling mill at Wyandotte and the immense mills at Chicago and Milwaukee are monuments of his daring enterprise. He produced in his Wyandotte mills in the early part of September, 1864, the first Bessemer steel manufactured in America, and at his Chicago rolling mills, on the 24th day of May, 1865, rolled the

first Bessemer[1] steel rail. A very interesting reference to these successes will be found in the "Popular Science Monthly" for November 1891, written by the gentleman employed to conduct them, Prof. W. F. Durfee. Captain Ward was also the first party to cause a preliminary examination to be made of the iron mines of Northern Wisconsin, since so profitably developed. He also established glass works at Crystal City, near Carondelet, Mo., launching them upon a grand scale, befitting his enterprise and means. Nor amidst such vast and varied operations was he forgetful of his shipping interests. The whole Northwest should hold him in grateful remembrance for his earnest and personal exertions in securing the first improvement of the St. Clair flats. He was an organizer and master spirit in that powerful combination now known as the "Iron and Steel Workers' Association." Mr. Giles B. Stebbins,[1] still living in an honorable old age in Detroit, was his amanuensis, and many of the facts as well as fallacies vouched for in the so-called "protective" philosophy, clothed in the persuasive diction of Mr. S., may be traced to the comprehensive and fertile mind of Eber B. Ward.

It would overload this paper were I to follow farther the magnificent career of this whilom magnate of Michigan. You may rightfully expect me, however, to say something as to his personal traits.

In brief, I esteem him to have been a better man than did many of his contemporaries. One of his sturdy and honest old captains writes me that "he was the devil." Possibly he was, in passion or in a storm. But his habitual brusqueness seemed the workings of a mind that intuitively grasped what others reasoned out. With him, to see was to decide, and his decisions barricaded argument. He was impatient of words and tolerated no rivalry. In this, no doubt, he often inflicted wrong and humiliation. Perhaps as against rivals he was grasping or even unjust. But his mind was too absorbed on the future to admit much heed to inchoate surroundings. It was as though he felt he had no time to hesitate or argue. Yet he was not implacable. I once had a terrific quarrel with him, growing out of the seizure of one of his boats for an infraction of the revenue laws while I was chief officer of the customs at Port Huron. He was clearly in the wrong, but had made up his mind to hold me responsible for it. Of course a fierce war of words followed, and he finally turned away saying, "We have been friends, but now we are enemies." For ten years thereafter we encountered each other frequently, but without recognition. Finally he approached me, extended his hand, raised a navy-blue cap he then wore and paid pleasantly: "Mr. Bancroft, I have done

[1]See appendix.

you a great injustice during many years. I now know all about the 'Forester' matter, the scamp who informed on her, and that you had nothing to do with it. I am glad to say so." He could have had no motive in thus owning to a wrong, except to right it. The act disclosed a nice sense of honor and justice in a busy man not much credited with either. The pleasant relations thus resumed ended only with his life.

Most of the domestic life of Eber B. Ward was unsatisfactory, much of it disappointing. In fact it is only in his later years that he devoted himself to his home. Of his rather numerous family only one son, now domiciled among the mines of Mexico or South America, and a daughter living in Detroit, are left of the children of his first marriage. By a singular freak of fortune his really palatial mansion in Detroit has become a retreat of the self-denying Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

Of his great wealth few cases so emphatically enforce the exclamation of the preacher, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!" On his demise his immense estate, estimated larger than any other in Michigan, collapsed like a punctured balloon. It was not, however, by any means a shell. Through the long and patient labors and integrity of his executors, O. M. Potter and T. C. Owen, aided by the counsels of the late Wirt Dexter, all of Chicago, and of D. Darwin Hughes of Grand Rapids—one of Michigan's most able and honest lawyers, to whom I am proud to pay this passing tribute—a vast property was saved. This became mainly, if not wholly, the heritage of his second wife. She was a Miss Catherine Lyon, a niece of Hon. B. F. Wade, then a senator from Ohio. It is pleasant to me to note, to the lasting honor of this excellent lady, that though under no legal obligation to do so, her first care after the settlement of the great estate was to see that the sister and the remaining heirs of Capt. Ward by his first marriage were comfortably provided for.

Returning to the immediate object of this paper: After the completion of the several lines which now constitute the New York Central railroad, a company of enterprising Canadians in 1845 put a steamer on the short or north-shore route between Buffalo and Detroit. She made the run in about twenty hours, touching at a single point, Malden, Ont. The next year a larger and finer steamer was added to the line. By invitation of Eber B. Ward I inspected this boat in company with him on one of her early trips. He spoke favorably of her model and was pleased with her engines, but referring to her general style of finish he remarked, in a semi-confidential tone, "The boats that will run in the Michigan Central

line will have none of this gingerbread work. And he spoke truly, for Capt. Sam and himself afterwards controlled all the boats in that line not owned exclusively by that company.

In 1849 the firm built their first large steamer, the Atlantic, of 1,100 tons. The same year the Michigan Central company built the Mayflower, of 1,300 tons. These steamers connected the two great railways of Michigan and New York, often making the passage in sixteen hours. In all the qualities that go to make first class seaworthy craft, it is questionable whether they have been surpassed on any waters.

In 1843-4 operations began in the Lake Superior copper mines. Immediately there sprung up with that wonderful region a brisk traffic of which the Sault became the entrepot. As usual Capt. Sam was prepared to grasp his share of it. He placed the Detroit, a staunch steamer of 350 tons in that trade, and later added two larger steamers, the Pacific and Sam Ward. The iron mines being opened about that time, increased tonnage was demanded on Lake Superior, and the Sam Ward was hauled around the portage and plied there several years. Just before the completion of the first Sault canal, the Ward was successfully run down the rapids.

Up to 1854 Capt. Sam Ward had built, either by himself or in connection with Eber B., fourteen steamers having an aggregate capacity of over 9,000 tons, besides the six sail craft already mentioned. To these Eber B. added twelve steamers, three large propellers, one tug boat and six barges, these being all of which I have been able to gather any account. Altogether the contributions made to the lake marine by these two men amounted to about 22,000 tons. All of their vessels were staunch, well-appointed, fully equal or ahead of contemporary progress in marine architecture, and were especially well officered. They met with disasters like that of the collision of the Atlantic in Lake Erie, the wreck of the Gazelle on Lake Superior, the burning of the E. K. Collins near Malden, and the foundering of the Water-Witch in Saginaw bay. But the annals of navigation nowhere furnish so vast a passenger transport within so brief a period attended with so few fatal casualties.

A passing meed of praise is justly due to the design and constructor of this magnificent fleet of steamers, and to the engineer who superintended the placing of the machinery in all of them. Both were relatives of the Wards and were among the most remarkable men the west has developed; both were as unassuming and upright as they were preeminent and meritorious in their special callings. Mr. Jacob L. Wolverton was the son of "Aunt Betsey's" sister. He modeled and

superintended the construction of all these boats. Without any extraordinary early advantages he stepped at once into the front rank of American shipbuilders. Like George Steere, who modelled the winning yacht, America, and made American clipper ships famous in every sea, Mr. Wolverton was a genius in his chosen vocation. Not one of his boats was a failure; all of them were advances upon anything that had appeared before, and scarcely any improvement has been made since his day upon wooden craft for the lakes. Mr. B. F. Owen married a sister of Capt. Eber B. Ward. As an engineer he was also largely self-taught. His skill and thoroughness were sufficiently attested by the almost total exemption of accident to the machinery of any vessel of this numerous fleet. All of the boats were superior travelers for the times, and one of them, the North Star, is said to have made the quickest trip ever recorded between the Sault and Cleveland.

In the second brick house to which he removed from his notable log mansion, Capt. Sam Ward died. He left no lineal heirs, and except a few minor bequests his immense estate was devised to Eber B. Capt. Sam had four brothers: Eber, the father of Eber B. and "Aunt Emily," with whom he left home and who followed him to Belle River, where many years later he died; Nathan, employed many years by John Jacob Astor and Peter Smith, father of the well-known philanthropist, Gerrit Smith, as a surveyor and land agent—he came to Michigan in 1836 in the employ of Gerrit Smith; Zael, who settled at New port in 1837, but on account of ill health returned to Chautauqua county, New York, in 1864, where he died soon after; and David Ward, who was born in 1800, was a surgeon in the army through the Black Hawk war and later at Fort Howard, Green Bay, and died in 1890 at the precise age of ninety years, in Wrightstown, Brown county, Wisconsin.

Of these descendants two are known to us as conspicuously identified with Michigan interests, Eber Ward, son of Zael, long engaged in commercial pursuits in Detroit, and David Ward, a son of Nathan. David has developed many of the peculiar characteristics of this Ward family. He started in life, like his father, as a surveyor and at thirteen years of age was a good one. From 1840 to 1849 he taught school, devoting much time to study, and in 1851 he graduated at our university as an M. D. and is known to all his old friends and associates as "Dr. David." His health failing, he returned to surveying and exploring pine lands and soon acquired quite a little fortune. He is today the reputed owner of over 100,000,000 feet of standing pine in Wisconsin and of over 800,000,000 in Michigan, all selected with the care of a trained

and interested expert; all of his Michigan pine being in the lower peninsula and all of it eligibly situated for transportation to market. His 100,000 acres also include about as much valuable hardwood timber as of pine. He has also in West Virginia about 18,000 acres of as rich coal lands as can be found in the United States, and three iron mines yielding the red hematite ores, near the Bristol furnace in Holston river valley. David Ward somewhat resembles his Uncle Sam in that he is sometimes doubtful whether he is really wealthy, and again is like his cousin, Eber B. in that he is ready to take all that he can get.

"Aunt Emily,"[1] the sister of Eber B., was a remarkable character. Of few, if of any, in her generation could it be more truthfully said, "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all." When she was only nine years of age her mother died, and the care and training of Eber B. and two sisters, all younger than herself, devolved upon her. She gave all of her early life to the care of that family and in later years reared the orphaned children of both her sisters. At one time she had fourteen children under her charge. Capt. Eber B. built for her at Newport a fine schoolhouse, supplying it with every modern requisite and paying the teacher, who was a graduate of the university. There, scores of young girls were taught freely and came directly under the pure and healthy influence of "Aunt Emily." She was the almoner of most of Capt. Sam Ward's bounties, was held in grateful remembrance by scores of her townspeople, for her estimable life and her never tiring charities, and was honored and beloved by all who knew her. She passed away at her home in Detroit only last year, at the ripe age of eighty-two years.

The personal traits in a character so conspicuous, upon so broad a theatre of action as Capt. Sam Ward covered, must impart its principal interest to a paper like this. My earliest recollection of him dates back to my childhood in 1835. My father, Edward Bancroft, lived on what was then known as a part of the "Chene farm," situated on the northeast corner of Jefferson avenue and Chene street, in our beautiful metropolis, Detroit. Capt. Ward was picking up a cargo all along shore for his new schooner, Gen. Harrison, bound for Green Bay. Passage thither was limited to sail craft, or by logy and creaking steamers at long intervals. A friendship had long before sprung up between Capt. Ward and my father, and as a brother of mine was then "going west," he must needs take passage with him. The Harrison anchored at the farm to complete her cargo and the Capt. and Eber B. came ashore and spent the afternoon at the house.

[1]For sketch of "Aunt Emily" see vol. XXXVIII pp. 581-589.

Capt. Ward was then in the meridian of manhood. He was about six feet in height, rather spare in form and angular in feature, with a gleaming but kindly gray eye and alert but pleasant expression and manners. He did not, however, fill my boyish ideal of a sailor. Not an article of apparel, not a word or gesture betrayed his calling. He might have been taken for a prosperous country merchant. In fact, his sailor life was only a means to his then principal source of profit, barter. Capt. J. H. McQueen,[1] one of his earliest employés, and who accompanied him on his trip through the Erie canal, and subsequently commanded some of the finest steamers of the Ward fleet, writes me that when in port Capt. Sam seldom ate or slept on board any of his schooners. His headquarters in Detroit were at Ben Woodworth's "Steamboat Hotel,"[2] which stood on the southwest corner of Randolph and Woodbridge Sts., in Mackinac at Lasley's, and in Green Bay at Capt. Arndt's; all leading hostelries of their time, and their proprietors among the earliest and most respected pioneers of Michigan. The same correspondent relates an amusing incident occurring at Detroit where Capt. Ward, at the helm of the General Harrison, bravely set out to sail without heaving up his anchor!—another indication that his thoughts were sometimes on other branches of his growing business. That he was patriotic and daring is clear from his experiences on Lake Ontario; that he was bold and brave is shown by his early voyages of nearly a thousand miles in a frail little craft, upon waters liable to fierce and sudden tempests, without beacons or harbors, and for most of the way washing the rugged shores of a wilderness; that he was a temperate and skillful navigator is demonstrated in that though he commanded numerous vessels no disaster occurred while he laid their courses and directed their movements; that he was faithful to his engagements is attested by his credit which never failed him when needed; that his enterprise in its special field led that of all his competitors has been made plain; that he was a moral and upright citizen is evidenced in the respect entertained for him by his compeers, townsmen and employés.

What was to Capt. Ward one of the most pleasing incidents of his life was the presentation to him in 1852, by his employés, of a cane made from the rudder post of the first steamer built by him, finished with a heavy head of virgin gold from the then novel washings of the Sacramento river. His feeling reply to the letter of presentation which accompanied the gift, is worth preserving. He said to the

[1]Capt. McQueen died August 12, 1891, in the eightieth year of his age, and was the oldest survivor of the early navigators of the lakes.
[2]See appendix.

committee, consisting of O. C. Thompson,[1] Capt. D. H. McBride and Charles E. Noble:[2]

"GENTLEMEN—The handsome and valued present you have just bestowed upon me, is by far the most grateful present I ever received. I accept of it as a fit emblem of the oaken hearts that have braved the ruthless tempest in my service, and the golden integrity and fidelity that has for years brightened the pathway of my declining age. It is a staff upon which I can lean the remainder of my days in conscious security, for that truthful trust which has so long and faithfully adhered to my interests, could not be suspected of faithless desertion when near the end of my eventful career. I feel that with you I can safely entrust my future, as I have my former interests. If my example and efforts in life have contributed in any degree to enhance the prosperity of the country, or to stimulate others to persevere in the rugged paths of industry and economy, I shall feel that the world, which I shall ere long leave behind me, has been the gainer by my existence here. I accept, gentlemen, with grateful feelings, this renewed manifestation of your regard, and trust that each and all of you may live long and enjoy the blessings which your manly virtues entitle you to.

"Be pleased to accept the best wishes of your sincere friend."

In his later years Capt. Ward was somewhat bent in form and furrowed in feature. A rugged constitution, preserved by regular and temperate habits, had enabled him to glide along without succumbing to the experiences incident to his pursuits and to the opening of new regions. He never affected many of the graces of gentility, was plain of speech and apparel, and was retiring, though never awkward, in his manners.

The rapidity with which wealth rolled in upon him was sometimes his amazement, oftener his anxiety. The currency of those days was not quite so bad as that which tickled the jolity of Mark Tapley while relating how a friend of his in America acquired a fortune one day and lost it the next through the failure of twenty-six banks! It was, however, composed of local bank paper shoved from states far and near, and was of varied and fluctuating values. This promiscuous currency was forced upon the Wards in volumes of thousands of dollars daily. After their bankers had sorted out what was temporarily at par or thereabouts, there always remained big packages of what might prove worthless upon the morrow. To dispose of this without great losses required both skill and expedition. Regular brokers were less numerous and far more fastidious about paper money than those this generation deals with. To meet such a financial exigency the Wards

[1]Rev. Orrin C. Thompson, missionary and teacher, founded St. Clair Academy.
[2]See *Michigan Biographies*, p. 492.

started a relative in business as a "curb-stone broker." He accosted passers by for exchanges in this "wildcat" and "red-dog" currency, as it was termed. This broker pursued his calling through several years, to the satisfaction of his employers and with substantial advantage to himself. Eventually he became a banker in Detroit, establishing what has since become the well-known banking house of David Preston & Co. Mr. G. F. Lewis himself became a prominent banker in Cleveland, Ohio. And so he added another evidence of good judgment of the Wards as to men, as well as means, for their business purposes.

The flood-tide of fortune came again to the West after its memorable ebbing in 1837-47, and the Wards rode for years upon its topmost surges. Their only drawback was the condition of the banks of issue, which continued to furnish almost the entire volume of circulation. Never was the impotency of mere money wealth more fully illustrated than in the condition of these men at that time. They could turn their receipts into gold and silver only at a discount that would appall any thorough financier. They could not trust the banks; banks were collapsing every day. They could not trust their own "strong box." The paper was likely to become worthless in their keeping. It was at this crisis that Capt. Sam besought Eber B. for a settlement, claiming, as he expressed it, "only enough to live on." Eber B. was then in the flush of his manhood, and it is to his lasting honor that he refused to part company with his ageing and touchingly timorous relative and benefactor. His intelligent and manly recourse was to those vast investments in lands and mines and mills which have associated his name in more than kingly glory with the unparalleled industries as well as unrivalled commerce of the still fleeting but ever growing, ever exuberant, ever fructifying West.

The favorite topic of our juvenile debating societies, "whether there is more enjoyment in the acquisition than in the possession of wealth," might be illustrated in the life of Capt. Ward. While his favorite steamer, the Ocean, was building, I paid him a visit. The boat was almost ready for launching and I congratulated him on being the owner of so fine a craft. "Oh, this is not my boat," he said, "I am only helping Captain Gar'ner (Gardner) build her. But she'll be a good boat." This was a reference to another man whose fidelity and industry he had proved. Among his several home enterprises Capt. Ward had built a tannery at Belle River. It was a failure. Mr. Gardner came along, took hold of the property and made it pay. This was enough for Capt. Ward. When prosperity came to him he gave to

Capt. Sol. Gardner the opportunity of his lifetime, though I believe the actual interest arranged for him in the Ocean was only ten thousand dollars. That single investment shows the rapidity with which the steamers belonging to the Wards made money; it brought a fortune, of which Mrs. C. C. Blodgett and Mrs. C. P. Yerkes of Detroit are the sole surviving heirs. Even then Capt. Sam had had enough of the glamour of wealth. He preferred to pose as the helper of a tried friend.

By special invitation I once made a trip with him on the Ocean to and from Detroit. The boats were due in Buffalo each morning. The weather being fine I went early on deck. Capt. Sam was already there, gazing at the city then looming in the distance. The boat was crowded with passengers, for it was in the heyday of her career. My salutation was cheerily responded to, and with a gleam in his eye the Captain quickly added, "I am afraid we shall cheat these passengers out of their breakfast." And the Ocean reached her dock in time for her passengers to seek breakfast elsewhere. I have always thought the Captain experienced more satisfaction in this saving than in the plethoric profits of that trip. Indeed, while we were enjoying breakfast on board, he told me that he never let his captains forget that fuel was cheaper than provisions.

Although he was the son of a Baptist minister, Capt. Ward seldom frequented churches. Neither did he "assume a virtue tho' he had it not." A camp meeting was going on in one of the pretty groves that adorn the St. Clair river banks. A preacher invited him to attend. "What do you do at your meetings?" inquired the Captain. "We sing and pray and preach, and sing again," replied the zealous home missionary. "Well," said the Captain, "If you will agree to *sing all the time* I will attend your meetings." He was truly fond of music. Any strolling band of musicians could secure passage on his boats by paying their way in music. Yet, among the first pensioners of Capt. Ward was a Methodist minister, resident as such for many years at Belle River, who had strayed beyond the bounds of a professional livelihood. I recall the names of several ministers among the rolls of his employés. In the embarrassment of their riches one of them was trusted as a broker. He, too, became a banker. It is creditable to his employer's judgment again, that no man ever served God and Mammon with greater unction or with greater worldly and possibly also spiritual success than this particular parson. Capt. Ward believed that Sunday was his "lucky day," and always chose it for launching his boats.

"Aunt Emily" informed me of many kindnesses and charities quietly practiced by Capt. Ward. The limits of this paper forbid further reference to them. Suffice to say that while he turned a deaf ear to the indolent and dissipated, he was not unmindful of the claims of the worthy and unfortunate. To relatives that desired to try his service the way was always open; but they understood that promotion must be earned.

Capt. Ward became a member of the Masonic fraternity at a very early age. He usually attended the regular meetings of his lodge and was always ready to extol the merits of Masonry. It often occurred to me that he endeavored to make the pure moral tenets of the Order the guide of his everyday life. Surely, his intercourse with his fellowmen indicated a wish to meet them upon a level, to walk by the plumb and to part upon the square. At his request his obsequies were conducted by the Order, who gathered in large numbers from St. Clair and neighboring counties. He died February 1, 1854, and was buried at Newport. His remains were subsequently removed to Detroit, where they repose with those of Eber B. in the beautiful shades of Elmwood cemetery.

Few lives of so much adventure and yielding such marvelous acquisitions of wealth, have disclosed so little taint for cavil or unfriendly criticism. He owed nothing to the later systems of legislative monopoly. He owed nothing to any adventitious aid whatever. His sole advantages were born in him or were self-created. These were, a good business judgment, an honorable enterprise, and a broad and laudable ambition. His memory will live long and honorably in the annals of our majestic inland commerce, among the most renowned of its bright and brave pioneers.

Any paper purporting to give a sketch of the early commerce of the lakes would be incomplete without mention of that historic vessel, Le Griffin (Griffen). Nor has the story of that pioneer craft been so often or fully told that its repetition for your records can be uninteresting. In January, 1679, the great French explorer, Robert Chevalier de la Salle, in command of a party of explorers and fur traders, arrived at the mouth of what was afterwards known as Cayuga creek, a little tributary of the Niagara river, just above the falls. There they built a vessel of about sixty tons burden to which they gave the name "Le Griffin." She was schooner rigged and carried at her prow, as a figure head, (always so essential an adornment of the craft of those centuries) a carved figure of a griffin. All this in honor of Count Louis Frontenac, then governor-general of Canada, whose coat-of-arms bore a represen-

tation of that fabled monster. She was full rigged and well equipped and carried an armament of several cannon, besides small arms. She carried, including her crew, thirty-five men. She sailed August 7, 1679, and was finally wrecked among the islands at the head of Lake Michigan.

That wonderful pioneer traveler, trader and adventurer, Alexander Henry, undoubtedly the first white man who viewed the ancient workings in the copper mines of Lake Superior, relates the building of a sloop of thirty tons burden on Lake Superior as early as 1760. She was intended to facilitate the working of the copper mines by a company formed by Mr. Henry to operate on or near Isle Royale. The venture failed, and we hear no more of shipping on Lake Superior until the days of the fur companies.

The data for any account of the early commerce on Lake Erie prior to 1817 is scattered and questionable, the official records in Washington having been destroyed in 1814, when the public buildings were burned by the British. The marine district of Buffalo was comprised in that of Black Rock until 1813, when that office was also burned with all its records. The schooner, Charity, was launched at Buffalo May 1, 1770. She was commanded by Capt. John Laighton and was employed in the carrying trade. Her tonnage is not given. A schooner called the Washington is reported built near Erie in 1797. The schooner General Tracy, owned by Porter, Barton & Co., of Buffalo, was built about the year 1800. In 1803 she sailed from Detroit with a company of soldiers under Capt. Swearingen, for Chicago, and was the first vessel that entered the Chicago river. She touched at the mouth of the St. Joseph river on her passage up. Her capacity was stated at ninety tons.

In 1804 the United States built near the spot where "Le Griffin" was launched a vessel of fifty tons burden called the Niagara, intended for carrying supplies to frontier forts and military stations. She was purchased by Augustus[1] and Gen. Peter B. Porter,[2] of Black Rock, and Benjamin Barton and Joseph Annin, of Buffalo, and was afterwards rebuilt and renamed the Nancy Barton.

Capt. Daniel Dobbins, an old navigator and vessel owner of Buffalo, has kindly furnished me with data from his father's account books from 1800 to 1806, which show the existence of six schooners and three sloops between these dates. Their tonnage is unknown, but must have been very small.

The first brig rigged merchant vessel on the lakes was built in 1814, called the Union and rated ninety-six tons. About 1823 the schooner,

[1]Father of Augustus S. Porter a prominent lawyer of Detroit who filled several State offices.

[2]See appendix.

Fair American, Capt. Augustus Walker, and the Friendship, Capt. William Keith, transferred a company of soldiers under the command of Major Baker, from Saginaw to Ft. Gratiot. Dr. Zina Pitcher held in honored remembrance by hosts of friends in Michigan, was with these troops. About this date a barque rigged vessel of 132 tons was built at Windsor, opposite Detroit, by Angus McIntosh, and called the Duke of Wellington. The United States had also maintained revenue cutters on the lakes, called the Tiger and Porcupine, one commanded by Capt. William Keith and the other by Capt. John O'Flaherty. Of the vessels comprising the British fleet captured by Commodore Perry September 10, 1813, and sunk by him in Put-in-Bay, two were raised about 1833 and employed for several years as merchantmen on the lakes. These were the Queen Charlotte and Detroit; the Niagara, of his own fleet, was also raised. I went on board all of them when they arrived at the port of Detroit. They were barque and brig rigged and were the largest and finest vessels of that day.

When Capt. Ward built the little Salem Packet in 1818, the list of vessels documented on the upper lakes was as follows:

AT BUFFALO

Year.	Vessel.	Tons.	Owner.
1816	Schooner Michigan	132	Sheldon Thompson.
1816	Brig Union	104	John Sidway.

AT CLEVELAND

1817	Schooner Friendship	59	Not reported.

AT DETROIT

1817	Sloop Stewart	12	J. H. Stewart.
1817	Schooner Monroe	29	Benj. Woodworth[1].
1818	Sloop Lion	14	Built at Sandusky.
1818	Sloop Dove	13	Built at Detroit.
1818	Sloop Gov. Cass	32	Built at Detroit.
1818	Schooner Paragon	34	Conrad Ten Eyck.

The first vessel built in Michigan was a schooner of only seven tons, at the River Raisin (now Monroe), by Louis D. Valcour, but her name is not given. The schooner Mink (Minx)[2] was captured as a prize in 1814, condemned by a decree of the United States Court in Pennsylvania and bought by Call McAllister of Pittsburg and Michael Dousman of Mackinac. She carried less than thirty-four tons and plied in the fur trade between Mackinac and Buffalo.

The total sailing tonnage afloat above the falls of Niagara in 1820 did not equal 500 tons. In 1830 this had been increased, from Buffalo

[1] *Cf. supra* p. 596.
[2] This should be Mink undoubtedly. See vol. X, p. 120, this series.

to 1,385 tons, from Cleveland to 857 tons and from Detroit to 1,075 tons. Of this Detroit tonnage about one-half was built and owned on the St. Clair river. The Schooner Forester, of 30 tons, is recorded as built "at the county of Macomb, June 10, 1829." The total of these additions is 3,317 tons.

It was at this period that the most famous among the earlier vessel owners and forwarders on the lakes began his career in Detroit. Oliver Newberry[1] delighted to relate how he came to the territory of Michigan "with a pack on his back and an ax on his shoulder," and hewed his way to fortune and commercial fame. His warehouse stood just below Wayne street, near the confluence of Woodbridge street and Jefferson avenue, Detroit. In 1825 he was the owner of a little vessel, the Pilot, of fifty-four tons. By 1834 he had a fleet of ten schooners, the whole aggregating only 753 tons, but ample for his full share of the budding commerce of those days. He subsequently built four steamers, one of them of greater tonnage than that of his whole sailing fleet.

Doubtless we all know that the Walk-in-the-Water was the first steamboat built on the upper lakes; that she was of 342 tons burden and propelled by a low-pressure engine. Her managing owner was Josephus B. Stewart. Her commander, Job Fish, came from the seaboard to take charge of her. She arrived at Detroit on her first trip August 22, 1818. The next year she made a trip to Mackinac and Green Bay. She was lost in Buffalo Bay November 21, 1821. Her career was brief but not inglorious, for she combined many improvements upon her pioneer predecessor on the Hudson, the Clermont, of 1807, and also on the Dalhousie, built at Prescott, Canada, in 1817, and the Ontario launched at Sackett's Harbor in 1818.

The Clermont was the first successful steam propelled boat in the world. She was built for Robert Fulton by Charles Brown and was launched at New York in 1807. Her engines were designed by Fulton and made for him by Bolton & Watt, in Scotland. Her dimensions were as follows: length, 130 feet; depth, 7 feet; breadth, 18 feet. Her trial trip was made August 7, 1807, from New York to Albany, those on board being Fulton's friends, the mechanics, and six passengers. When the steamer left the New York docks it was amid the jeers of the ignorant and the coarse jokes and ridicule of the incredulous. On her way up the Hudson she excited the astonishment of the inhabitants, many of whom had never heard of a steam engine, much less

[1]See vol. XX p. 341 this series.

of a steamboat. Some educated excursionists, who were camped on the river bank and saw her pass in the night, described her in letters to friends as "a monster moving on the waters, defying the winds and the tide, breathing sulphurous vapors and snorting flames and smoke." August 7, 1807, the day she left New York, was Monday, and she steamed off from the dock at one o'clock in the afternoon exactly, arriving at Chancellor Livingston's[1] who had generously assisted Fulton with means indispensable to his enterprise, at 1 o'clock Tuesday, making exactly 110 miles in twenty-four hours. From there to Albany the trip was continued, Fulton writing that exultant and prophetic letter from the last-named place, in which he says: "That boats can be propelled by steam has been fully proven, and it is my belief that the ocean will yet be crossed by steam-propelled vessels." Four years after Fulton's death, which occurred in 1815, the Savannah made a safe transatlantic passage.

The increase in steamboat tonnage at the principal ports of the lakes was slow as late as 1836. Between the appearance of the Walk-in-the-Water and 1830, Buffalo turned out five steamers, ranging from 92 to 363 tons, their aggregate being only 1,046 tons, Cleveland built three of 889 tons; Detroit began her prosperous and brilliant career as the owner of steam craft in 1831 in a very modest way. In that year Capt. John Burtis built a steamer called the Argo. She was 42 feet long, 9 feet broad and 2½ feet depth of hold, measuring 8 7-95 tons, and was made by fastening together two whitewood dug-outs, or canoes, and providing them with a single sharp bow and a square stern. Her power was a little high-pressure engine whose noisy puffing was altogether out of proportion to its propelling power. The Argo was built to supersede the horse-ferry previously used between Detroit and Windsor, but occasionally made a trip to Port Huron, then known as Black River. It used to be reported of her that on such occasions, her storage capacity being small, she "wooded up" whenever she came to a rail fence. She met all requirements as a ferry-boat on the Detroit river until July 11, 1836, when her successor (only about four times her size) was licensed under the name United. The total steam tonnage of Detroit in 1835 was less than 1,000 tons.

Eleven lake ports, aside from those mentioned, turned out during the same period twenty-five steamers aggregating 6,414 tons. Some of these were fine craft, of which I recall the Washington, Jefferson and Columbus as models in their day, and they would be rated good even now. Capt. Augustus Walker, who built both the Wash-

[1]See appendix.

ington and the Columbus, in 1838 brought out the Great Western with the first upper cabin seen on the lakes. His rivals denounced the innovation as dangerous, but travelers preferred it to the cooped-up quarters previously furnished in the holds and on the main decks, and upper cabins were soon advertised as new attractions and became the prevailing plan on all passenger boats.

Other of these boats had histories worth recalling. The Pioneer was the first steamer wrecked on Lake Michigan,—in 1834. The William Peacock,[1] in 1830, exploded her boiler on Lake Erie, killing fifteen persons, the first loss of life on the lakes from such a cause. The Superior was converted into a full rigged ship, being one of the three vessels of ship rig that ever sailed on the lakes. The others were the Milwaukee and the Julia Palmer, afterwards altered into a steamer and transferred over the Sault portage to Lake Superior. The Commodore Perry was commanded by David Wilkeson,[2] a participant in the grand battle of Lake Erie, where he received a wound that maimed him for life. The Caroline was built at Charleston, S. C., and worked her way up the coast and through the gulf and Canadian canals. She laid up for the winter at Schlosser, where, as I recollect the facts, she was chartered as a sort of packet boat during the frontier troubles of 1837-8. She was set on fire, it was alleged, by "Patriot" sympathizers from this side, cut from her moorings, and drifted over the falls. The transaction led to a long and acrimonious diplomatic correspondence between our government and that of Great Britain, and well-nigh precipitated a third war with that great power. The Champlain was seized by a party of "Patriots" who had made Detroit and its vicinity their rendezvous in the winter of 1838, for the purpose of transferring their forces to Windsor, where a detachment of Canadian militia and a few regulars were stationed. The "Patriots" fired the steamer Thames, which laid at the dock where they landed and quite a little battle ensued. The insurgents were routed, their retreat was cut off by United States forces, several were killed and wounded, a goodly number of prisoners were taken, some of whom were shot; others were tried and transported to Van Diemen's Land. Some of the invaders struck out away from the river, tramped around Lake St. Clair and crossed the St. Clair river out of harm's way. I remember being called out of bed in the early morning to view the Thames while burning, and a dozen years later listened to a very interesting account of the whole affair from one of the fortunate fugitives, Mr. Ira B. Kendrick, long a respected resident of Port Huron, where he died about sixteen years ago. I may mention that Mr. Kendrick was a veritable Canadian

[1]See appendix.
[2]David Wilkinson of Perrysburg, Ohio, commanded the Commodore Perry built at Perrysburg.

"rebel," though he informed me that most of the invading forces were sympathizers from this side of the line. It was in this expedition that John Harmon, so well and pleasantly known to most of us, and one of the early mayors of Detroit, began and ended his military experience.

Previous to 1835 the American Fur Company and the Northwest and Hudson Bay Fur companies, had built on Lake Superior five vessels, all schooners, varying in burden from twenty to one hundred tons. Of course this traffic was limited to the fur trade. In 1835, George W. Jones built just above the Sault rapids a schooner of 133 tons and named her the John Jacob Astor. She also ran in the fur trade and in connection with the brig Ramsey Crooks, from the Sault to all Lake Erie ports, formed the first "Lake Superior Line." These two vessels were commanded by two brothers, Capt. Charles C. Stannard, and Capt. Benjamin A Stannard. They were both veterans of the lake marine, and were highly esteemed by all who knew them. The American Fur Company also built, in 1838, the schooner William Brewster, of seventy-five tons; in 1839, the Madeline, of twenty-nine tons, and finally the Sis-ko-wit, of fifty tons. In 1845 Oliver Newberry and Sheldon McKnight,[1] the latter of whom was the pioneer in the commercial interests of Lake Superior, built above the Sault a schooner of 120 tons burden, which they named the Napoleon. This craft was changed into a propeller in 1848. She was sailed by Capt. John H. Stewart, long in the employ of Mr. Newberry, and still remembered as one of the most thorough seamen ever engaged on the lakes. She proved a prosperous vessel, and after the opening of the Sault canal extended her trips to the lower lakes.

Before the canal was completed fifteen vessels aggregating over 3,000 tons capacity had been transferred around the Sault rapids to Lake Superior. The first one taken up was the schooner Algonquin of fifty tons burden in 1839. She was piloted on her first trip by Capt. Lewis W. Bancroft, a brother of mine who had sailed on the Astor from the time she came out.

The first boat to run the Rapids was one of the Hudson Bay Fur Company vessels called the Recovery, in 1829. She was purchased by Merwin & Giddings, of Cleveland Ohio, and ended her days on Lake Erie. The Brewster was run over in 1842, the Uncle Tom in 1848, and the Sam Ward was returned to the lower lakes by that route in 1854.

Several of the craft taken over the portage were unfortunate. The Merchant left the Sault in July, 1847, with a crowded list of passengers and was never heard of more. The Independence was blown

[1]See *Michigan Biographies*, p. 452 and appendix.

to fragments by the explosion of her boiler just after she left the Sault in 1851. Hon. Peter White, of Marquette, narrates the experience of Mr. Jonas W. Watson, who was clerk on board at the time, and says he was hurled upward 150 feet and seizing a flying bundle of hay came down with it, escaping any injury. As illustrating the wonderfully cool and practical methods of Mr. Watson in sudden great emergencies, Mr. White slyly adds that he collected the ship's valuables in his office just before starting upward. The Julia Palmer, Capt. Samuel Moody, was caught in a storm the same year she came out. For fourteen days she was out of sight of land, most of the time exposed to imminent destruction. She regained her port, but the strain ended her career. The Manhattan was sunk in a collision and the Monticello was beached to save her from sinking in a storm.

As early as 1846 Sheldon McKnight and Lowell W. Tinker established a forwarding house at the Sault. In 1850 they organized the "Chippewa Portage Company" and built a tramway connecting the upper and lower landings. Sheldon McKnight was president of this company, and J. T. Whiting was secretary. Mr. McKnight passed away many years ago, beloved by hosts of friends and honored by his rivals. Mr. Whiting has remained prominently active in Lake Superior interests, and is extensively known as the general agent of the "Lake Superior Transit Company," at Detroit. The first year of its existence the Chippewa Portage Company transferred a little less than 3,000 tons of freight. To all the dwellers near the great lakes, and especially to all citizens of Michigan, it must be gratifying to recall the fact that years ago the traffic had surpassed that of the world-famed Suez canal. It continues to increase; its ultimate volume can only be foreshadowed in the development of our whole continent.

The most notable eras marking the progress of the commerce of the lakes deserve special remembrance:

1. The opening of the Erie canal in 1825. It gave an outlet from the upper lakes to our own seaboard. The event was grandly celebrated both in Buffalo and New York. Waters of Lake Erie and the ocean were interchanged between the cities, and as there was no telegraph at that time, a line of cannon placed within sounding distances of one another between the two cities, were successively fired so that at a precise moment as near as could be the waters of the great natural highways might be blended simultaneously at either terminus.

2. The opening of the Welland canal in 1831, via Port Robinson to Chippewa, on the Niagara river, and which was subsequently completed to Port Colborne and Port Maitland on Lake Erie. This event

was also duly celebrated on both sides of the line. The first vessels to pass from lake to lake were the British schooner Anna and Jane, and the American schooner Erie and Ontario.

3. The superseding of the paddle-wheel by the propeller in our lake craft. The first propeller on the lakes was built by Sylvester Doolittle, of Oswego, N. Y., in 1842. She was of only 150 tons burden, sloop rigged. I saw her once at Port Huron, greatly overloaded with as discouraged looking a lot of emigrant passengers as ever experienced seasickness. They had been seventeen days on the way from Oswego and were bound for Chicago. Slow as she was the Vandalia was in every respect superior to the early steamers on the Hudson, of which it was facetiously said that they frequently raced against the tide with the limekilns which skirted the lower banks of the river, and that the limekilns generally held the lead. The first propellers on Lake Erie were the Hercules, of 275 tons, built at Buffalo, and the Samson, of 250 tons, built at Perrysburg, both in 1843. The first propeller documented in Detroit was the Detroit, of 293 tons burden, June 19, 1845.

This change greatly cheapened costs of steam navigation, and was soon followed by the introduction of towed barges.

4. The great river and harbor convention held in Chicago in 1846. This memorable assemblage was made up of delegates from most of the states of the Mississippi and Ohio valleys, from the entire lake region, and from several eastern states. Many of the most distinguished citizens of that day were active members. There being no hall in Chicago at all adequate to accommodate such a body, a tent capable of seating about 6,000 people was provided. The sessions were busy, spirited and practical. There had long been organized opposition by members of congress from seaboard states against appropriations by the general government for interior harbors and rivers. Even so enlightened and patriotic a statesman as Henry Clay denounced some of these improvements as "beyond the remotest settlements in the United States, if not in the moon." Others raised constitutional objections. These objections crystalized themselves into the proposition that it was obviously constitutional to appropriate money for harbors on salt water coasts, and as indisputably unconstitutional for the government to undertake similar works in fresh waters. These and many other fallacies and objections were combated, facts illustrating the rapid growth and vast value of the lake and river marine were spread abroad, and a spirit of unity and zeal in behalf of internal improvements was begotten, which has never since flagged or flinched. It was the first organized protest

of the growing west against the narrow and sectional policy of the extreme eastern and southern seaboard states. It was noticed by a maturing giant that he would soon assert his rights against the world. It was the harbinger of most of the lighthouses and bouys, the breakwaters and piers, the dredged and rock-crushed channels that signal cheer and invite to safety our hardy mariners, and inspire our masters of commerce with increased enterpise.

5. The Sault canal. The history of this work is so fully written in the annals of our State and national legislation that I will only recall the size of the canal as originally proposed and also the names of some of the men of that era identified with it. John Almy, engineer, in 1837 recommended the following dimensions for this canal: width, 75 feet; depth, 10 feet; size of locks, length, 100 feet; width, 32 feet; depth, 10 feet. Estimated cost, $112,544. As originally completed in 1855, the lock was 350 feet long, 70 feet wide and 13 feet deep. Its cost was over one million dollars.

This and the Welland canal created an unbroken chain of lakes, obviating the delays and expenses of transshipment.

On the 25th of July, 1876, the first stone was laid in the present lock, which is 515 feet long, 80 feet wide with 60-feet gates, and 16 feet of water on the mitre sill. I have not at hand the dimensions of the additional lock now in course of construction.

The citizens conspicuous for their labors in Washington and elsewhere at the East in behalf of the canal were Eber B. Ward, Sheldon McKnight, John Burt, E. C. Roberts, Peter White, Abner Sherman, Simon Mandelbaum, D. S. Carle, J. V. Brown, then Editor of the Lake Superior Journal, William Williard,[2] J. T. Whiting, William A. Pratt, and last but not least, our respected President, J. H. Forster.

The laying of the first stone in the lock of 1876 was signalized by quite elaborate ceremonies. Peter B. Barbeau was president of the day, with a long list of vice-presidents, whose names I have been unable to obtain. Gen. Godfrey Weitzel,[1] the United States engineer in charge, made an opening address, H. P. Davock delivered an oration, which was followed by remarks from H. W. Seymour and G. W. Brown.

6. The improvement of the St. Clair flats. All large vessels formerly were compelled to sail by what is known as the north channel of Lake St. Clair. It was a long and tortuous route, entailing great loss both of time and temper upon navigators. Groundings and collisions were frequent and the passage was perplexing in the nighttime. The "south channel" offered a direct route, but only for ves-

[1]See appendix.
[2]This is undoubtedly William Willard; mentioned page 364.

sels of light draught. The improvement of this channel was demanded by the whole lake region, but without practical avail until 1856, when Gen. Cass secured an appropriation of $45,000. With this amount a channel was cleared 6,000 feet long, 150 feet wide and 9 feet deep. In 1857 Senator Chandler introduced a bill appropriating $55,000 for deepening this channel to thirteen feet, but the bill failed on its passage through the Senate. It was a little speech made in demanding the yeas and nays on this bill that gave Senator Chandler his first firm hold on the regard of the people of Michigan, opened up his influence in the Northwest and culminated in his commanding influence as a national political leader. He spoke not only for Michigan and for the great Northwest, but also for the entire Mississippi valley when he said:

"I want to see who is friendly to the great Northwest and who is not—for we are making about our last prayer here. The time is not far distant when instead of coming here and begging for our rights we shall extend our hand and take the blessing. After 1860 (the next census) we shall not be here as beggars."

The bill passed at the next session, but was vetoed by President Buchanan. It was introduced in the next congress, but failed to pass the Senate. The war of 1861-5 overshadowed and postponed all minor questions, but among the appropriations in 1866 was one for the improvement of this channel across Lake St. Clair.

This improvement gave our shipping a channel of sixteen feet throughout. Its vivifying effect was illustrated in a swelling stream of traffic, followed by a remarkable increase in the capacity and rating of the vessels employed. The stately craft that now bear to market the varied and augmenting products of our midland empires are unequalled in size, speed, strength or beauty upon any inland waters of the globe.

This paper would be incomplete without mention of some of the earlier navigators of the lakes. Besides those already referred to may be named Jedediah Rogers, who succeeded the first master of the Walk-in-the-Water; Roger Sherman, who sailed the Superior; Lewis Allen, C. L. Gager, James Harrington, Louis Pierce and John Kimberly comprised the seamen of the Walk-in-the-Water, and all became masters; W. T. Pease, Walter Norton, George Niles, Harry Whitaker, Levi Allen, Archibald Allen, R. C. Bristol, Henry Randall, Thomas Wilkins, Samuel Chase, Charles Burnett, James T. Lundy, A. E. Hart, Robert Hart, Gilbert Appleby, Thomas J. Titus, H. Van Allen, S. F. Atwood,

John Clark, John Burtis, James M. Averill, Chesley Blake, J. L. Edmonds, John Shook, John Wilson, Aaron Root, James Shook, Joel H. McQueen, A. H. Squire, Amos Pratt, J. H. Stewart, S. Clement, D. H. McBride, M. H. Estabrooks, Richard Butlin, George H. Cottrell, Fred S. Wheeler, Morris Hazard, William Hinton, Lester H. Cotton, who fitted out the steamer Queen Charlotte, commanded the ship Milwaukee, one of the only three ships ever on the lakes, and afterwards master of the Monroe, which was the first steam craft that towed a vessel up the Fort Erie rapids; and Capt. Robert Wagstaff, who commanded another ship, the Julia Palmer. Many of these men I personally knew.

As a class they were an honor to their calling. Many of them were excellent business men as well as practical sailors. Several of them retired to hold important civil stations. Some had served in the war of 1812-15, others took part in the naval operations against Mexico, and others still filled honorable positions in the immense flotilla that sprang into existence on the Atlantic seaboard with the war of the rebellion. Of all of them it may be said, none worthier ever braved

"The God of storms, the lightning and the gale."

LIST OF VESSELS ON THE LAKES PRIOR TO 1806, FURNISHED BY CAPT. D. P. DOBBINS OF BUFFALO, WHO COMPILED THE FOLLOWING FROM ACCOUNT BOOKS OF HIS FATHER, THEN A GENERAL MERCHANT THERE

Year	Name	Owner or master
1800	Sloop Good Intent	William Lee.
"	Schr. Wilkinson	Joseph May.
"	" Harlequin	Eliphalet Bebee.
1902	" Two Nations	Thomas Nowlan.
"	" Gen. Wilkinson	Robert Maxwell.
1803	" Lark	Richard O'Neill.
"	" Contractor	William Lee.
1800 (Can.)	" Thames	William Lee.
1803 "	" Saguina	John Fearson.
1805 "	" Ranger	Daniel Dobbins.

LIST OF VESSELS IN DETROIT DISTRICT, 1821-1835

Year	Name	Tons	Owner or master.
1821	Schr. Harriet	42	Christopher Clemens.
1824	" Savage	50	A. Henkley, A. Westbrook.
1825	" Pilot	54	A. Henkley, R. Newhall.
1827	" Emily	34	J. E. Schwarz.
1828	" Comley	24	H. Howard, R. Wadhams.
1829	" Forester	30	S. Hayward.
1830	" Grampus	32	Unknown.
"	" Salt River	28	"

STEAMERS

Year	Name	Tons	Owner or master
1825	Argo	9	John Burtis.
1831	General Gratiot	62	Francis P. Browning.
1833	General Brady	85	John Burtis.
"	Lady of the Lake	23	Mt. Clemens.
"	Andrew Jackson	49	Louis Godard.
1834	Monroe	341	A. E. Wing and 11 others.
1835	Uncle Sam	221	P. J. Desnoyers.
"	Erie	149	James Abbot and others.

NEWBERRY'S FLEET

SCHOONERS

1825	Pilot	54	St. Clair River.
1826	La Grange	101	Mt. Clemens.
1828	Napoleon	107	Detroit.
"	Savage	30	St. Clair river.
1831	Marengo	104	Huron, Ohio.
1832	Prince Eugene	104	" "
"	Austerlitz	134	" "
1834	Lodi	64	" "
"	Jena	55	" "
		753	

STEAMERS

1833	Delaware	178	Huron, Ohio.
"	Michigan	473	Detroit.
1837	Illinois	755	"
1843	Nile	600	"

ABSTRACT OF THE VESSELS ENROLLED IN THE DISTRICT OF BUFFALO CREEK, FROM THE YEAR 1816 TO 1829, INCLUSIVE

Year	Name	Tons	Owner
1816	Schr. Michigan	132	Sheldon Thompson.
"	Brig. Union	104	Jonathan Sidway.
1820	Schr. William	33	Horace Griffin.
"	" Hannah	49	George Coit.
"	Sloop General Huntingdon	50	James Day.
1821	Schr. Red Jacket	54	Peter B. Porter.
"	" Erie	78	Sheldon Thompson.
1822	" Wolf	29	Judah Ransom.
"	" Neptune	61	Sheldon Thompson.
1823	" Commodore Decatur	52	George Wiles.
"	" Beaver	37	John F. Wright.
"	" Abigail	33	Moses Stevens.
1824	" Superior	70	Reynolds Gillett.
"	" Fair Play	32	Harry Whitaker.
"	" Macedonian	32	David Johnson.

Year		Name	Tons	Owner
1825	Schr.	Eagle	26	Sheldon Thompson.
"	"	De Witt Clinton	51	John Burnham.
"	"	M. Milan	34	Ebenezer Johnson.
1826	"	Packet	34	Reuben Smith.
"	"	Erie Packet	31	Charles Townsend.
"	"	Good Intent	34	Samuel Wilkins.
"	"	Fayette Packet	25	Bradford King.
"	"	Independence	26	Joseph Tubbs.
"	"	Bolivia	60	Sheldon Thompson.
"	"	Andrew	47	Bradford King.
"	"	Mariner	96	Sheldon Thompson.
"	"	United States	93	Samuel Wilkeson.
1827	"	Constitution	84	George Coit.
"	"	Nucleus	94	Thaddeus Joy.
"	"	Maria Antoinette	87	John B. Macy.
"	"	Liberty	24	Frederick Goodrich.
"	"	Lady Washington	48	Samuel Wilkeson.
"	"	Young Lion	58	Joseph G. Norton.
1828	Sloop	Express	24	William Willard.
"	Schr.	Victor	36	William Neuberry.[1]
"	"	La Grange	101	Warren Dingley.
1829	"	Young Amaranth	65	George B. Webster.
"	"	Eclipse	58	Sheldon Thompson.
"	Sloop	William Tell	11	James L. Barton.

STEAMERS

1819	Walk-in-the-Water	339	Josephus B. Stewart.
1822	Superior	346	Noah Brown.
1825	Pioneer	125	Augustus S. Porter.
1826	Henry Clay	363	James L. Barton.
"	Niagara	92	Augustus S. Porter.
1829	William Peacock	120	Thomas B. Campbell.

LIST OF MERCHANT VESSELS DOCUMENTED AT CLEVELAND, OHIO, PRIOR TO THE YEAR 1835

1817	Schr.	Friendship	59	Not reported.
1823	"	Minerva	44	Clifford Belden.
"	"	Farmer	27	Alva Cable.
"	"	Prudence	39	Noble H. Merwin.
"	"	Sea Serpent	26	John Burtis.
"	"	Rachel	35	Robert Eaton.
"	"	Zephyr	25	Horatio Wilcox.
"	"	Fair Play	31	David Johnson.
"	"	Phoebe	29	John K. Whalley.
"	"	Ann	38	Conrad Reid.
"	"	Neptune	61	Levi Johnson.
1825	"	Lake Serpent	26	John Burtis.
"	"	John Q. Adams	55	Noble H. Merwin.

[1]This probably means William Newberry.

Year	Name	Tons	Owner
1826	Schr. Comet	47	Orion Cathaw.
"	" Columbus	64	John Rober.
"	" America	54	James Foster.
"	" United States	93	Chancy Warner.
1827	" Maria of Pascagoula	31	D. S. Pickett.
"	" Adelaide	24	Pierre Morin.
"	" Two Brothers	22	L. Daubrin.
"	Sloop Margarette	21	Robert Daniels.
"	Schr. Emily	28	Francis Lanier.
"	" Eugenie	22	Charles Lapapier.
1828	" Detroit	67	Clifford Belden.
"	" New Connecticut	61	Alva Cobb.
1830	" Morning Star	33	Jesse Bean.
"	" Mariner	96	Charles M. Giddings.
"	" Grampus	24	Abram Wright.
"	" Geuga	34	A. Cable.
"	" Franklin	22	Joseph Webb.
"	" Essex	30	Alva Cable.
"	" Aurora	31	J. C. Oliver.
1831	" Whitteney	50	Wm. A. Field.[1]
"	" Sir Henry	23	J. P. Atkinson.
"	" Commodore	88	Levi Johnson.
1832	Sloop Humbird	16	H. Brooks.
"	Schr. Boliver	77	Charles M. Giddings.
"	" Atlantic	110	H. Phelps.
"	" Dart	32	J. V. Singer.
"	" Conneaut Packet	30	J. Brown.
"	" Nehemiah Hubbard	93	William A. Fields.[1]
"	" C. Whittlesy	50	William A. Fields.
"	Sloop Olive Branch	13	J. P. Atkinson.
1833	Schr. Parrott	16	P. H. Whitman.
"	" Ohio	88	L. Pease.
"	Sloop Governor Trimple	16	C. Merriman.
"	Schr. Nancy Dousman	86	M. Dousman.
"	" Black Hawk	51	R. W. Skinner.
"	" Independence	26	J. P. Atkinson.
"	" Atlanta	110	H. Phelps.
"	" Oregon	71	J. Brooks.
"	" Atlantic	48	J. Johnson.
"	" Commercial	52	O. Salisbury.
1834	" New York	56	L. Hayedon.
"	" Warren	65	H. E. Parsons.
"	Sloop Lorraine	53	N. R. Randall.
"	Schr. Rainbow	34	N. Moore.
"	" Benjamin Franklin	106	A. Wright.
"	" Helen	65	E. Shepherd.
"	" Enterprise	55	J. E. Lyon.

[1]Undoubtedly these refer to the same man, but whether Field or Fields is right it is impossible to tell.

Year	Name	Tons	Owner
1834	Schr. Atlas	47	M. Watrous.
"	" Neptune	167	A. W. Walworth.
"	Sloop L. Judson	16	H. Burlingame.
	STEAMERS		
1826	Enterprise	219	Levi Johnson.
1834	North America	362	A. Dart.
1835	Robert Fulton	308	

STEAMERS BUILT AT OTHER LAKE PORTS, 1819-1835

Year	Name	Tons	Where built
1826	William Penn	275	Erie, Pa.
1829	Newburyport	75	" "
1830	Sheldon Thompson	242	Huron, Ohio.
"	Ohio	187	Sandusky, Ohio.
"	Champlain	230	Chippewa, Canada.
1831	Pennsylvania	395	Erie, Pa.
1832	Perseverance	50	" "
1833	Washington	600	Huron, Ohio.
"	New York	325	Black Rock, N. Y.
"	Daniel Webster	358	" " "
"	Detroit	240	Toledo, Ohio.
"	Governor Marcy	161	Black Rock, N. Y.
1834	Victory	77	Buffalo, N. Y.
"	General Porter	342	Black Rock, N. Y
"	Thomas Jefferson	428	Erie, Pa.
"	Commodore Perry	352	Perrysburg.
"	Mazeppa	130	Buffalo, N. Y.
"	Sandusky	377	Sandusky, Ohio.
"	Caroline	80	Charleston, S. C.
1835	Columbus	393	Huron, Ohio.
"	United States	366	" "
"	Charles Townsend	312	Buffalo, N. Y.
"	Chicago	166	St. Joseph, Mich.
"	W. F. P. Taylor	95	Silver Creek, N. Y.
"	Thames	160	Chatham, Canada.

LIST OF VESSELS TAKEN ACROSS SAULT PORTAGE

Year	Name	Tons	Owner
1845	Schr. Chippewa	20	Thomas Clark.
"	" Florence	20	Antrim & Keith.
"	" Swallow	80	James Bendix.
"	" Merchant	80	Capt. Robert Brown.
"	" Uncle Tom	110	Capt. John Angus.
"	" Free Trader	90	Capt. Colin Ripley.
"	Prop. Independence	262	S. McKnight & Co.
1847	Stmr. Julia Palmer	280	W. F. P. Taylor.
1850	Schr. George W. Ford	150	John Parker.

Year	Name	Tons	Owner
1850	Prop. Manhattan	330	Spaulding & Bacon.
1851	" Monticello	460	S. McKnight & Co.
1852	Stmr. Baltimore	500	" "
1853	Prop. Peninsula		" "
"	Stmr. Sam Ward	433	E. B. & S. Ward.

LIST OF STEAMERS BUILT BY SAM WARD & E. B. WARD

Name.	Tons.	Name.	Tons.
Huron	150	Huron 2d	348
Champion	270	Milton D. Ward	473
Detroit	350	E. K. Collins	950
Forester	504	Planet	1164
Sam Ward	433	Gazelle	422
Pacific	500	Sea Bird	638
Ocean	900	Comet	385
Arctic	857	Traveler	603
Pearl	257	Alpena	617
Caspian	1050	Marine City	573
Cleveland	574		

PROPELLERS

Montgomery.	Water Witch.
B. F. Wade.	Music.

NOTE.—For much valuable assistance in procuring the facts in this paper I am under obligations to C. B. Morton, Commissioner of Navigation; A. D. Bissell, Collector of Customs, Buffalo, N. Y.; H. Christiancy, of the Detroit Custom House; Capt. J. H. McQueen, Dr. David Ward, Mrs. Tam P. Moseley, and to Peter White of Marquette.

AUNT EMILY WARD

SOME EVENTS IN THE LIFE OF A UNIQUE WOMAN

A woman of strong individual character was Aunt Emily Ward, whose long and eventful life closed at Detroit August 28, 1891. Her father was the son of a Baptist minister and the family resided near Syracuse, N. Y., where Emily was born, March 6, 1809.

In 1817 Mr. Ward was engaged in trading in the southern states, and being struck with the advantages of Kentucky, with its favorable climate and fertile soil, resolved to remove his family there. In De-

cember of that year, with his wife and children and his possessions, all loaded in a canvas covered wagon, he left for the Blue Grass region. But misfortunes gathered there over the peregrinating family. After a few days travel he fell sick of pleurisy in New York, and lay in bed in a village for six weeks. It was in this domestic exigency that Emily developed those strong and healthful qualities for which she was afterward so noted. While her mother was burdened with the care of the head of the family, the ten year old girl took care of the younger children, and had full charge of the household affairs. The journey was resumed, but the mother proved unequal to the strain, and died at Watertown, Pa., after a short illness.

Mr. Ward then changed his plans and went to New Salem, Ashtabula county, O., where he prosecuted his business as trader for four years. Here Emily became the female head of the family, which consisted of Sallie, Eber B. and Abbie. "Aunt Emily," as she was then called, was only a slight girl of ten years when the family came to Ohio, but she was a brave little woman, with a mature mind and sagacious beyond her years.

In 1822 the Wards removed from New Salem to Marine City, Mich., where Mr. Ward's brother, Samuel, had gone into the vessel business and owned several schooners. Here the family stayed five years, during which time Aunt Emily, in addition to her work as a housekeeper, taught school for several months. It was during that time that Emily developed, to their fullest extent, though in an humble and contracted field, those philanthropic and maternal traits which made her name and character so famous in after years.

About 1827 the family, in consequence of malaria, returned to New Salem, Ohio. Here his sisters married, Sallie becoming Mrs. Brindle, and Abbie Mrs. O. W. Owen.

In 1835 Mr. Ward was appointed lighthouse keeper at Bois Blanc island, near Mackinac island, and there Emily was his housekeeper for ten years. In 1845 Aunt Emily returned to Marine City, where her brother, Eber B., had become a prosperous vessel owner. The following twenty years were the busiest and happiest period of her life. In that time her two sisters died and their children were committed to her care. Besides these, she was devoted to children, without reference to relationship. Many little ones became her wards, during that time, and her devotion to their interests was earnest and unwearying. Although a spinster through the whole of her long and useful life, no mother could be fonder, or more just and true to the claims of help-

less children. At one time there was no less than ten children[1] under her care in the old house at Marine City.

Her brother, Capt. Ward, built an academy, of which a college graduate was principal, and Aunt Emily had charge of everything except the teaching. Her system was the old New England plan, kindly and beneficent in its way, but rigid in its requirements of duty and good conduct. She sternly enforced the doctrines of work and usefulness and discouraged idle play and gossiping. Did the boys or girls plead for an opportunity to play, she would refer them to the onion bed, the strawberry patch or the wood pile, and preach them a laconic sermon on the evils of idleness.

Aunt Emily had a superabundance of what Yankees call "faculty," which is only another name for business ability.

This ability was not confined merely to household and social affairs, but was also competent to grapple problems in trade, commerce and manufacture. She had an intuitive perception of the causes which work disaster and loss in business affairs, and her brother Eber had great confidence in her judgment. She had a business head in every sense of the word, and was a valued and valuable helper, both with work and advice. When Captain Ward had his boats built at Marine City she took charge of the cabin furnishing, and saved him $5,000 on every boat he built.

At one time he remarked to a friend: "It was against Emily's advice I went into that land speculation. I wish I had not put my money into it. I have lost $20,000."

Aunt Emily brought up fourteen children from childhood to maturity. Many others she provided for during periods ranging from a few months to several years. There are half a dozen of her boys whom she reared and launched in life who can now write their check for sums expressed by seven figures. The list includes a prominent western railroad manager, two extensive manufacturers, two physicians and one merchant. Her gifts included in some cases the expenses of a college training, and sums of $5,000 or $10,000, residences and lots, etc.

The celebration of Aunt Emily's eightieth birthday two years ago was an interesting occasion. Around her were gathered men and women who were still proud to be called her children, who all owed her a deep debt of gratitude for loving care and sympathy in youth, and for help in their subsequent careers. She received many elegant souvenirs, and a congratulatory poem was read by Giles B. Steb-

[1]Other biographers assert that she aided twenty-nine young people. See vol. XXXVIII, p. 581 this series.

bins. A large number of communications were received from friends at a distance, among which was a note from Don M. Dickinson, then postmaster-general, from Washington, who was proud to be counted as one of Aunt Emily's boys.

REMINISCENCES OF SEVENTEEN YEARS RESIDENCE IN MICHIGAN, 1836-1853

BY GEORGE H. HAZELTON[1]

Hon. Michael Shoemaker, Chairman of Committee of Historians, Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society, and Judge Albert Miller:

GENTLEMEN—At your solicitation and a subsequent promise to write an article for your historical society I herewith hand you a copy of so much of my autobiography—which I am writing—as covers my residence in Michigan from June, 1836, to September, 1853, when I left the State and engaged in business in Chicago; also an extract from my seven years in that city, during which time I had an interest in banking in Detroit and Flint.

Should any portion of my sketch be considered of sufficient interest to your society to be published, or read, you are at liberty to make such use of it as you may deem proper, trusting due allowance will be made for any anachronisms which may have occurred in writing it.

I am not unmindful of my inability to furnish material of any special value at this period of my life.

Writing in the eighty-fourth year of my age, when the mental faculties have lost much of their vigor and zeal, and relying almost entirely on memory, has made the task more difficult than it otherwise would have been had I books or papers for reference. I am also aware that with few exceptions there is little in the biography of business men, as such, that is worthy of note. So much of this

[1]For sketch see *Michigan Biographies* p. 337.

sketch as covers an unwritten history of any portion of Michigan in early days, is all that I can expect will be of interest to your society.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

G. H. HAZELTON.

Elwood, N. J., May 9, 1892.

In the spring of 1836 I caught the western land fever and proposed to sell out to my partner. He agreed to purchase if I would take my interest in goods; to this I consented. After taking an inventory my portion was found to be about a thousand dollars. I selected the goods and had them boxed, billed and marked Ann Arbor, Michigan, and soon had all my worldly possessions on board a canal boat on the way to Buffalo, from there by steamer to Detroit, where we arrived thirty-six hours from the time of leaving. Stopped at "Steamboat Hotel,"[1] familiarly known as "Uncle Ben's," (Woodworth) the host, a grand old man, overflowing with kindness. As the frost was just coming out of the ground and there had been recent rains, that part of the city was little more than a mud hole. I engaged a man to haul my goods to Ann Arbor, distant thirty-seven miles. After two days floundering in the mud we reached the end of our journey, and to my great delight, on dry land again. Soon found a boarding house, the well known "Solon Cook's."[1]

There was then but one respectable hotel, the "Washtenaw House,"[1] at the lower town, on the north side of the river.

Rented a room to display my goods and in a short time had most of the heavy articles sold. There was then but two stores in the place where they kept a full line of merchandise, Beach & Abel and William S. Maynard.[1]

Finding it would take too much time to close out my light goods, and as I wanted to see something of the country, I purchased a horse and wagon, put my goods on board and started out a "pioneer peddler;" went first to Ypsilanti, from there through the southern tier of counties to New Buffalo, on Lake Michigan, returning by way of Kalamazoo and Jackson, thus giving me a very good idea of Southern Michigan.

I remained here some weeks, purchased considerable real estate, village lots, etc., and made many pleasant acquaintances, but feeling impressed I ought to visit my kindred in Madison county, New York, concluded to do so before making this my permanent home.

Left Ann Arbor about the 23d of September. Arriving at Syracuse, I first learned of my father's death, which occurred on the 21st. As there were no telegraph lines in those days and mails were slow, I had

[1]See ante p. 347 appendix.
[2]See appendix.

not received the sad intelligence before leaving. Arriving at the old homestead, found the family overwhelmed with grief. They were rejoiced to see me. We had not only lost a most kind and affectionate father, but the family still remaining were soon to be homeless. Two brothers and two sisters had married and were living near. My father had sold the homestead, with the intention of finding a home where it would be warmer; made a trip through the western and southwestern counties of the State, but failed to find a place to suit him, and died soon after his return.

After spending a day or two in consultation with the family, it was agreed I should purchase a farm with what means my mother had—about $1,500—and $800 that I could raise. With this I bought a small place of some thirty-five acres, and as soon as I had the family settled, started on my return to Michigan.

Stopping at Albion, N. Y., to visit some friends, I met an acquaintance, a young man, who was an apprentice to the carpenter's trade, had fallen from a building and broken two of his ribs; was unable to work, out of money and comparatively a stranger in the place—a sad looking fellow indeed. I felt sorry for him, and proposed he should go with me to Michigan; would pay his fare and other expenses until he was able to work. He seemed delighted, and was not long packing his "bundle," and a few minutes later we were on a packet bound for Buffalo, where we took steamer for Detroit. A few days later were in Ann Arbor.

Soon after my arrival I purchased a sawmill a few miles west of Dexter, with a quantity of timber, and placed my friend Linn in charge of it.

The land excitement being at its height I concluded to make some purchases of government lands.

I left Ann Arbor the latter part of November, on horseback, for Ionia, Ionia county, where the government had recently established a land office. Arrived at Howell early in the afternoon. There was then but one small hotel and a few other buildings. Feeling anxious to reach the office, I decided to push on through the woods, but did not come to a clearing till after dark, when to my great joy I saw through the opening among the trees a light. Had ridden some forty-five to fifty miles. On arriving, found a man by name of Lang, who had commenced building a log cabin. He greeted me warmly, and offered the best accommodations he had; was short of provisions—which he seemed to regret—but I assured him he need have no anxiety, I had a supply with me.

Tying my horse to a beech sapling to feed on the bark, I took from his tired back my saddle-bags and soon had a piece of salt pork on the end of a stick, cooked to perfection, and relished better than any I have ever eaten since.

The cabin consisted of only a few logs rolled up, no roof, no floor, a fire on the ground. After a pleasant chat, we wrapped ourselves in our blankets—fortunately I had one with me—and laid ourselves away in one corner for the night.

Rose early, after a refreshing sleep, breakfasted as I had supped, and thanking my kind host for his hospitality and wishing him success and happiness in his new home, renewed my journey. I was his first guest, but presume not the only one, as "Lang's log cabin" is, if still standing, one of the ancient landmarks of Northern Michigan.

The road now was only a bridle path with underbrush cut away. I had gone but a few miles when I came to a low piece of ground with a small stream of water, which had made a deep gully through the muck two or three feet wide and about two feet deep. This my horse refused to cross; sticking my spurs into his sides he raised his fore feet; as he did so one of his hind feet slipped into a cattle track, and the ground being frozen, held his foot fast. He fell across the gully while I fell lengthwise in it, with one foot in the stirrup, partially damming the water, and before I could release myself was completely covered with black muck. Soon found I was not injured, but feared my horse's leg was broken, as he had not made a struggle. Having a hatchet with me I cut his foot loose, when he immediately regained his footing and I was soon on my way again, rejoicing it was no worse.

Notwithstanding the plight I was in, my fever had not abated in the least. I pushed on as vigorously as circumstances would permit. Not many miles further on I came to a small clearing with a log cabin and a shed for a horse. Here I proposed to stop and repair damages.

Knocking at the door it was opened by a matronly looking woman, who seemed not a little surprised at seeing a caller in such a condition. I inquired for her husband; she replied, "he is not at home." I then told her of my mishap. Ascertaining there was no other house for many miles I persuaded her to let me remain. My horse had not eaten anything since the day before, but we were soon made happy, he with plenty of hay and I with a suit of her husband's clothes. Never could I forget this good Samaritan, who, though alone,

took me in, put my clothes in order, fed and lodged me, and cared for my beast. No incident of my life made a deeper impression upon me and I trust the consciousness of making one lone traveler happy was a greater reward than the money she received. With a heart filled with gratitude I bade my hostess farewell and continued my journey with the prospect of reaching Ionia before dark.

After traveling some eight or ten miles I came to a bayou from the Glass river, frozen over, which I should be compelled to cross, the ice, as I supposed, thick enough to bear my horse. I rode onto it with every indication of a safe crossing. Had gone but halfway when the whole body of ice went down. The water having fallen, there was no support except at either shore. As it went down it broke into pieces. Springing from my horse and jumping from one cake of ice to another, I was soon on dry land. Not so with my faithful beast; he had a hard struggle, as the water was deep, and the broken ice made it very difficult for him to find a footing. He, however, reached the shore in safety, and we were once more on our way.

On reaching the Grand river, found that also frozen over, but not strong enough to bear me; heavy rains had swollen it, and although falling, it could not be forded, even had there been no ice. There was no way of crossing my horse, except by breaking a passage and swimming him. In this dilemma, I hardly knew what to do, but on looking about found a canoe; was not long in devising a plan, got into it, and shoving it over the thin ice, broke at the same time a passage wide enough for my horse; returning, I swam him safely across the river, and just as the last rays of daylight disappeared, reached the land office, which, to my great disappointment, was closed. I learned the pressure had been so great to buy, and the quantity sold so large, they had been compelled to close the office in order to bring up their books.

Early the next morning I set out for Kalamazoo, hoping to have better success, as there were no advices of that office being over-crowded.

I was told the shortest route was by way of the mouth of Flat Rock river, from there by an Indian trail to the Thornapple river, thence to Kalamazoo.

I arrived at the junction of the Flat Rock and Grand rivers about three o'clock p. m. Had been informed that on the opposite side of the Grand river, near the ford, I would find a log cabin, where I could spend the night. Had no difficulty in fording, and was soon

at the cabin. Saw sitting around outside a half-breed and several Indians, who did not impress me very favorably, and decided they would not be agreeable companions for the night. Inquiring the way to Kalamazoo, the half-breed replied: "There is no road, no settlement, woods all the way, only an Indian trail until you reach the Thornapple; from there you will find a road. You can't cross the river, the water is so high, without a guide. There is a man living on the other side. If you halloo when you get there he will come and pilot you across. There is a bar; if you can follow it you can cross without swimming your horse."

Ascertaining the distance was but eighteen miles, I started off. The moon was in its first quarter, the sky clear. Soon after dark I noticed floating clouds passing over the moon, with the appearance of snow squalls. The clouds made it more difficult to keep the trail. Losing it at times, my progress became very slow. The clouds thickened, the snow began to fall, and soon the ground was covered. The only indication of the trail was a depression in the snow. My progress was still slower and more difficult. I reached the river about midnight, where I was to encounter greater difficulties. Looking over the dark waters of the swollen stream, I could not see the opposite shore. I shouted at the top of my voice, but no response. I fired my pistol. All was silent save the roaring stream and the whistling wind through the tree tops. It was growing very cold. I made an attempt to kindle a fire. In this I failed. Should I plunge into the dark river, with the one faint hope of striking the bar, or remain where I was until morning at the risk of freezing? I chose the former.

Mounting my tired beast, I rode him to the water's edge. He refused to enter the stream; urging and coaxing was of no avail. With my hatchet I cut a long pole, remounted and clasping his sides firmly with my legs, with one end of the pole on the ground shoved him into the river. The danger was greatly increased, as I could not swim.

My horse seemed to realize the situation. The water was only up to his sides; we were doubtless on the bar. He moved slowly and cautiously forward, apparently feeling his way at every step.

I felt then my safety depended entirely on my trusty steed, but, what was the condition of the other bank? Could he mount it, or should we after all the struggle be carried down the stream?

On looking back over my many years of toil, joys and sorrows I realize I am nearing that other river over which we all must pass.

There will be no uncertainty there if we trust the christian's Pilot, who hears every call and has promised to guide us safely o'er.

After what seemed an interminable length of time, though in reality but a few minutes, we were, to my great joy, safely on the opposite shore. A few hundred yards further and I was knocking at the woodman's cabin. He seemed surprised to have a visitor at so late, or rather early, an hour, as it was about one o'clock in the morning. I need only add, both myself and my faithful animal were well cared for, and soon I had forgotten all the hardships and dangers of the previous day in blissful sleep. The next day reached Kalamazoo, where I found, to my still greater disappointment, this office *closed also*. I abandoned the idea of buying government lands, for the time at least, and returned to Ann Arbor with no more land, a little less money but some knowledge of a country then almost an unbroken wilderness, but a few years later a well settled and beautiful portion of the State. Having failed in this undertaking I concluded to open an office for a general land agency business and soon felt satisfied with the prospects.

Making the acquaintance of Rev. John Beach, pastor of the Presbyterian church, and on his learning I had been a music teacher—although I had given up teaching as a profession—he prevailed upon me to open a school for the winter. It did not interfere with my office business, teaching only evenings. I also taught the same winter in Dexter, about nine miles distant. Among my scholars was a boy about thirteen years of age, by the name of Farnsworth. This boy, John, had a great foundess for the bass-viol. I often spent a night with the family while teaching and gave him lessons. He soon became quite proficient and very useful in concerts, which I gave at the close of my schools. This was my last teaching and I lost sight of John for seventeen years. In 1853, while in my office in Chicago, where I had recently moved, a stout, "six-footer" walked up, and, looking me in the face said, "You do not know me. My name is Farnsworth. I used to play the bass-viol for you in Dexter." I was very glad to see him and asked where he hailed from. He replied, "I am a lawyer living in this city. Am trying to get the nomination for congress." I asked if he had a good practice. Said he had. Then, I said, you had better keep out of politics if you intend to follow law. Said he, "Hazelton, I have never seen anything of the world. I am going one term, if I can get the nomination, then settle down to my law business." I said, that might do if you would be satisfied, but you won't. He got the nomination, was elected, and was in congress when the war broke out. He went to the field without

resigning his position. Was afterwards known as "General John F. Farnsworth," of cavalry fame. Soon saw something of military life and a good deal of hard fighting, and, after eighteen successive years in congress, probably saw something of the world. His last term expired in 1872. He joined the Greeley party that same year and was one of its standard bearers. After so signal a defeat he resumed his law practice in Chicago, where I met him again in 1878.

In the spring of 1837 I took one Artemus Thayer into co-partnership. We made many purchases of village property. Among the most valuable was the "Washtenaw House" and furniture, and employed an old hotel keeper by name of Brock to keep it. He fully sustained its reputation and we had a good business. Among the most prominent guests was the first governor of Michigan, Stevens T. Mason, and party. About six months later we sold the hotel and as the land excitement had abated we closed the office and entered our names as students of law, with Olney Hawkins,[1] one of the most prominent lawyers at that time in that part of the State; Thayer with the intention of becoming a lawyer, while I had no such object in view. Not wishing to be idle while waiting for some business opening, made arrangements to study as long as I might choose.

The six months I remained in the office was time well spent, as the knowledge I then acquired was invaluable to me during my long business experience. It taught me never to go to law unless I had a good case, and for thirty years of my business life was never beaten in a law suit, although I had many important cases, and never but once thereafter. It also enabled me to make my own papers, a great saving to a business man, both in time and money.

About this time I sold the sawmill, and my friend Linn came to Ann Arbor. During the fall the Patriot war, as it was called, broke out, and an effort made to raise a company in the place, to assist the Canadians in their effort to obtain their freedom. Linn, although strongly attached to me, enlisted in the cause against my most earnest protestations, and a few weeks later left Ann Arbor.

The next I heard from him was by letter from a keeper of a Canadian prison, informing me he had had a prisoner by name of H. B. Linn from Ann Arbor, Michigan, who had been tried, convicted and executed as a rebel against the English government, and the night before his execution slept quietly in his coffin. He seemed to consider him a remarkable man. In some respects this was true. Left an orphan when quite young, he had fought his way to manhood, had no

[1]Located in Ann Arbor 1832, died 1875.

faculty for making friends, looked upon the world as cold and selfish. His sympathies were always with the oppressed, and believing the cause he had enlisted in a just one brought him to his tragic and untimely end.

MY MILITARY EXPERIENCE IN MICHIGAN

January 26, 1837, Michigan was admitted into the Union. The legislature the same winter passed military laws. Under these laws companies and regiments were formed in every county having the required population. Not having lost all my military ardor and having a little of the blood of old Ethan Allen in my veins—he being my great uncle—in connection with Edward Clark of Ann Arbor, who was more patriotic, if possible, than myself, formed an artillery company, the first in the county. This was in the spring of 1838. Soon after companies were formed in other townships, and officers elected, who were called together to elect commandants of a regiment.

After the organization, Captain Clark, on the first formal ballot, was elected colonel. The next ballot taken was an informal one for lieutenant-colonel. As soon as the result was announced, the captain, who received the largest number of votes, sprang to his feet and made a most eloquent response, thanking the officers for the honor conferred, assuring them a regiment would soon be formed and led on to military glory, etc., etc.

As soon as he had finished this brilliant speech, the captain was reminded that the vote just taken was only an informal one, and a motion was made for a final ballot. The vote was taken, the result declared, and to my surprise, and I doubt not the surprise and mortification of said captain, I was duly elected lieutenant-colonel, and on the 2d day of June following received my commission from Governor Stevens T. Mason, as lieutenant-colonel of the 5th regiment, 3d brigade, 2d division of the militia of said State, which commission I still hold in my possession.

Subsequently, with Col. Clark, drilled one of the first regiments formed in the State. A most amusing time we had in drilling these backwoodsmen.

Some years later I was appointed—through the courtesy of Senator Bingham, who defeated me at the congressional election in 1848—by the war department, visitor to West Point Military Academy, with the privilege of nominating a cadet; was also elected by the board of visitors, chairman of the ways and means committee, giving me an opportunity of knowing something of the importance of this institution to

the country, also the management of almost every department, such as the treatment of cadets, cost to government, and various other matters, a report of which was made and is now on file in the war department at Washington, dated June, 1852.

I recommended Miles McAlester, of Flint, who was duly appointed, entered the academy in 1852, and graduated with high honors in 1856. He was afterward employed in building the fortifications at Staten Island, also planned and built the fortifications around Washington in the early days of the civil war.

He married, October 15, 1868, daughter of Colonel Alexander Bowman, of the corps of engineers, U. S. A., and former commandant of West Point academy. At the time of his death, April 23, 1869, he was in charge of the river and harbor improvements at Buffalo.

A more full and correct record of the services of this young man during the few years of his public life, except as to date of birth, can be found in Johnson's New Universal Cyclopedia, Vol. 3, part 1, page 172. He died in the midst of his usefulness, honored by his country and deeply mourned by his family and friends.

The foregoing concludes my military record, of very little importance to myself, my friends, or my country.

In the spring of 1838, I married Lucy B. Beach, daughter of the Rev. John Beach. I found it necessary to engage in some business, but owing to the financial condition of the country, I was at a loss to know what to embark in.

It is not pertinent to the writer's biographical sketch that he should attempt to show the cause for all the various changes in business during the early history of Michigan, but cannot refrain, however, from saying: In 1837 there were twenty banks in the State with an aggregate capital of $3,000,000. In the early part of the following year, forty-three banks. It is fair to estimate the circulation at least $5,000,000.

Estimating the population at 100,000, it being in 1834, 87,653, would give every man, woman and child fifty dollars. No wonder speculation run wild. During this year these banks collapsed. Very little of this vast circulation was even worth the paper upon which the bills were printed. Seven years later the entire banking capital of the State was only $202,650. This "wildcat" banking, as it was called, was the primary cause of the collapse, not only in real estate, but in almost every department of business. There was no inducement to engage in anything requiring capital or credit, as there was very little of either.

While waiting for something better to turn up I made an engagement with Tracy W. Root to close out a stock of merchandise which he had, as he was to engage in the study of law.

L. D. and P. H. Crippen owned a flouring mill at Coldwater, We made a contract with them to deliver us flour in Ann Arbor during the summer and fall, at a certain price, for which we were to pay in notes of the Coldwater bank, of which L. D. Crippen was president, and which had shared the fate of other banks in the crash, at a certain discount.

This contract they carried out in good faith. How much flour they delivered I am unable to say, but they redeemed all the notes we had taken for goods. I doubt if there were any other parties in the State connected with this "wildcat" banking, who struggled harder, or made greater personal sacrifices, than did the Crippens to save their bank from the general ruin. We were not long in closing out the stock.

I then made a visit to Flint, Genesee county, and made arrangements with Wait Beach—uncle of my wife—to engage in business with him.

After spending a few days here, returned to Ann Arbor, and was taken very ill with typhus fever. Twenty-one days was unconscious, my recovery despaired of, but after many weeks, thanks to a kind Providence, my health was restored.

My father-in-law had sold his house and resigned his charge as pastor of the church, and arranged to go to Flint as an evangelist. As soon as I recovered, the family left for their new home. I settled up my business affairs and followed them, arriving in Flint, January, 1839. We all went together into a small one story and a half house, on the corner of Kearsley and Beach streets. It did not take us long to settle in our new quarters, as there were but four rooms in the house; kitchen, dining room and bed room, on first floor, one room in second story, which could be divided by flexible partitions, into three or four sleeping rooms, more or less, as circumstances required, which, no doubt, made our bed coverings rather short in cold weather. We got along, however, through the winter very comfortably.

In the same lot near the house was a small building used for church services and day school.

I went into the store as agreed, taking the laboring oar. It was a one story building, on the southeast corner of Saginaw and Kearsley streets, owned by A. C. Stevens. Here I found a class of goods better adapted to the Indian trade than any other. They were, however, what the market required. After being in the store awhile, Beach proposed selling out to me, not only his goods but all his real estate. I found

he had shared in the general reverses of the country. Had over traded, built far beyond his means, and was on the eve of bankruptcy.

I was but little better off, had no money, and little credit, but had settled all my debts growing out of my land business in Ann Arbor, with the exception of a hundred or two dollars. To buy him out might save him from financial ruin, and, if I succeeded, would give me a business. I made the purchase which consisted of his stock of merchandise, his real estate, both improved and unimproved, for which I agreed to pay him $18,000, in six equal annual payments, with a special agreement that I might pay any of his debts, and when paid should apply on the bond and agreement which I had given him.

The real estate purchased was all that portion of the village of Flint on the west side of Saginaw street lying between the Flint and Thread rivers, one mile on Saginaw street, and west to the east line of section one, known as a part of the Smith reservation, and subsequently owned by Col. Stockton[1] or rather his wife, who was the daughter of Jacob Smith[1] who procured these lands from the Indians at an early day. The main street or road run northwest and southeast, consequently the land I purchased was wider on the south line than on the north.

From this parcel of land Beach had sold one block, lying between First and Second, Saginaw and Church streets, which I afterward purchased; also lots to Gazley, Lamond, Henderson, Bishop and possibly two or three others. On the property was an unoccupied store, and an unfinished house Beach had commenced building for himself, which I finished and sold. This house was afterward bought by William M. Fenton—better known as Governor Fenton—who made many improvements, and is still occupied by his heirs.

There were two or three other small buildings and a house in which Beach lived on the east side, partly finished. The land on the east side of Saginaw street was owned and platted by A. C. Stevens. The lands platted by Beach and Stevens was a part of a section purchased from the government in 1825 by Francis Campau, and by him sold to John Todd in 1830 for $800. No incumbrance was ever on this land, the title never questioned, and prices of building lots so low that during the fourteen years I remained in Flint no one was ever prevented from building for the want of cheap lots and clear titles, although an historical sketch of Flint, which my attention has been called to, might give a very different impression.

All the land I had purchased south of Court street was covered

[1]See appendix.

with timber or underbrush, except the lot upon which the jail was built, which Beach had given for that purpose.

The names of citizens were: Wait Beach, real estate; John Todd, postmaster; Ira D. Wright, lumberman; Robert Stage, lumberman; Benjamin Pearson, lumberman; R. J. S. Page, "wildcat" banker; Russell Bishop, grocer; Orin Safford, clerk; Dr. Robert Lamond, physician; Dr. Drake, physician; H. M. Henderson, merchant; Rufus Stevens, lumberman; Rufus Haywood, carpenter and builder; Charles E. Hascall, contractor; Miles Gazley, harness maker; William Eddy, carpenter and builder; James McAlester, wheelwright; John Bartow, lawyer; William Paterson, clerk; Lewis Buckingham, sheriff; Lyman Stowe, former postmaster; Charles Heal, laborer; C. S. Payne, real estate and lumberman; George M. Dewey, grocer; Orin Law, carpenter and builder; Robert Patrick, laborer; Daniel S. Freeman, blacksmith. There may have been one or two others that have escaped my memory.

Wait Beach the first mentioned in this list, was the son of Jonathan Beach, who lived and reared a family of eight children—seven sons and one daughter—in Greene county, New York. During the Revolutionary war he was waiter to George Washington. Lucy Beach, the daughter, married her cousin, John Beach—afterward reverend—who was then a merchant in Greene county. Erastus, the eldest son, remained in Greene county, who, with others, obtained a charter more than seventy years ago from the State of New York, for the purpose of building a hotel, and turnpike to it, on the Catskill mountains, which is still world-wide known as the "Catskill Mountain House."

It has been owned and kept by his son, Charles L. Beach and family, for fifty years or more. The rest of the family removed to Mt. Morris, N. Y., and some years later to Michigan. The father and son Lumen settled in the township of Genesee, a few miles north of Flint; Elisha and Seth in Pontiac, Harlow and Asahel in Corunna, Shiawassee county, Wait in Flint.

Grandfather Beach was a very genial, interesting old gentleman, always had some anecdote to relate of Gen. Washington, frequently telling the same stories over. He died at his home in 1850 at the advanced age of ninety years. In 1835 Wait sold his property in Mt. Morris for three thousand dollars; divided it into three packages of one thousand each, placed them in three divisions in a belt, which he buckled around his waist.

On board the steamer from Buffalo to Detroit, the weather being very hot, he lay down upon the desk and fell asleep. Some one

discovered the belt, cut open his shirt and extracted the thousand dollars in front. On awakening, found he had been robbed of one package, which he never recovered. He went on, however, to Flint, and made the purchase as before stated from John Todd.

Nine-tenths of the early settlers of Genesee county were native Americans, largely from western New York. In Flint there was one Irishman, one Englishman and one Scotchman. In the above list it will be noticed there are two real estate owners, five lumbermen, two grocers,—largely liquor to the Indians,—two dry goods merchants, with stocks either of which could be carried on the back of a peddler; four carpenters and builders, with very little building except for themselves; one lawyer, with no clients; one sheriff and jail-keeper, with no prisoners; two physicians, with plenty of patients during the fever and ague season; one harness maker and one blacksmith, with only two pairs of horses and two yoke of oxen in town to keep in order; one railroad contractor, whose work had been abandoned the year before and never thereafter resumed; one banker, who was credited with making his "pile;" two laborers, with enough to do. There were three sawmills, two on the Flint river and one on the Thread, with plenty of lumber but no market; manufacturing almost abandoned; one small gristmill on the Thread, built by R. W. Stevens in 1835, with a little business from the country.

The early settlers were an industrious, frugal class of people, but no money for investment or speculation, and each one with a few exceptions, struggling hard "to keep the wolf from the door."

The number of organized townships in the county was twelve. Some of these were subdivided, so that, a few years later there were nineteen.

Settlements had been commenced in Genesee, Grand Blanc, Fenton, Flushing, Atlas, Flint, Argentine, Mundy, Richfield and Vienna. Among the early settlers who were in the different townships, and most prominent when I went there in 1839, were C. N. Beecher, Jonathan Beach and son Lumen, Josiah Begole—afterward Governor—Reuben McCreery, Fenton of Fentonville, father of ex-Lieut. Governor William M. Fenton, Charles and James Seymour, of Flushing, Col. Sawyer, Jacob and Charles Abbott, William Thompson, Reuben and Enos Goodrich, of Atlas and T. L. Brent,[1] formerly minister to Spain, of Vienna.

From 1836 to 1838 there was a great boom. Forests were being cleared for farms, buildings going up in the various townships. Banks throughout the State could turn out all the money wanted by only signing the bills. Among the most notable was the Flint River Bank, of which R. J. S. Page was president, cashier and proprietor. Real

[1]Mr. Brent and family were distinguished for their wealth and position. They occupied a farm three or four miles from Flushing, and came to Flint by boats propelled by Indians to exchange produce furs, &c., for Spanish dollars, returning almost without effort by the current as their drunken savages were filled with fire water.

estate in demand, and rapidly advancing. Everybody on a high horse, and happy, when, in the early part of 1838 a cyclone came. No gold or silver for redemption of "wildcats," or sale for town property or farm lands.

Such was the condition of things when I commenced business in Flint with a debt of $18,000, no capital and little credit.

I found mercantile business entirely of a different character from what it was in Ann Arbor, or western New York. Few fancy goods wanted. Beside the staple articles, such as groceries, crockery, cotton cloths, cheap prints, woolens, etc., Indian blankets, broadcloths for wampums, moccasins, feathers, belts, bright colored handkerchiefs, tobacco, powder and lead, was about the variety required.

William Beach, my brother-in-law, and Abel of Ann Arbor had been in trade several years and had accumulated a good many unsaleable goods, but suitable for this market. I bought from them several thousand dollars worth, and purchased a stock of groceries in Detroit, put the empty store in order, moved the goods I had into it, and, with the goods recently purchased, had a much larger stock than had been in Flint up to that time.

Had a very profitable spring trade, largely with the Indians, as they had some money received from the government and furs. Wait Beach left Flint in the early spring and went to farming in Genesee. I moved into the house he had occupied and took Father Beach and family with me. The only religious organization in the village was a Presbyterian church, with a small membership and no pastor. Father Beach had been preaching as an evangelist. We were all poor, struggling hard to get on our feet again, still we felt we could not prosper without church services and a settled pastor. Accordingly I proposed to pay one-half the expenses and that Rev. John Beach should be the pastor. This was agreed to and matters settled very satisfactorily.

My next venture was to exchange village property with Seely Brothers, for four hundred acres of pine land, with a sawmill, known as the Kearsley mill, three miles up the Flint river. The mill was on a small stream called Kearsley and emptying into the Flint about twenty rods below the mill. The timber was a mixture of hardwood and pine, the latter of a very superior quality, yielding from one-half to two-thirds, clear lumber. The water was sufficient for running one saw most of the year. This proved a valuable property. A large portion of the lumber was sold at the mill, the remainder was hauled to Flint, as I had opened a lumber yard there.

During the year 1840 several new settlers came in town; consid-

erable building was done. A number of families had settled in the rural districts, and every one hopeful, looking forward to the coming year with renewed expectations of its being more prosperous than the past.

I set mechanics at work on unfinished buildings, cleared a portion of the land south of Court street, and offered for sale village property at low prices, never losing a sale when a lot was wanted.

The early part of May, 1841, I left for New York City with letters of credit from Beach & Abel. Purchased my dry goods in New York and hardware in crockery in Albany. At the crockery house a salesman took my order by the name of Perry, a very bright, intelligent young man a year or two my junior.

A few years later, purchasing goods in Albany, I found him at the head of the firm of Treadwell, Perry & Norton, manufacturers of stoves and hollow ware.

In later years, after removing to Chicago, my relations with this firm became very close and important.

I cannot refrain from giving a brief sketch of the wonderful perseverence and success of John S. Perry, after the most crushing disaster to the firm of which he was a member.

The firm of Treadwell, Perry & Norton became embarassed, growing out of the terrible convulsions of 1857-58. After struggling a year or more and making great sacrifices, they were compelled to make an assignment. Some two or three years later Mr. Perry wrote me, inquiring if I had anything he could do, as he had no means of supporting his family. I replied I had nothing, and did not think he could find any employment in Phiadelphia, where I was then in business, and advised him to remain in Albany, as I thought his chances were better there.

War had prostrated every branch of business, except army materials and supplies.

Perry remained where he was. The debts of the firm were mostly to banks. The assets were sold by a receiver; foundry patterns and stock on hand, bought by a syndicate of bankers—creditors of the firm—who started up the business and employed Perry as superintendent. They soon became dissatisfied with the stove business and were looking for a purchaser.

Perry, being afraid if they did he might be again out of employment, conceived the idea of buying them out in the name of his wife and carrying on the business in her name, although neither

had a dollar to purchase with. He ascertained they would sell the entire concern for $26,000 cash, no credit.

This was a damper. He, however, proposed to purchase, paying $13,000 cash and gave his wife's notes for $13,000, still not knowing where the first dollar was coming from. The proposition was accepted, and a few days given to raise the money.

He had a warm friend by name of Wells, a large creditor of the firm, living in Connecticut, the only man from whom he had any hope of raising the necessary funds. Immediately wrote him, and as he was leaving the office to mail the letter, on opening the door, met Mr. Wells face to face. After the usual greetings Perry said to him, "I hold in my hand a letter addressed to you, which I was just going to mail. It is a most outrageous one but I want you to read. In this letter I have asked you to loan my wife $13,000, knowing her husband is a bankrupt for hundreds of thousands, and you one of the largest creditors." Wells seemed a little staggered, but read the letter, and then said, "Well, Mr. Perry, this is pretty cool, but your wife shall have the money." And she had it before he left Albany.

The purchase was made, Mrs. John S. Perry, proprietor, John S. Perry agent.

One year later while in Albany, a balance sheet of the year's business, just closed, was shown me. The net profits being over $60,000; the second year a trifle over $150,000. Mrs. Perry died; Mr. Perry was overwhelmed with grief, and his friends feared it would render him incapable of carrying on the business, but he recovered and organized a new firm, associating with the heirs a nephew, Nathan B. Perry, the firm name being Perry & Co., John S. remaining the manager, and in fact the life of the concern. Four or five years later I again visited Albany, and in conversation with him asked if he was not ready to give up active business. He replied, "No, I expect to die in the harness." He, in the name of his wife and new firm, had made more than half a million of dollars. His next move was to purchase the labor of six or eight hundred convicts from the state prison at Sing Sing, where they manufactured stoves as long as the state would sell convict labor.

After this they moved the plant to Georgia, built one of the largest stove establishments in the country.

In the midst of his active business life he died, as he said, "in the harness," April 4, 1889.

During this year, 1841, several new business houses were opened.

A line of stages to Pontiac, established by William B. Clifford. Miss Sarah Bush—afterward Mrs. E. H. Thomson—came in town and opened a school in the building occupied by the Presbyterian church. E. H. Thomson, a lawyer, came and opened a law office. Considerable real estate exchanged hands, crops good and everything looking encouragingly.

With me the year had been all I could have anticipated, both in merchandising and lumbering. The sale of real estate and profits from my business enabled me to pay off Beach's creditors, and the balance due him on my bond of $18,000, four years in advance of the last payment. I had land cleared and graded, preparatory to building a house.

In the early spring of 1842 Grant Decker opened a store near the river, formerly occupied by State & Wright.

Father Beach, preferring missionary work, resigned his charge of the Presbyterian church, and the Rev. Peter Stryker Van Nest was installed pastor.

As Mr. Beach was only employed on the Sabbaths, I proposed he should take charge of my Kearsley mill and I would build a house large enough for both families, his consisting at that time of himself, two sons and four daughters, Mrs. Beach having died the year before, mine of my wife and self. To this he agreed, though never losing an opportunity to work for the Master.

He was educated a merchant, and as before stated, was for some years in business in Greene county, New York, where he failed, after which he studied for the ministry. He removed to Ohio, where he preached as a missionary, one of the first in the State. From there, some years later, he went to Ann Arbor, where I first made his acquaintance in 1836.

One incident in the life of Father Beach I must here mention, as characteristic of his strict integrity.

At the time of his failure he was enabled to pay all his creditors but one; that was Major Hawley of Catskill, New York.

This was a source of great sorrow to him. The year before he died he said to me he could not die in peace until this debt was paid. He inquired if I would pay the debt, providing he would give me a deed of his interest in the homestead. This he did. In March, 1851, I visited Catskill, found Major Hawley, and told him my business was to pay a debt due him from my father-in-law, Rev. John Beach of Flint, Michigan. He seemed greatly surprised, as more than thirty years had elapsed since it was made, and know-

ing his debtor had become a missionary in the "wilds of the west," with little prospect of doing more than support a large family, it had passed out of his mind. I inquired the amount due him; this he could not tell me. I told him father Beach said the original debt was $800, with interest would amount to about $2,500, and proposed to give him two hundred and forty acres of land in Lapeer county, Michigan. He seemed delighted with the offer. I made him the deed, and he gave me a receipt in full for the debt, thus making two old men happy.

The old major put one of his sons on the land, where he became a prosperous farmer.

Mr. Beach was a man of deeds rather than words, speaking ill of no one, charitable toward all, and faithful in the discharge of every duty he might be called upon to perform.

Believing that Christian union was essential to the prosperity of the church universal, he labored most zealously to promote that object to the time of his death, which occurred September 10, 1852, aged sixty-three years.

Before we built the house a farmer near Geneseo, N. Y., sent me, wrapped in a newspaper, some privet cuttings for a hedge. I set them out and in a few years had enough to plant a hedge the entire length of the circular drive, adding much to the beauty of the place, and was said to be the finest in the State.

On the river at the foot of Beach street, previous to my purchasing the property, a building had been put up for an ashery, though never used. I fitted it up, putting in the necessary appliances for making potash. Employed a number of teams hauling ashes, and soon had it in full operation.

One drawback to this business was the cost of transportation to Detroit, sixty miles, over rough roads. To reduce this as much as possible, I sent a man to Ohio to purchase the heaviest pair of horses he could find. He returned with a pair weighing thirty-six hundred and twenty-five pounds, which were able to haul two tons at a load thus reducing the cost fifty per cent.

Not long after I had commenced merchandising in Flint, I found myself in need of a bookkeeper.

Had noticed orders drawn on my store by Haywood, the carpenter, signed by William Paterson. Coming into the store one day, I said to him: "Pat, where did you learn to write? I notice you are a splendid penman." He answered: "I ought to know how to write; was seven years in a law office in Scotland and was admitted to the

bar." I asked, "What are you doing here?" He replied, "Learning the carpenter's trade. On coming to this country I found I could not get an honest living at my profession. As I did not find employment, let myself to Haywood to learn the trade, as carpenters generally find enough to do in a new country." I said, "I think you can do better; I want a bookkeeper. How would you like to come into my store and keep the books?" He said he would come. The next day he was fully installed in his new position, and never shirked duty; was always ready to make himself useful in any department. In 1842 I took him into partnership in my mercantile business, the firm being Hazelton & Paterson. He continued with me until 1845, when the firm was dissolved, and during the same year he married my younger sister, Harriet, and went into a shoe store with L. Barker, under the firm name of Barker & Paterson.

He remained a member of this firm until 1858, when he took charge of our banking house in Flint, and the year following purchased the business and carried on banking in his own name. Some ten or twelve years later he failed, owing largely to overdrafts of his customers, one of whom, I have been informed, a wool buyer, owed him $20,000.

No one knowing him could question for a moment his strict integrity, but it was hard for him to say no. He has been for many years in the employ of the Methodist Publishing House in Detroit.

About the same time a little pale-faced fellow about twelve years of age came into the store and inquired if I wanted to hire a boy. He did not look as if he had the physical ability to be of much use. I was so much pleased, however, with his pleasant face and manners that I told him he might come and I would find a place for him. The next day he was on hand and ready for any employment I might find for him. His anxiety to make himself useful prompted him to always inquire, if he saw me doing anything he thought he could do, if he might not do it. Noticing this I took every opportunity to advance him as fast as possible, and very soon had him waiting upon customers and putting up goods. As he grew older I put him to bookkeeping; when he had mastered this I had him copying papers, such as bonds, mortgages, contracts, etc. Before he was sixteen years old I had him drawing them up, and by the time he was eighteen years of age, was as competent in this branch of business as most any lawyer. This boy was Jerome Eddy, who made a successful business man, and is still among the prominent men of Flint; owns and occupies my old homestead on Church street. He was under Cleveland's administration,

consul to Canada. Two other clerks then with me, James Scram and Andrew Harrison, went to California at the breaking out of the gold fever in 1849. Scram remained and was proprietor of a hotel. Harrison, after some years, having made considerable money, returned and settled in Flint. Both are now deceased.

The year of 1843 was a notable one in the way of improvements. The Episcopal society built a small church on Saginaw street, between 1st and 2d. The Catholics organized a church and commenced building a house of worship on the north side of the Flint river, near the corner of Saginaw and 5th streets. A medical society was formed, with four members. Two more lawyers opened offices, Artemus Thayer and J. K. Rugg. A brass band formed, the writer being a member. A number of dwelling houses were built and several mechanics settled in town.

The demand for lumber and shingles was great, owing largely to the low prices, teams coming in from the south and southwest, for a distance of from seventy-five to one hundred miles. This added immensely to the prosperity of Flint.

To further increase my business I commenced the manufacture of saleratus from my pot and pearl ashes, turning out from eight to ten tons a month, which I sold in Detroit for about $140 per ton.

In 1844 John Hamilton, who had come to Flint a year or two before, purchased the sawmill on the south side of Flint river, from Stevens & Pearson, and during the year built a flouring mill a few rods below. A few years later he sold to his two sons, Oliver and William, and his son-in-law, Cornelius Roosvelt. The latter soon sold his interest to the brothers. Oliver died some years later and William became sole owner. The Methodists had formed a church and commenced building on the corner of Court and Church streets. In the early part of the year Col. A. T. Crosman came to Flint from Commerce, Oakland county, where he had been engaged in merchandising, and, with my brother-in-law, Seth C. Beach, formed a co-partnership and opened a dry goods store under the firm name of S. C. Beach & Co. I gave them letters of credit to my Boston correspondents. Beach went there and purchased a large stock, and opened a store on the west side of Saginaw street, where they continued in business about two years, when they found themselves unable to pay their debts. I took the stock and paid their creditors. This was not called a failure, but closing up of business. About this time Seth C. married Sabina V. Bowers, relative of Mrs. R. J. S. Page, and soon after removed to Detroit. Col. Crosman remained in Flint and was postmaster under one administration, then

magistrate and insurance agent, in which business he continued until his death.

At the county convention of the Whig party in September, I was nominated representative to the State legislature. I had no political aspirations, no time for politics, consented, however, to accept the nomination. The Democratic representative the year before had been again nominated by his party. It was thought the Whig party had no show of success, as the Democrats were largely in the majority, not only in the county, but overwhelmingly so in the State, as the following election showed, there being, I think, but five Whigs in the house and two in the senate. This was before the organization of the Republican party, which had its origin in Michigan some years later.

I obtained a journal of the house for the previous year's session, which showed the member from Genesee county little more than a figurehead. During the entire session he had made two or three motions to adjourn, and voting yea or nay constituted all he had accomplished during the term. I then took the stump, holding meetings in all the principal towns, and brought before the voters the facts from the record showing how little had been done for Genesee county.

I carried the election by a good majority, greatly to the surprise of myself, and I doubt not the surprise and disappointment of my opponent and the Democratic party, as they considered themselves invulnerable.

A very amusing incident occurred the day after election. The Democrats had met at Lyon's hotel to receive the returns from the different townships sent by messengers to Flint, the county seat. As they came in the vote apparently was very close. When all were in but one, showing a small Democratic majority, they thought too large, however, to be overcome, excitement grew intense. The candidate being present, be invited everyone to the bar to take a "nipper." He then mounted a chair and made a flaming speech, thanking them for the honor conferred; and while all were happy, and he promising great things for the future, a report came in from Richfield, showing a majority against them and electing the Whig candidate. The mortification of the speaker and disappointment of his friends, can be better imagined than described.

I went to Detroit—then the capital of the State—on the opening of the legislature, January 1, 1845. Legislation during the term was mostly of a local character, such as the organization of townships, making small appropriations for schools, etc. No change was made in the laws as they were to be revised the following winter. Two important bills

were passed, the sale of the Michigan Central railroad, and an appropriation to continue the geological survey of the upper peninsula by Dr. Houghton, who had been engaged on this work for several years.

Large sums had been expended with no apparent beneficial result. The legislature had refused the year before to make any further appropriations, and the work was about to be abandoned. I had an interview with Dr. Houghton and became satisfied the work should go on. An appropriation was made, the work resumed, and in a few years completed.

Just before the final report, which the doctor was preparing to make, he was drowned on his way from Ontonagon to Copper Harbor.

Late in the session a man by the name of Brooks, came to Detroit, the agent of a Boston company duly authorized to negotiate for the purchase of the Michigan Central railroad. Michigan had become disgusted with her internal improvements, especially her railroad system. While under territorial government she had incurred a debt of five millions of dollars, indifferently built and equipped one hundred and fifty miles, more or less, of railroads, had surveyed and established lines for more than eight hundred miles.

With comparatively a bankrupt treasury, the Port Huron or Northern Michigan, abandoned with a large amount expended and not a mile completed, the Southern in but little better condition, the Michigan Central of some value, as it did not take quite two days to go from Detroit to Ann Arbor, as in 1836.

Such was the state of things when an offer of two millions of dollars was made for the Michigan Central and franchises. The proposition was immediately brought before the house, a special committee appointed to wait upon the gentleman and agree on terms, etc.

The sale was made, and the road went into the hands of a company with ample means, and in a year or two was completed to Chicago.

After my return from the Legislature, went to New York City for goods. On my way visited my mother and family in Madison county. Since 1836, when I purchased the farm, my brother Porter had married and was then living in Fenner. My sister Jane had also married and with her husband, J. C. Barrows, was living with my mother. During this visit it was decided that they should all go to Michigan. Accordingly, I went to Cazenovia, had bills printed giving notice that Mrs. Hazelton's farm and all personal property would be sold at public auction on a certain day. After posting these bills I went to New York, made my purchases, and was back in time for the sale.

The farm and all personal property was sold and paid for, and I on

my way back to Michigan in less than two weeks from the time I arrived. A few weeks later my mother, brother Porter and family, and youngest brother, Edmund Homer, were in Flint. About a year after, all the family except brother Dwight were there.

In the early summer I made a trip to Lake Superior for the purpose of securing some copper mining claims.

On leaving Flint, H. M. Henderson gave me a considerable sum of money to deposit for him in a bank in Detroit. I had two small-sized trunks. In one I had my clothing and the money; the other was for specimens. Arrived in Detroit in the evening, and had the trunks sent to my room. I put the empty one on top of the one with money, locked the door and went out. Returning an hour later, on entering my room, though the door was locked, saw at once some one had been tampering with my trunks. The empty one had been removed, and the other lying on the floor with its heavy straps unfastened. I was considerably startled, supposing I had been robbed. The trunk, however, had not been unlocked, the thief probably frightened away.

In the morning I deposited the money, then went on board a steamer for Mackinaw and Chicago. While on board I met Governor Seward of New York, who was on his way to Chicago. Mentioning to him my escape from being robbed, he replied: "You had better be on your guard. You may hear from the would-be robber again; he may be following you."

At Mackinaw I was obliged to stay over night, the steamer for Sault Ste Marie not leaving until morning.

Meeting a lady acquaintance, I proposed a walk. Had gone but a few hundred yards from the hotel when it occurred to me I had not locked my room door. Excusing myself I rushed back, and found my trunk containing clothing gone. A steamer bell was ringing at the dock. I hastened there, found a boat just leaving for Green Bay, jumped on board and not ten feet from the gangway saw my trunk. On inquiry was told it had just been put on board by the hotel porter. I said it had been stolen, and ordered it put on shore, which was promptly done. Inquiring at the hotel why they allowed my trunk taken from the room, the porter replied, "A man in great haste ordered me to take his trunk to the Green Bay boat, just leaving. Went with him to his room, as I supposed, and took the trunk he ordered me to."

That was all he knew about it, and all any one knew, as the boat was off, and doubtless the persistent thief.

I remained one day at Sault Ste Marie, spending most of the time watching Indians spear pickerel at the foot of the falls, where they congregate in great numbers. It was rare sport and very interesting and amusing to lookers-on. They would stand erect in their bark canoes, paddle in one hand guiding their frail craft, while with spear in the other they would seldom miss their prey. It was very profitable business, the fish often weighed several pounds, and for which there was always a ready market.

The next morning I went on board the "Uncle Tom," a small schooner of some twenty-five or thirty tons. This boat had been hauled over the portage one mile and put on the lake some two or three years before and was at that time the only craft on the lake.

We landed at Copper Harbor, on Keweenaw Point, about 200 miles up, after a very rough passage of three days. Here I found the government had a military station with a small company of the regular army for the protection of the whites from the red-skins.

I had been sick during the whole passage and was unable to leave the boat and was carried to the military hospital, where I soon recovered. As the land office was here I secured all the claims I wanted near Portage lake and returned about a week later, the boat having been further up the lake touching at several points.

Our return trip was much shorter and more pleasant. I was the only passenger going up and being so ill one of the hands gave up his berth in the cabin, which had only berths enough to accommodate the captain, cook and two or three hands, but on our return, having recovered, I was compelled to accept such accommodations as was afforded passengers in general, and that was the range of the deck during the day, and the hold among the boxes, barrels, and all sorts of luggage by night. As there was one other passenger we managed to keep up our spirits while stored away below deck and had no reason to complain, as we had the best accommodations to be had on the lake.

In 1845 little was known of the immense wealth in copper, iron and lumber in this upper peninsula. Even Dr. Houghton, the geologist, had no conception of the hidden treasures contained in this "most forbidding and inhospitable region of the north," as often represented. Many of the most prominent men in the State believed the money spent in the survey of this "worthless region" beyond the lakes worse than thrown away.

At Copper Harbor I found Dr. Hussey, of Pittsburg, had opened a mine; also at Eagle river, Eagle Harbor and Ontonagon mines had been opened. The shipments during this year were only 1,300 pounds

of copper, amounting to $390; fifteen years later, 1860, $2,900,000. What they are at this date, 1892,[1] I am unable to say.

Occasionally steamers visited Sault Ste. Marie for passengers or fish. There was no way of getting to the landing on the lake, a mile over the portage, except walking, or employing a man to take you by buckboard or cariole. Not a building on the way or at the landing.

In 1855 a canal was built across the portage. Then six steamers were engaged in the trade and were able to do all the business between ports on Lake Erie and Lake Superior.

Five years later, 1860, it required seventy vessels, twelve steamers and two propellers. Tolls collected in 1855, $4,374; in 1860, $24,600. These figures were taken from an address delivered by Alexander Campbell, at Lansing, February 6, 1861.

Soon after my return a company was formed, called the "Flint River Mining Company." I transferred my mining claims to the company, who issued stock to the amount of $———. Before anything more had been done a man came from Jackson, as he represented, and offered to take all the stock at its par value and pay for it on delivery. The company thought this a very good speculation, sold and transferred to him their stock, mining claims and books, which were duly paid for and the party never again heard from. Who he was or where he came from is of very little importance; one thing is very evident, it was the mining claims he was after, as the Portage lake mines are among the most valuable in the upper peninsula, having produced in 1860, 3,238 tons of copper, and still keeping up their reputation.

Flint, now having a population of about fifteen hundred, and a large trade from the country, we began to feel the importance of having a hardware store. Accordingly I arranged with my brother Porter to open one; made a memorandum of such goods as would be required, gave him letters to Erastus Corning, and Treadwell, Perry & Norton of Albany, where he purchased a stock, and opened a store on the east side of Saginaw street.

Seth Beach of Pontiac, who had removed to Corunna, was anxious to open a hardware store at that place. He owned considerable real estate, but little money; wanted me to take an interest with him, as silent partner. To this I agreed. On my way to Boston for goods, stopped at Albany and purchased a stock of hardware in the name of Seth Beach of Corunna. This business was not long continued. Mr. Beach died the following year, when I closed up, paying the debts, and moved the stock to Flint and sold them to brother Porter, thus saving the expense and delay in settling through an administrator.

[1]The report of mineral statistics for 1892 gives a production of 105,173,658 pounds amounting to $12,207,780.

About this time I decided to build a block of brick stores which would accommodate myself and brother, a great surprise to the community, as no brick had then been made, so far as known, north of Pontiac, and no material suitable had been found anywhere near the town; also that brick should be used when lumber was so cheap.

I employed a man looking up material. He found clay, though not of the best quality, however, commenced the work, and had a kiln in readiness before winter set in.

James Henderson came to Flint, and with his brother, H. M., built a block of stores on the west side of Saginaw street, corner of Kearsley.

Mr. Witherbee, father of A. B. Witherbee, came to Flint during this year. Had been a druggist; was desirous of having something to do. I had a small empty store just below mine on the west side of the street, and proposed to put it in order and that he should open a drug store, which he did. About all the stock required in those days and used by the physicians was calomel and jollop, ague pills and quinine, with a few bottles of brandy and whisky. A hundred or two dollars was all the capital required. A few years later it became a very important business.

Mr. Witherbee lived but two or three years. The son, A. B., a mere boy, took the business, went into a larger store, made money, became a banker, married a daughter of E. H. Thompson, and was, up to the time of his death some years ago, one of Flint's most prominent citizens.

During the past five years society matters had been progressing steadily and pleasantly, the Presbyterian church increasing in numbers, and every one, as supposed, satisfied with the pastor, a brilliant young man, and he with the people, when, one Sunday morning in the early part of the summer, he announced in a very solemn, emphatic manner this text: "Though the more abundantly I love you the less I be loved." This came upon us like a clap of thunder from a clear sky. Paul no doubt knew the people to whom he addressed this discourse—found in the 12th chapter of 2d Corinthians—justly deserved the reproof. We thought we did not, and to say we felt deeply wronged and indignant is putting it mild.

The next morning the officers of the church and society called on the pastor and asked him to resign, as we felt satisfied his usefulness was at an end. That was his last sermon in Flint.

In justice to the young man I would say, having occasion to visit Iowa City some eight years later, where I remained over the Sabbath, attended the Presbyterian church. Had lost all knowledge of

our young minister. Great was my surprise to find him in the pulpit and his wife leading the choir. I listened to an excellent discourse, met them very cordially, and learned he was the settled pastor, and very highly esteemed.

So well pleased was I to meet them under such favorable circumstances and pleasant surroundings, and finding they had no organ in the church, on my return to Chicago purchased and shipped one to the pastor's wife, to be used in the church as long as her husband remained pastor.

The year thus far had been very promising for Flint and surrounding country. New settlers had taken up wild lands, clearing and putting in crops, when, the latter part of June or early in July, a blighting frost came, which extended over some of the northeastern counties, cutting down everything, corn, potatoes, vegetables, and even the wheat which was in the milk, was destroyed. Everyone seemed disheartened, and I was somewhat so as I had purchased a large stock of goods in anticipation of a prosperous season. Still I did not despair.

I advised every farmer and new settler who had lands to clear, to cut down their timber, burn it to ashes and bring to me, for which I would pay a liberal price, and furnish them with their flour, pork, and all necessary family supplies. At the same time they would be clearing their lands; and everyone who had a pine tree to cut it down and make shingles which I would also buy.

The farmers went to work with a good will. Tens of thousands of bushels of ashes, and many more thousands of shingles I purchased that winter, for which there was a good market, thereby adding largely to my business, and the farmers getting through the winter comfortably.

I rented the Payne sawmill, on the north side of the river and arranged to put in a heavy stock of logs during the winter season.

The legislature passed an act converting the line of the Northern Michigan railroad, so-called, into a wagon road from Port Huron to Corunna, Shiawassee county, the State having received a grant of lands from the United States for internal improvements. These were supposed to be swamp lands, when in reality they proved to be valuable for agricultural purposes. At the time the act was passed an appropriation of some twenty thousand acres of these lands was made for the construction of the road above referred to, which is now a portion of the main trunk line wagon road between Port Huron and Chicago.

Charles S. Abbott of Grand Blanc and myself contracted to do a certain amount of work on this road. The contract was completed

during the summer, and we received our certificates for the lands. These we located in township eight north, of range four east, being the northeast township of Shiawassee county, and joining Flushing on the east. At the time of their location we did not know there was a settler in the township. I advertised my lands for sale, and offered to give to the first five settlers who would select eighty acres each and make five acres improvements for three successive years, and pay for forty acres, a deed of the whole.

This brought in many settlers, and in about one year there was a sufficient number to organize a township. Brother Porter, who had bought some of these lands, and myself, furnished them with a set of books and the name of Hazelton[1] adopted.

The commencement of 1846 found me with an increased business in almost every department. The opening of Flint river to Saginaw for lumbering purposes, the building of stores, operating another mill, and stocking it; also knowing the commission that had been appointed to revise the statute laws of the State, were ready to make their report as soon as the legislature convened, which would require at least from three to four months for its consideration—with all this in view, I entered upon my second legislative term.

As I had anticipated, almost the entire session was taken up in the revision, as the whole code of laws had to be read and considered section by section, thus making, not only a long term, but monotonous and tedious. Little other business was considered.

Forty-six years have come and gone since the legislature of 1846 passed its present code of laws. So many years have elapsed that most of the members of that legislative body have passed from my memory, —how many have passed into the silent land I know not—but a few with their eloquent speeches come fresh to mind. Often, when some question in regard to the revision upon which the members were divided, a most interesting debate would occur, giving them an opportunity to display their oratory, to the disgust of another class who were anxious to finish the work they had to do that they might return to their homes.

Among the number I well remember, comes first that most excellent Governor Felch, whose private life and public acts are too well-known at home and abroad to require any eulogistic comments from me.

The speaker of the house, Hanscom,[1] was a talented young man, a ready speaker and a good lawyer, who did himself credit as a presiding officer.

One of the most talented and useful members, comparatively a

[1]See appendix.

young man, was Austin Blair, from Jackson, subsequently Governor of the State, who has an important history, written and unwritten, and is as I have said of Governor Felch, too well-known to require any further mention in this sketch. A few others I remember as among the most industrious members, who were always in their seats when duty required, never shirking responsibility. Most prominent among them were Rev. John D. Pierce,[1] James M. Edmunds,[1] James L. Glenn, Charles J. Palmer,[2] Augustus C. Baldwin, Judge Sanford M. Green, (Senator) Isaac D. Toll and George W Peck. The latter was always ready to give his opinion on any question, though never tiresome, and as ready to sit down when through with his speech, which is not always the case with public speakers. His silver-toned voice seems ringing in my ears as I write. Daniel Noble, Charles M. O'Malley and William Norman McLeod, the latter a notable member. Boarding at the same hotel we became intimately acquainted, and I cannot well refrain from giving a brief sketch of his life.

He was a Scotchman, then not more than thirty or thirty-five years of age, from Mackinac county, a most genial companion and a warm hearted, good friend. Although opposed to me in politics, was always ready to render me any assistance in his power. In our social intercourse he was very communicative, giving me a brief history of his antecedents. He was educated for the ministry, was pastor of a church in Pittsburg, Penn., and highly esteemed by his members and congregation.

Possessed of rare social qualities, he was fond of society, and, as the cup we call intoxicating was then considered social and found on almost every table, the young pastor, before he or his people were aware of it, had become a confirmed inebriate. He never referred to any trouble with his church, but seemed to have had a great deal with himself. From him I learned that he left Pittsburg without any definite purpose. Went to Buffalo, found a steamer going up the lakes and went on board. He remembered nothing more until he found himself lying on the wharf at Mackinaw and being carried to a hotel. Giving up the idea of ever preaching again, he commenced the study of law and became a practitioner at the bar; then representative to the State legislature.

His peroration in debate was often most thrilling. For a man of ordinary physique he had a wonderful voice. I can never forget a debate he had with a member during the session. It was apparent at the commencement there was not a very pleasant feeling existing between them. The member opening the debate after discussing the

[1]See appendix for Pierce, Edmunds, Glenn, Baldwin, Green, Noble, O'Malley and McLeod.
[2]Charles S. Palmer was representative from Saginaw in 1846.

merits of the bill, made an attack on McLeod for something said on a previous occasion. He was very personal and severe in his remarks and seemed satisfied, as he took his seat, that he had demolished the "Mackinaw Scotchman." McLeod arose smiling, apparently not the least disconcerted, going over all the points raised by his opponent.

Soon his eyes began to sparkle and show fire, as he commenced his reply to the personalities. Every eye was fixed on the speaker. With muscles drawn to their utmost tension, he raised his arms high above his head, and brought his hands down on the table with a crash, while the thundering tones of his voice echoed with the most scathing words that ever fell from the lips of man and fairly shook the building. Everyone seemed spellbound, and his antagonist was utterly demolished and rarely heard from again during the remainder of the term.

During these years he drank very little if any. While in Detroit I never saw him take a glass or the least under the influence of liquor, although I was pained to hear some years afterward he went back to his cups.

In a speech of Hon. Hezekiah Wells, published in the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Collections, Vol. III, some of the characteristics of this brilliant man are better described than the writer can possibly do, although he may have known him personally quite as well.

I must here refer to the passage of a bill as being very unusual in the history of legislation.

Having passed a bill through the house for removing obstructions in in the Flint river, which was then in the senate, and thinking it might be in the hands of the governor before my return from Flint, where I was obliged to go on important business, I went to the governor's room —he was boarding at the same hotel—before leaving and inquired if he had seen the bill I had introduced in the house—now in the senate and would doubtless reach him before my return; and if so was there any objections to signing it? He answered, "I have seen the bill, and see no objection whatever." I left with no anxiety as to the result, scarcely giving it a thought during my absence. On my return I was met at the railroad station by a friend who said, "Hazelton, the governor has vetoed your bill." This was in the afternoon one or two hours before adjournment. I was not only surprised but indignant. Went directly to the capitol and found it as represented. The bill had been returned with the governor's objections, and sustained by the house and lying on the speaker's table. I immediately went to the speaker and asked the loan of the bill, returned to my seat, expressed my surprise at its failure, and as a resolution had been

passed that no new matter should be considered during the remainder of the session—about to close—without unanimous consent, I therefore asked that it be given me, in order that I might introduce a bill for the improvement of Flint river. Consent was granted. I then introduced the same bill that had been vetoed and asked its reference to a special committee, with instructions to report at the earliest possible moment. The speaker appointed the committee, myself being chairman. I at once went to Governor Felch's room, expressed my surprise at his vetoing the bill, and presenting the same asked if he would strike out any objectionable feature he might find in it. This he did by running his pencil over a line or two, then said, "With this stricken out, I can sign it." I returned to the house, reported the bill, and asked that it be put on its third reading. The motion was put and carried unanimously. The bill passed and went to the senate, passed that body without an objection and was soon in the hands of the governor, signed and became a law.

The kind treatment I received on that occasion, together with the passage of the bill at the very heel of the session, when all new matter was prohibited, was an act of courtesy seldom met with in legislative bodies.

The legislature having adjourned, I was ready for the work mapped out for the balance of the year.

Notwithstanding all the drawbacks and disheartening circumstances, business in the village and country had opened very encouragingly. The first thing was to put the Payne mill in working condition, my stock of logs having come down the river and safely secured.

I put a gang of men at work and was adding some eight to ten thousand feet of lumber to my stock daily. The next was to commence my brick stores. I then went to Boston for goods, purchased a large stock on credit, adding largely to my responsibilities.

The next important consideration was a market for my lumber, as I should more than double the quantity of former years. The only thing to be done was to make the Flint river navigable for rafts. I went to Flushing, ten miles below, and with Charles Seymour, one of the proprietors of the Flushing mills, started down the river on a prospecting tour. For eight or ten miles it was in good condition for rafts.

About a mile below the Brent place we found it for half a mile or more completely filled with flood wood. Whole trees which had grown on the banks and undermined by high water had been carried down and lodged with other driftwood until it was packed so firmly the highest water made no impression on it, and could only be removed by cutting

and running it out piece by piece. This was practicable, but expensive. Below this point to the junction of the Flint with the Saginaw river, it was in good condition for rafting, with a fair stage of water.

On our return to Flushing I made a contract with Charles and James Seymour to remove these flood woods during the summer, sharing the expense equally with them.

My stores were finished in October. The upper story of one I fitted up for an Odd Fellows' hall, having joined a lodge while in Detroit for the purpose of having one in Flint. E. H. Thompson, Charles D. Little and three or four others having become Odd Fellows, arrangements were made to have a lodge instituted.

Application was made to the Right Worthy Deputy Grand Master, Alfred Treadway of Pontiac, who, January 1, 1847, instituted Genesee Lodge No. 24, I. O. O. F. E. H. Thompson, the first Noble Grand, and Charles D. Little the first secretary.

While in the legislature I met Rev. John J. Atterbury, formerly a lawyer of Detroit. Not satisfied with his profession, he gave it up and commenced the study of theology, if my memory serves me right, with Dr. Duffield. Having finished his studies and ordained as a Presbyterian minister, I invited him to visit Flint, with a view to becoming pastor of the church. He did so, and preacher and people were pleased. He was installed in a few weeks and continued pastor for many years; a feeble church at the commencement of his labors, but it increased rapidly and has been a prosperous church ever since.

A WINTER TRIP UP THE TITTABAWASSEE RIVER

The Methodist denomination had educated an Indian by name of Carbage for a missionary among his own people.

On one occasion when visiting a tribe, a specimen of native copper, apparently cut from a vein, was given him, and a promise made to show him the location of the mine as soon as the snow would permit traveling in the woods, Carbage to pay the Indian whatever he thought right. On his return to Flint he showed me the specimen, and proposed I should go with him and share the benefits. To this I agreed, providing he was quite sure his copper-colored brother would not hold to the old tradition "that an Indian must never show a white man the location of any kind of a mine."

He had such influence with his people, and especially with this one, he was *quite sure* it would make no difference with him. Accordingly the arrangement was made, and the last of January, 1847, we left Flint, equipped for a copper hunt.

We went some fifty-five miles the first day with horses and sleigh. About seven p. m. arrived at the junction of the Saginaw and Tittabawassee rivers.

Here we found comfortable quarters for ourselves and horses, but ascertained the snow was not only too deep, but a crust had formed, which made it impossible to travel in the woods, and found we would either have to abandon the undertaking or go up the river on the ice. The river having risen considerably during the thaw, had broken up the old ice. New ice had formed strong enough to bear us, but not our horses.

We decided on the latter, and learned the distance to the first settlement was thirty miles. Here Carbage expected to find his Indian. Early the next morning, drawing stockings over our boots, with half a ham and a loaf of bread we started on our thirty miles walk.

At first we made good progress, but before noon were pretty well used up. However, after a lunch and an hour's rest we started again, hoping to reach the camp before dark. My strength began to fail and finally I was obliged to lie down upon the ice and declare I could go no further; my guide in but little better condition. Night was coming on, the last rays of the setting sun could only be seen shining through the tops of the tall pine trees on the banks of the river. The cold, chilling winds came whistling through the dense forest. Snow and ice everywhere. No facilities for making a fire, no blankets, and the cold increasing. To remain here with no protection while Carbage should go on for help, not knowing how far he would have to go before reaching the settlement, was not a pleasing prospect to contemplate. While considering what was best to be done, we espied two Indians on skates coming up the river. We hailed them with joy. My guide explained to them our condition. They quickly had me on my feet and taking me by the shoulders slid me some two miles, then assisted me to a wigwam forty or fifty yards distant. They quietly disappeared and I never saw or heard of them again, but have always felt they were angels in disguise. Before reaching the camp I was taken with a hard chill, followed by fever; it looked as if we might be detained in these uncomfortable quarters longer than desirable. According to the fashion of wigwams the fire was in the center, around which we all slept, feet pointing to it. In this way with a burning fever I spent my first night in an Indian wigwam. I had noticed they kept a pot hanging over the fire. The next morning one after another rose up, and in a sitting posture before making their toilet, with a large wooden spoon, each helped himself from the contents of the pot, which I learned was

hulled corn seasoned with muskrat, which had been boiled with it. After recovering from fever, with a good appetite, I found this dish very palatable.

After breakfasting they all started out for the day, Carbage to find his Indian, the others I know not where. All returned for supper, which was the same as breakfast. They then started out for a grand "pow-wow," as there was to be an eclipse of the moon, which they knew was to take place and was a great event with them. My guide appeared to be their leader and as wild as any while with them, which seems to be characteristic of an Indian, that, however well educated, when among his own people in the forest, away from civilization, it seems impossible to resist the natural instincts of his nature.

The next morning I awoke very early and noticed two Indians boys about eight and ten years of age eating hulled corn, while the old squaw, mother I presume, was putting on their moccasins, then buckling a belt around each one's waist and sticking in it a long slender knife, without a word they started out. I saw nothing more of them until after dark, when they came in looking very grave and as silently as they took their departure, dropped down before the fire and sat warming their feet. While I was wondering where the little fellows had been all day, the old squaw who had gone outside as soon as they entered, gave a whoop and came hauling in a deer. The snow was frozen enough to hold up these young hunters, but not an Indian, or the deer. They had followed it all day, tired it out, slaughtered and hauled it to the wigwam. The squaw was not long in having a portion of one ham in the frying pan and we feasting on venison.

Carbage had now given up all hope of finding his guide to the copper mine, and probably would not had we stayed until this time. I had not been able to leave the wigwam since entering it, but my fever having left me, although very weak, I began to think about getting back to civilization. How this could be done was the question. While thus debating the possibility of the undertaking, I was informed that somewhere further up the river an Indian owned a pony. If it could be found and a jumper[1] made, I might be taken down the river as the ice was much stronger than when we came up.

The pony was found and placed at my disposal. Such a looking animal I never saw before or since, and trust I never shall again. All he had for food for more than two months was browse that he could get from limbs of trees. He was little more than a breathing skeleton. Could this poor animal haul me thirty miles? It was my only hope,

[1]A sort of sled.

shadowy though it be. The jumper was made and the next morning, with two Indians and Carbage, started on our return trip.

I left my Indian friends with no feelings of regret, though in justice to my host and hostess and companions of the wigwam, will say they did all in their power to make me comfortable, but the pot of corn from which we had all satisfied hunger, was nearly empty, the deer the little hunters had brought in about gone. With no strength and no prospect of regaining it among these poor redskins, no happier man ever set out on a journey with a fair prospect of soon reaching home, providing the skin and bones, upon which I built all my hopes kept together long enough to haul me thirty miles.

The first fifteen were made in less time than I had anticipated. The Indians informed me there was a wigwam just over the bank of the river, where we could get something to eat. This was cheering news and a halt was made. We found a good natured squaw, who, on being told by my guide that I would give her "big shuneaw"—money —for a good big dinner for all, said, "she would, plenty," and at once set about it, happy, no doubt, at the thought of "shuneaw" as we were at the prospect of something to eat.

In the center of the wigwam was a bed of glowing embers. Our hostess mixed up a large bowl full of corn meal, which she made into cakes, then raking open the coals, put two or three in, covering them with the same. In a few minutes they were baked. She continued this until she had quite a pile. Then cutting a quantity of bear's meat into small pieces, putting it into a frying pan, soon had it ready, and placing the pan on the only table they had, the ground floor, and putting the cakes on a piece of bark beside it, we gathered round with appetites keener than Sheffield razors, each helping himself, dipping our cakes in the fat in the primitive way I had been learning to do.

I doubt if the Prince of Wales, who they say is fond of good living, ever enjoyed a dinner more than I did with my swarthy companions in this Indian wigwam.

We again started on our way, and soon after dark reached the quarters where we left our horses.

After a comfortable night's rest, and giving the poor faithful shadow all he could eat, we sent him back with the Indians, while we turned our faces homeward, reaching Flint after an absence of seven days, in better health than I could have hoped when I left the Indian wigwam two days before.

Carbage, greatly chagrined at his failure, while I was too thankful to reach home alive to lay the disappointment much to heart, and more

fully convinced than ever that, however much an Indian might know of the locality of rich mines, he would never tell a white man, as it had been tried before and since with like results.

In the early spring I commenced building my rafts and had them ready for the first high water. Had no trouble until we reached Seymour's dam. Here they were badly broken up, causing much delay and considerable expense, and before we had them ready to start again the water had fallen considerably, so that when we reached the rapids below the Brent place they were fast on the rocks and had to be abandoned until the June freshet.

I waited some weeks with no prospect of a rise in the river, and knowing my lumber would be seriously injured in its present condition through the summer, sent men and had the rafts taken apart, the boards thrown into the water, with a man on either bank, to keep them from the shore, following them down the river. In this way they reached Saginaw, where they were put on board a vessel and shipped to Toledo, Ohio. On the arrival of the vessel I went there and found my lumber about as black as my hat. In this condition it could not be sold; the only thing to be done was to rent a portion of a lumber yard and stick it up. It had been in the water so long all the sap and pitch had been taken out, and after a few days's drying was in the very best condition for use. Dry lumber was in great demand, as there was little in the market, and before I had it in a fairly proper condition for sale it was quickly taken at the highest market price for seasoned lumber, and with my money in my pocket I was on my way home, after an absence of ten or fifteen days.

What seemed a disaster at first proved a financial success. Although the cost of getting my lumber to market was increased, so had the price, and much quicker sales were made.

During the years of 1846 and 1847 farmers had good crops and fair prices, the area of cleared land greatly enlarged, many new farms improved, while in the village an unusual amount of building had been done, a large increase in the amount of lumber manufactured, all of which added considerably to the population and business of Flint.

Prominent among the new comers was William M. Fenton, from Fentonville, who was elected lieutenant-governor the same year, and well-known throughout the State. During the summer he built a block of stores on the east side of Saginaw street, above Kearsley, known as the Fenton block. My brother, E. H. Hazelton, bought out brother Porter and brother-in-law Mason Annis, and took George Hood as part-

ner, continuing the hardware business in one of the brick stores they occupied.

I was solicited by my friends to allow my name to be used in the congressional convention to be held in Pontiac in August, 1848. There were but two names before the convention as candidates—T. J. Drake of Pontiac and G. H. Hazelton.

I had no time, as before stated, to devote to politics, or any desire to chase a shadow, as there was no possibility of electing the Whig candidate. The Democratic candidate was Kinsley S. Bingham of Howell, Livingston county. If elected, this would be his second term. The vote at the congressional election two years before was about seven thousand majority for the Democratic candidate. Mr. Bingham was an able man, had performed the duties of his office with fidelity and honor to himself and his constituents; not a warm partisan, but honest and upright as a citizen, and held in high esteem by all who knew him.

There was no reason, therefore, why he should not be again elected to the office he had so ably filled.

I went to Pontiac on the day of the convention, stopped at the Hodges House, where I met Mr. Drake, and while we were discussing the chances of electing a Whig candidate a messenger from the convention entered with a request that "the Hon. G. H. Hazelton should present himself before that body, which had nominated him as the Whig candidate for congress, to represent the sixth congressional district of Michigan for the years 1849 and 1850."

I presented myself and with a short speech accepted the nomination, assuring them that with Gen. Zachary Taylor as the standard bearer of the Whig party I should commence the canvass with a fair prospect of a victory in the political battle soon to be fought. From this convention, where I had gathered a little political inspiration, I returned home and wrote a speech which embodied my views on most of the important political issues of the day. Although forty-four years have elapsed since it was written, and strange as it may seem, I find a copy among some old papers, for many years stored in Flint, which have recently been forwarded to me. In glancing over it I find the following to be the leading principles of the Whig party in those days:

First, That congress has the power to abolish slavery in the territories and that it is the imperative duty of every member in congress to exercise that right.

Second, That congress has also the power to make appropriations for the improvement of harbors and navigable rivers, and that the interest,

prosperity and happiness of the American people require that each member in congress should use every means in his power to procure the passage of laws making appropriations for works of internal improvements, when the public safety and interest require the same.

Third, A tariff for revenue and protection to American industry.

Fourth, The distribution of the public lands, after our national debt is canceled, and liberal grants made to actual settlers.

I made no special effort, spent no money, except for tickets, but frightened my opponent, reducing his majority from 7,000 in 1846, to 2,500 in 1848, being entirely satisfied with the result, feeling the better man of the two had been elected. He had the time, ability and experience. The right man in the right place.

Mr. Bingham and myself were warm, personal friends. The best evidence of friendship on his part was a reference to me of many, if not all, the postoffice appointments in Michigan made during his second term in congress; also the nomination of a cadet to West Point Military Academy, already referred to.

The year of 1849 passed with little worthy of note. My merchandising, lumbering and rafting occupied most of my time. The manufacture of saleratus, which had been an important and profitable branch of my business, began to show signs of decay. The women cooks and bakers began to turn a cold shoulder to an article considered indispensable in every cuisine department in the land. Baking powders were to take the place of saleratus, and Babbitt and myself, who were the principal manufacturers of the article, must go back to our pot and pearl ashes, or abandon the ashery business altogether. Babbitt, to keep in favor with the "lady cooks," turned his attention to baking powders, while I went back to pot and pearl ashes, and the following year sold my ashery. In a year or two after the business was abandoned in Flint.

My success in marketing my surplus lumber, rafted to Saginaw, induced me to build a steam sawmill, the first in that section of the country. I bought a mill site on the north side of the river, of C. S. Payne, just below the water mill I rented. During the winter had the timber prepared to commence building in the spring.

After stocking my mills I still had a surplus of lumber to run down the river, to be sold in Saginaw, and again had trouble in passing Seymour's dam. Just below there was a bridge against which they had lodged, piling one on top of the other as they came over the dam, thus becoming so firmly wedged together I found it was impossible to start them with the help on hand and applied to the Seymours and other

citizens of the place for assistance, which was refused. I then gave them notice that, as the water was falling, the logs must go down and if they would not assist me in my efforts to start them, I would cut the bridge down, as it seemed the only alternative. To this they paid no attention and seemed amused at the threat. I sent a couple of men for axes. The rumor spread among the people that "Hazelton was preparing to cut down the bridge," comparatively new, costing one hundred dollars or more. There was a general rally, but no assistance offered. I placed my men at the corner posts, having made up my mind it should come down at any cost.

I gave the order, "Down with the bridge!" A cry from the lookers-on, "Hold on, we will help you start your logs!" This they did, saving their bridge and me probably a lawsuit.

This was the "last straw that broke the camel's back." Not long after I presented a bill to the Seymours of several hundred dollars for damages which they refused to pay, claiming the right to maintain the dam, having obtained a charter from the State for that purpose.

I sued them nevertheless, and after the suit had been in progress for some days, not willing to have a judgment entered against them, paid the bill in full with costs, and the suit was discontinued.

During the progress of the suit it was clearly shown that Virginia, in her grant of territory to the several states, always reserved the right of the public to the free navigation of her rivers.

Since then other suits, in different states, have been tried with like results.

In building the railroad bridge across the Mississippi river at Rock Island, a suit was brought for the purpose of testing the question. The higher courts decided the railroad company could build the bridge and maintain it, but would be liable for all damages to boats passing up and down the river, when reasonable care was used in avoiding injury, but not otherwise. This view I took of the rights of the public, and no act of the legislature could possibly impair that right.

The following year, 1850, my brother, E. H., purchased the interest of his partner, George Hood, in the hardware business and opened a banking department in connection with it. Flint had become a business center, with a population of some two thousand inhabitants, with no banking house north of Pontiac, through which bills of exchange could be converted into currency. These considerations induced my brother to open accounts with bankers in Detroit and eastern cities to the great convenience of the business community.

In the early spring I commenced building my steam sawmill, which was completed the first of October. During the summer Alexander McFarlan came to Flint and soon after the completion of the mill I sold him one-half interest. We run it through the fall and early winter very successfully.

On the opening of the river in May following, our stock of logs having come down, we started our mill and had been running but a week or two when it was set on fire by our engineer, while the employés were at dinner not twenty yards away, and burned to the ground, together with a quantity of our best lumber. The engineer was a Frenchman, who had been in Flint but a few weeks, a man of excellent address and very competent, but proved to be a most abandoned character. After burning the mill, which we had no suspicion of at the time, he left and was not heard from again until convicted of murder and sentenced to the penitentiary at Jackson for life. After his imprisonment he acknowledged burning the mill, having become angry with Mr. McFarlan, he said, and the burning was to get even with him. This he boasted of to another convict through whom we received the information.

The summer I built my mill I had intermittent fever, or fever and ague, most of the time. With the approaching summer, 1851, the old enemy returned. I therefore decided to put my business in shape to allow me to make any change I might find necessary. I sold the steam mill property, what there was left of it, to my partner, who rebuilt it and made lumbering a very great success, although the mill, as I have been informed, was burned and rebuilt several times.

Mr. McFarlan became one of Flint's most successful business men. By his frugality and close application to the business in which he was engaged, he accumulated a large fortune of many hundred thousand dollars.

I sold my Kearsley mill property and most of my real estate. The winter following I put into the river a large quantity of logs for Saginaw market. These logs were hauled over the first tramway built in this portion of the State and was a great success. This closed my twelve years lumbering in Genesee county, Michigan.

During these years there was little profit in lumbering, as the country was new, farmers poor, struggling to clear their farms and get comfortable buildings. Merchants were compelled to resort to anything that would pay them for their goods. Shingles and lumber had become almost, as it were, a legal tender.

I cannot leave this important branch of Michigan's industry with-

out a reference to what it was at an early day in the northen part of the State, in contrast with later years. In 1839, although Flint had but two lumber mills on the Flint river, capable of sawing two or three million feet only, annually, and one on the Thread river capable of cutting but two or three thousand feet per day of hard-wood lumber, they could not be kept running for the want of a market. As soon as the merchants began to handle lumber and shingles, and the carpenters and builders in the adjoining counties were informed that Flint was the most advantageous market for them to purchase their supplies, both as to quality and price, sales rapidly increased.

Between the years of 1840 and 1850, from the time the ground was frozen until the opening of spring, the sale of lumber was very large, especially shingles, which were sold as low as seventy-five cents per thousand. These shingles were shaved mostly by the farmers, who had scattering pine trees on their land and wanted to get rid of them; thought this the best use they could be put to, and considered clear gain, as the timber had no value for any other purpose, being so far from the mills or the river to pay for hauling, and so they went on slaughtering their pine, with no conception of its value.

My Kearsley mill property, which consisted of four hundred acres of land with sawmill, was timbered largely with pine, and purchased for lumbering purposes, but was really valuable agricultural lands. It was valued at three thousand dollars when I purchased it. The timber on these four hundred acres, which netted me not more than fifteen thousand dollars, would have been worth, if manufactured into lumber and sold on the premises, not less than one hundred thousand dollars, if held ten or fiften years, or until the golden period for lumbering had arrived, which commenced about 1868 or 1870.

To show the wonderful advance in this industry, especially in pine lands, I will mention one transaction of my brother, E. H. In 1873 or 1874 he purchased four hundred acres of pine timbered land in Osceola county, Michigan, for which he paid six thousand dollars, then considered a large price. In 1881 this was sold for twenty thousand dollars, in April following, twenty-five thousand dollars, an advance of nineteen thousand dollars in seven or eight years. Should I attempt to give facts in regard to the advance of the lumbering interests of Michigan after the golden period had arrived, and the large fortunes resulting therefrom, not only to her own citizens, but to the dealers in other states, especially Chicago, where a large portion of her lumber has been marketed, I fear it might be thought

analogous to the legends of "Baron Münchausen," or the tales of the "Arabian Nights."

THE SUMMER OF 1852 AT THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS

In the former part of my sketch I mentioned being a visitor to West Point in 1852. On my return I went up to the Catskill Mountain House. Charles L. Beach, the proprietor, was a cousin of my wife. He was anxious I should assist him in the management of his hotel during the summer, and as I was equally as anxious to escape the chills and fever, which seemed inevitable if I remained in Michigan, I accepted the proposition to take charge of the office and guests and the arrival and departure of stages, then twelve miles of staging from Catskill. At this time there was no other hotel on the eastern side of the mountains, except a small two-story house at the Kaaterskill falls, one mile distant, which would accommodate eight or ten guests. I returned to Flint, made my arrangements to be absent during the summer, and a few days later was at the Mountain House, installed in my new position.

It is not pertinent to this sketch to give a description of this, one of the most charming spots in America, yet I cannot forbear mentioning a few of its attractions. First, and most important of all, is the invigorating atmosphere. Then the outlook from Table rock, upon which the house is built, two thousand two hundred and fifty feet above the Hudson river, overlooking an area of twelve thousand square miles.

To the north, one hundred and twenty-five miles, the White mountains of New Hampshire can be seen. To the east, fifty miles, the Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts. Following the meanderings of the river southward forty miles your eye reaches West Point. One mile from the house the Kaaterskill falls, two hundred and sixty feet, with its beautiful amphitheater; Haines falls two miles below, with a fall of four hundred and ninety-five feet in a distance of one-fourth of a mile. North and South lakes a little more than a stone's throw from the hotel, with thirty or forty row boats and canoes.

It has now a railroad, connecting with the West Shore railroad at Kingston, through Stony Clove, one of the most wonderful gorges this side the Rocky mountains, not for the depth of the gorge nor the grandeur and sublimity of the scenery, but for the symmetry and beauty of its walls, rising on either side nearly perpendicularly for eighteen hundred feet, leaving at the base an opening barely wide enough for a roadway.

The terminus of this road is at the foot of one of these lakes, ten minutes' walk to the hotel.

Now there are hundreds of hotels and boarding houses scattered all over this mountain region, but from none can there be seen such a vast panorama, spread out before you at your very feet, yet too distant to see any signs of the activities of life, save the steamers and other craft plying the Hudson river, and the railroad trains passing up and down the valley, now in sight, then disappearing, winding in and around bends and hills like huge serpents trying to escape their foes.

The universal testimony of all travelers in this or foreign countries is "that it is one of the most beautiful valley views in the world."

In the early part of June, soon after my arrival at the Mountain House, I received notice from the Michigan Whig convention, held at Jackson a few days before, that Townsend E. Gidley had been nominated for governor and George H. Hazelton for lieutenant-governor, to be voted for at the following November election.

To this notice I paid very little attention, knowing what the result would be as well before election as after, as the State was still very largely Democratic.

I felt I could not afford to cancel my engagement and give my time to a political contest with no prospect of success, or benefit to the Whig party. I, however, allowed them to use my name, the result being as I had anticipated. Robert McClelland was elected governor and Andrew Parsons lieutenant-governor.

I returned to Flint in September, and having made arrangements with the firm of Treadwell, Perry & Norton to make a collection tour through the States of Michigan, Indiana, Illinois and Wisconsin during the fall and winter, arranged my business to be absent and left the first of November.

After completing the canvass of the States, returned to Flint to make arrangements for another summer at the Mountain House, which opened June 1, 1853, taking the same position as the year before.

Accompanying me was my wife and her two sisters, Clarinda and Julia Beach. During the summer, Charles H. Abbott of Grand Blanc, who was engaged to the younger sister, Julia, came to the Mountain House, where they were married, and soon after returned to Michigan.

In July John S. Perry, of the firm of Treadwell, Perry & Norton, visited the Mountain House for the purpose of arranging with me to open a branch house in Chicago for the sale of their goods.

The arrangement was made, the house to be opened on the 23d day of August. On the 20th I left, stopping one day in Flint to arrange matters, until I could return and put things in shape to leave permanently. I engaged Henry Higgins as book-keeper, John Parish as clerk and my brother Porter as traveling agent for the house.

This concludes so much of my autobiography as covers my seventeen years of business life while a resident of Michigan.

The following extract is from my seven years in Chicago.

BANKING IN MICHIGAN

In June, 1854, I visited Flint, and while there I entered into partnership with my brother, E. H., in his banking business, paying in an equal amount of capital. This increase was necessary as the banking capital was not sufficient for the requirements of this part of the State. The lumbering business, although in its infancy, was growing rapidly, requiring a large amount of money for its development, especially in Saginaw.

As soon as it became known that drafts drawn against shipments could be discounted at the banking house of E. H. Hazelton, Flint,—that being the name in which it was carried on—the business increased steadily. Before leaving Chicago I arranged with George Smith & Co., the largest banking house then in the State, and T. Granger Adams, another prominent banker who was connected with a Wall street banking house in New York city, to re-discount any western paper we might have. This paper consisted mostly of time drafts on lumbermen in that city. This arrangement was very advantageous, as it enabled us to handle any amount of paper which might be offered.

It proved a very satisfactory and profitable business until January, 1857, when my brother, in connection with G. M. Dewey, without my knowledge, obtained a charter from the legislature of Michigan for a railroad from Flint to Pere Marquette, on Lake Michigan, 171 miles, with a grant of land from the State to aid in its construction. In this road I never had any interest directly or indirectly.

They employed an engineer with a full corps of assistants and made a survey of the line. When completed a gang of men were put to work grading between Flint and Saginaw, contracts were also made for iron and other materials, paying all expenses from our banking house in Flint, as Dewey had no available means, his property being in lands.

They would doubtless have made it a success had not the great

financial cyclone swept over the land, which was caused largely by the failure of the "Ohio Life and Trust Company,"[1] for $7,000,000. This failure caused a suspension of nearly all the banks in the country. Manufacturers were compelled to stop work, thousands of men were out of employment, merchants and traders in every branch of business became frightened and often closed their doors when they might have gone on with but slight embarrassment. This condition of things was not confined to the west, but extended over the whole country. The commercial as well as financial world seemed paralyzed. When creditors began to insist on payment and resort to the courts to collect their debts, a general feeling of distrust began to be seen and felt before the crisis came.

In the spring of 1858, before the country had recovered from the financial disasters of the year before, my brother and Dewey purchased the Macomb Bank, of Mt. Clemens—being a bank of issue and which had recently failed—thinking they could redeem in some way a sufficient amount of its circulation to give its notes credit, which they could use to help them over the crisis, as they were about to issue bonds on their road, they had every reason to believe could be sold, enough at least to relieve them from present embarrassments. This they failed to do and with the Macomb bank on their hands, no money for the redemption of its bills, and the resources of the Flint bank mostly exhausted, they felt powerless to do anything more.

My brother telegraphed me to come to Detroit, which I did the following day and found things in a worse condition, if possible, than I had anticipated. Fortunately neither the public nor any of the financial men of Detroit or elsewhere knew anything of the condition of affairs.

The Flint banking house had shown no signs of weakness—business going on as usual, my brother still in good credit, and having some money myself and many friends to fall back on in an emergency, I decided at once there was only one course to pursue, and that was to open a banking house in Detroit for the redemption of the notes or bills of the Macomb bank, thereby making its circulation equal to that of the city banks, and for a general banking business. I advised my brother to rent the best banking house to be had in the city, there being three empty, order a set of books, have a sign painted, "E. H. Hazelton & Co., Bankers," the company to be G. M. Dewey and myself.

I would raise what money I could in Chicago, and go to Mt.

[1]See appendix.

Clemens to see what could be realized out of the assets of the Macomb bank. I had been advised that the bank had a claim of $10,000 against a party for money furnished for building a light-house, which they had been unable to collect. I found the party, and after a very hard struggle of nearly two days, obtained an order on the government for the money, which was subsequently paid.

We arranged with the banks in Detroit to receive the bills of the Macomb bank as other bills, and in less than thirty days they were in good credit, and our Detroit house in successful operation, thus saving all parties from failure, our creditors and the public from loss, which would have been the case had any other course been adopted.

The very boldness of this undertaking, with payments of all demands, at sight, could do no less than keep us in good credit, so important in such a crisis as this.

In the latter part of the summer of 1858, Luther Beecher,[1] a private banker of New York City, formerly of Detroit, proposed to purchase the Macomb bank. It was then in good condition and credit. I went to Detroit, met Mr. Beecher, and a sale was made, he arranging with our bank to continue the redemption as before, keeping exchange in New York to our credit for that purpose.

Business went on smoothly, and everything seemed prosperous, until Beecher failed to provide the necessary redemption funds as agreed, E. H. H. & Co., continuing, however, to redeem, using their own funds, overdrawing their account in New York to a large amount, and unless these drafts were paid on presentation it would be considered a failure of the Detroit house. My brother telegraphed me what he had done. I started at once for New York, and made the account good for the amount of overdrafts before they had reached the bank, securing the payment on demand, our Detroit bank from embarrassment, and perhaps a failure.

Financial matters again moved on for a time, very satisfactorily. We were compelled, however, to cut loose from Beecher. What became of him or the Macomb bank[1] I am unable to say.

The legislature of Michigan, during its session in 1859, made an appropriation of $100,000 for the improvement of the St. Mary's Falls ship canal, and bonds were issued for that purpose. These were sold to the highest bidder to be delivered at a subsequent date. They were awarded to E. H. H. & Co. at a premium of $3,112.50, who soon after sold them to the Artisans' bank of New York at a small advance. Owing to a discussion among the bankers

[1]See appendix.

of that city in regard to the constitutionality of the bonds, the bank refused to receive them according to contract. This led to a good deal of embarassment and loss on the part of E. H. H. & Co.

The matter was finally settled, and some months later we sold our Flint banking house and after paying all the liabilities of the Detroit house, except the State, an unsettled account with the Artisans' bank, and some accommodation paper in the hands of the creditors of Treadwell, Perry & Norton, of Albany, who had made an assignment, the banking house of E. H. Hazelton & Co. of Detroit was closed.

In 1867 I went to Lansing for the purpose of a settlement of the claim which the State still held against the firm. All I could do was to obtain assurance from some of the prominent members of that body that they would have a commission appointed to make a settlement.

I returned to Philadelphia where I then resided, but never heard of any action taken by the legislature looking to a final settlement until 1869 under a joint resolution, No. 33, approved March 30, 1869, when a settlement was made, as shown by the following letter from George H. Greene, corresponding secretary of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical society:

Lansing, Mich., Jan. 15, 1892.

G. H. Hazelton, 1217 Regent Square, West Philadelphia, Pa.:

Dear Sir—Referring further to yours of 8th inst., I find that July 1, 1859, $100,000 bonds were issued and taken and paid for by E. H. Hazelton & Co. at that date and same date the State Treasurer loaned said E. H. H. & Co. $50,000.

For this loan the State received certain collaterals, from which it realized $24,779.07, leaving a balance of $25,220.93. This balance was adjusted under joint resolution No. 33, approved March 30, 1869, by the Deweys conveying to the State 2,001.39 acres of land July 15, 1871, which liquidated $14,147.19

and from E. H. Hazelton, Dec. 29, 1871, 3,240 acres amounting to 11,073.74

Total $25,220.93

This, I think, fully answers your questions; if not, please advise, and I will do what I can for you.

Yours truly,

Geo. H. Greene.

The world knows little of the fearful struggles that business men are compelled to pass through in times of great financial disturbances, which have agitated the country at intervals, during all the past ages, and will in all human probability continue to, so long as credit and ambitious men are found in the business world. As I look back over the battle field of this class of men, what do I see? Occasionally men who have reared monuments to their names, such as Stephen Girard, of Philadelphia; Peter Cooper, of New York; Johns Hopkins, of Baltimore; Leland Stanford, of California, and a few others equally well-known.

While comparatively few have acquired vast fortunes, there is a large class who, after the toil of years, find themselves with moderate fortunes, and retire to enjoy the fruits of their labor.

These two classes are not more than twenty-five per cent of the business world, while three fourths, at least, have been slain on the battle field and buried out of sight.

However valiant they may have been in fighting for their creditors, their families and friends, still there is no remembrance of them, unless it be in the hearts of their families, or at the head of their graves, and ofttimes not there.

The conclusion of the whole matter is, as Solomon the preacher hath said: "Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought and on the labor that I had labored to do, and, behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun."

THE EARLY DAYS OF CONCORD, JACKSON COUNTY, MICHIGAN

BY JUDGE MELVILLE MC GEE[1]

In giving a short historical sketch of the early settlement of the township of Concord, I perhaps cannot do better than to commence with its municipal organization. The first municipal organization of the township, or rather of the district now embraced within the pres-

[1]See appendix.

ent limits of the township, was effected, or perhaps more properly speaking was first set in operation by an act of the legislative council of the territory of Michigan, passed the 30th day of July, 1830. This act provided that a township meeting should be held on the 3d day of August of that same year, at the house of Isaiah W. Bennett, for the purpose of electing township officers, not, however, for the township of Concord, but for the township of Jacksonopolis, which included within its boundaries not only the present territory of Concord, but the entire county of Jackson, as afterwards organized. The location of the house at which that first town meeting was held cannot now be accurately determined, but must have been some place within the present limits of the city of Jackson, probably not far from where the Hibbard House now stands.

The township officers then elected were elected to serve only until the first Monday of the April following, a little over seven months, but the territory over which they ruled was ample in extent and consisted of an almost unbroken wilderness, peopled with Indians and wild beasts. On the 18th day of February, 1831, the legislative council of the territory enacted that "the township of Jacksonopolis shall hereafter be called Jacksonburg any law to the contrary notwithstanding." And so the new township, having borne the euphonious name of Jacksonopolis for the period of six months and nineteen days, the legislative council of the territory, without any apparent cause or reason set forth in its records, ruthlessly relegated it to "innocuous desuetude" and in its place substituted that of Jacksonburg. All this was before there was any organization of the county of Jackson, or before it had any legal existence and even before it had so much as a name.

The township of Jacksonburg (for we must now call it by that name in obedience to the mandate of the legislative council) by the arrival of adventurous pioneers, soon grew apace and it was not long before it needed other municipal swaddling clothes even in those primitive days to make it appear seemly in good official society.

It had been heretofore attached to Washtenaw county for judicial purposes, whatever that term may mean—the meaning that was most apparent to those early settlers at that time was to help pay the taxes and bear other burdens of that county without bearing its honors in the shape of county officers. But the inhabitants of the township of Jacksonburg, even if they were scattered over a territory of many square miles in extent, knew a thing or two themselves and felt themselves entirely competent to share in the honors, in the way of offices, as well as in the burdens of government, and so they besieged the

legislative chamber with such effect that on the 26th day of June, in the year of our Lord 1832, the county of Jackson, composed of the single township of Jacksonburg, was duly organized into a county by itself, to take full force and effect on the 1st day of August, of the same year.

On the 29th day of June, 1832, three days after the passage of the act to organize the county of Jackson, the fair township of Jacksonburg was sadly mutilated by two acts of the said legislative council, passed in one day. The first cut a strip of territory twelve miles wide off the east side thereof, which was named Grass Lake, and the second act cut off another strip of land twelve miles wide on the west side of the township of Jacksonburg, and this was given the name of Spring Arbor. Poor Jacksonburg survived this severe surgical operation and maintained only a miserable and precarious existence until the 6th day of March, 1838, when her humiliation was completed by cutting off the last syllable of her name and making a virtue of necessity. Jackson has ever since gloried in being the only namesake in the State, of "Old Hickory," the hero of New Orleans and the patron saint of modern Democracy.

The work of division so auspiciously begun was continued apace. On the 23d day of March, 1836, the legislative council passed an act setting off the township of Concord by itself and directed that the first township meeting be held at the house of William Van Fossen. The township as then set off contained not only the present township of Concord, but also the township of Pulaski, and so continued until the 30th day of December, 1837, when the present township of Pulaski was set off and organized into a township by itself.

The first white person who settled within the present limits of the township of Concord was John Acker. He came in November, 1831, put up his log cabin on the northwest quarter of section 36, and resided there for a number of years.

William Van Fossen with his family was the next white settler to locate in the town. He came in May, 1832, erected a log house on the north bank of the Kalamazoo river on the southwest quarter of section 27, but a few rods west of where the gristmill now stands in the village of Concord. He had only fairly got into his new log house when Thomas McGee, with his wife and family of nine children, in June, 1832, moved in. They were received and cared for and enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. Van Fossen and his family as though they had been old friends and acquaintances, but in fact had never seen each other before.

It took but a few days' time to cut down and roll up some logs for a cabin, and Thomas McGee and his family moved into it before any windows or door were put in or even a floor laid. A blanket was hung up to do duty in the place of a door until one more substantial could be made. It was located on the northwest quarter of section 22, nearly one and a half miles north and about one-half mile west of where Van Fossen had settled. Who came next into the infant colony it would be difficult if not impossible to tell at this day, as no one then thought of keeping a record of the incoming emigrants. Indeed, one would have been kept quite busy in keeping an accurate record of the names of those that came into the infant settlement. Some came to stay for the remainder of their earthly pilgrimage, and some to tarry as it were but for a night.

Among those most deserving of honorable mention who came soon after the three families already mentioned, and before the first town meeting was held, may be named David Smalley with a large family of children, Dr. Edward Lewis, Isaac Van Fossen, Isaac Carpenter, Isaac N. Swain, William Spratt with four nearly grown-up sons, Leonard Stow, Roswell Hall, Charles Mason, Sherman Jacobs, Jesse B. Burroughs, Porter Lathrop, Charles Hancock, Joseph Drake, George McAllister, John M. Reed, Isaac Townsend, Jesse Gardner, Erastus B. Ganiard, Moses Benedict, Gilbert Striker, and some few others. These, however, comprised the leading and most influential of the earliest settlers of the township. Of these earliest settlers Mrs. A. M. Ganiard, the youngest daughter of Thomas McGee, and Mrs. Isaac Carpenter are believed to be the only ones still living in the township and who have lived in the township ever since they first came into it, Mrs. Ganiard in June, 1832, and Mrs. Carpenter in May, 1833.

The first child of white parents born in the township was Frederick McGee, who was born February 21, 1835. The first marriage that took place in the township, and indeed the first that took place in the two west rows of the townships in the county, was that of Sarah Jane McGee, the oldest daughter of Thomas McGee, which occurred December 4, 1833, the marriage ceremony having been performed by the Rev. Jason Parks, who had just settled in Sandstone, and whose name is still familiar with the oldest residents of that township.

At a meeting of the early settlers to consider and determine what name should be given to the town about to be organized, after considerable discussion of a number of names that had been proposed, Thomas McGee arose, and after stating to those assembled that they as neighbors and friends had always lived together in peace and har-

mony and that the utmost good feeling and neighborly kindness had uniformly prevailed among them ever since they had become neighbors and acquaintances, suggested that they call the name of the town Concord. His suggestion met with the hearty approval of all assembled, and Concord has since been the only name by which the township has been known.

Could I but bring before you a faithful picture of the natural beauty and loveliness of the township as it appeared in the spring of the year in those early days you would not be surprised at the rapidity of its settlement.

It was what is known as "oak openings," largely burr oak. There were no grubs or small growth of young timber, and no brush of any sort to hinder driving with a team all through the woods and all over the township. The only obstacles in the way were the marshes and rivers, and even these it was not difficult to find places where they could be readily crossed.

The virgin soil in most places was rich and fertile, and I have seen what we then called "brakes," but which would now be called a species of fern, two and a half to three feet high, so high and thick in fact that cattle lying down would be completely hidden from view at a distance of four or five rods. And sometimes beneath such a luxuriant growth wild strawberries were found on stems from two to four inches high. There were also wild flowers in great profusion scattered throughout the woods and the air for miles would be laden with their delicate perfume. It was indeed a fairy land, such as might well have been inhabited by fairies. The notes of the sweet songsters of the forest, and the hum of the busy bee, were heard on every hand in the balmy springtime. The forest trees with their rich foliage of green overhead, and the luxuriant vegetable growth beneath the feet, and the flowers in all their variegated colors in full bloom, and the sweet songs of the birds, and the drowsy hum of the busy bee, all combined to form a scene of beauty and grandeur which no pen can adequately describe and which must be seen to be fully appreciated and enjoyed. To get through a wilderness so full of beauty the early settlers followed for the most part an Indian trail. This was a narrow path made by the Indians and their ponies as they journeyed in single file from one place to another, and it was so well worn and firmly beaten that for many, *many* years after it had ceased to be used by the Indians it could easily be followed through the woods.

I need not tell you that the life of the early settlers was full of

toil and hardships, and that their first task after putting up their rude log cabins, was to clear and break up the virgin soil and sow and plant the necessary crops for their daily food. The provisions for the first year for my father's family all came from Detroit, about ninety miles distant, and the journey was always made with an ox team. About as serious an undertaking as it was in olden times when the sons of Jacob had to go down into Egypt to buy corn to keep the old folks from starving to death.

On one occasion when my father went to Detroit for a supply of provisions for the family, by reason of some unlooked for delays, he was unable to get home as soon as he expected into some two or three days. The provisions in the meantime had all been consumed. The only article left was some corn meal—so musty, however, that the cattle would not eat it. With this my mother made a "Johnny" cake for the children. This was the time, and the only time, so far as her children ever knew, when my mother's uniform cheerfulness and courage failed, and for a short time she gave way to such grief as only a wife and the mother of helpless children can feel under a depressing sense of loneliness and helplessness. The safe arrival of my father soon after restored her to her wonted cheerfulness, the clouds passed quickly away and never returned.

The first town meeting was held on the first Monday in April in the year 1836, and through the kindness of the present town clerk, George A. Stahley, Jr., I have been permitted to copy the record as made in that early day. It reads as follows:

"Pursuant to law, the inhabitants of the town of Concord convened at the dwelling house of William Van Fossen in said town on this first Monday in April, 1836, and were called to order by Jesse B. Burroughs, Esq. On motion of Mr. Burroughs, Thomas McGee, Esq., was chosen moderator and Isaac Van Fossen clerk of the meeting, *viva voce*. Said officers being duly sworn in by H. Thompson, Esq., and the board being duly formed and the meeting opened by proclamation, the meeting then adjourned to the store of Ira Jacobs.

The meeting being again opened at the store of Ira Jacobs, the following persons were voted for.

Thomas McGee was unanimously elected supervisor, having received forty-nine votes.

Isaac Van Fossen was unanimously elected town clerk, having received forty-seven votes.

Isaac N. Swain received thirty-eight votes for assessor; Jesse Gardner received forty-nine votes for assessor; William Van Fossen received

forty-eight votes for assessor. Being the highest numbers given, they were declared duly elected.

Charles Mason received thirty-one votes for collector and was elected.

John Acker and George McAllister each received ten votes and were elected directors of the poor.

Isaac Carpenter, Porter Lathrop and Reuben Luttendon were elected commissioners of highways.

Charles Mason, Noah French and Joseph Drake were elected constables.

Edward Lewis, Isaac N. Swain and Charles Hancock were elected commissioners of common schools.

Thomas McGee, Isaac Van Fossen, Luther L. Ward and Isaac N. Swain were elected justices of the peace.

The record further states: *"Voted,* That the sum of one dollar and a half be paid by the town as a bounty upon each wolf killed in this town." The next year the town voted to pay a bounty of five dollars for every full grown wolf killed in the town. Stimulated by the bounty offered as well as to prepare the way for the future raising of sheep and wool in the State, my father constructed a trap—we then called it a "dead-fall"—out of logs, one of which was supported by a "figure four," by means of which a number of wolves were captured and their pelts and the bounty offered helped to increase the very scanty income of the family. In those early days small favors were very thankfully received, and I may add, were made the most of.

From the number of votes polled at this first town meeting we can very readily fix with a good degree of accuracy, the population of the new township at that time as not far from two hundred souls.

In the spring of the year the early settlers had to keep a sharp look-out for forest fires. Whenever the smoke was seen to ascend above the trees in any direction no other alarm was needed to warn them of approaching danger, and everyone who was able, with hoes, rakes, or with whatever would best serve their purpose, at once took his place at the point where the danger appeared most imminent, prepared to battle with the approaching fire. This was usually best accomplished by a "back fire." Great care, however, had to be taken that the fire set to meet the approaching fire did not get away from those who had set it and so do the same damage it was intended to avert. To the early settlers the woods on fire at night was a sight at once wierd, grand, sublime and awful. Many a time at night have we followed behind the advancing line of fire and looked up at the wierd fantastic forms of the overhanging branches of the forest, as lit up

from beneath they appeared distinctly outlined and imbedded in the unfathomable darkness beyond. Such a sight once seen can never be forgotten and can never be adequately described in words.

Some of the ideas of justice in those early days found illustration in an incident that occurred to the family of my father, Thomas McGee, while being moved from Detroit to Jackson by a teamster named Dotey. They had reached a log tavern a little distance east of Ypsilanti just as it began to grow dark, and got permission from the landlord to stay over night, provided the family could furnish their own beds, a condition of affairs in those rude hostelries which was by no means rare in those early days. My mother went to the wagon to get a feather bed that had been carried on the outside of the load, when lo and behold it was not there. Dotey at once took the case in hand and soon discovered that some one had ridden on horseback up to the wagon and, as he thought, taken the bed. He at once went in pursuit of the thief and was not long in overtaking a man on horseback carrying a feather bed. At that time feather beds were not liable to be found on every bush by the roadside and although the man protested that he was innocent and that he found the bed in the road, yet the fact that there was no mud on the bed, with the further fact that his horse made a track precisely like the one by the wagon, made the chain of evidence against him very conclusive, and as the family could not stop to let the law have its slow and devious way in the matter, Dotey promptly took upon himself the three-fold duties of jury, judge and executioner. The jury promptly convicted the fellow of theft, the judge as promptly sentenced him to be immediately severely flogged, and Dotey, the executioner, retired with the culprit behind the log barn and with his horsewhip inflicted upon the offender the full sentence of the law.

The Indians were quite numerous in those early days and were not backward in making the acquaintance of the early settlers. They belonged to the tribe of Potawatomies. They were a lazy, mild, inoffensive tribe and were chiefly noted for being great beggars. If they found the men folks at home they were quite careful not to go too far in their importunities for provisions, but if Chee-mo-kee-man, the name by which they called a white man, was absent they would sometimes annoy the women of the house very much. The women, however, soon learned that if they opened the door and pointing to it told them to march-ee they usually got rid of their troublesome visitor. One day, however, an Indian came to the cabin of William Van

Fossen, who lived about one and a half miles from my father's log house, and having found out that Chee-mo-kee-man was absent and being somewhat under the influence of liquor, he became very importunate in his demands and abusive as well, and wanted the white squaw to give him pretty much everything there was in the house. Mrs. Van Fossen somewhat frightened at his insolence opened the door and pointing to it ordered him to march-ee. To her surprise and alarm he refused to budge an inch. He was armed with a rifle and she was alone and defenseless, without a weapon of any kind better than a broomstick. She took in the situation at once and, as the sailors say, "cleared the deck for action." Although very much frightened she concealed it all from him and, with apparent fearlessness, adroitly manœuvered around him until a favorable opportunity presented itself, when she suddenly sprang upon him and took his gun from him. She was then master of the situation and when she next ordered him to march-ee he marched. With the rifle in her hands and with the ability and disposition to use it, too, if necessity required, she stood guard over him, keeping him at a proper distance until her husband came, when his gun was given back to him and he sent away. This was the most serious episode with the Indains that occurred in Concord so far as I ever knew.

How true it is that none of us, women or men, ever know or can know of what stuff we are made until suddenly confronted with some imminent, supposed or real, peril demanding prompt decision and energetic, decisive action. Of quite a different character, however, was the episode my mother had with an Indian who had made our acquaintance. He fancied that the white squaw, as he called my mother, could cut and make any kind of a garment worn by a white man. The height of his ambition was to have a coat made like Chee-mo-kee-man's and he had, as the saying is, set his heart upon having one and so he proposed to my mother that she should make it for him. It was all in vain that she told him in the most positive manner that she could not make it. The more she told him so the more persistent and determined he was that she should. Like the girl who married her persistent lover to get rid of him, so my mother at last gave up and told him that if he would get the cloth and all the materials with which to make it she would undertake the job. It was not long before he brought to her a piece of blue broadcloth, with the necessary trimmings, including no small number of big, brass, bell buttons, which were all to be put on somewhere. She took his measure the best she could and the measurements she failed to get she guessed at. She cut

it out and sewed the pieces together, and when the buttons were all on, it would have reminded one of "old Grimes, that good old soul, who used to wear an old blue coat all buttoned down before."

Our Indian friend's coat, however, was not only "all buttoned down before," but the buttons were all sewed on the wrong side. Any one can see with half an eye that to an Indian who was not familiar with the use of bottons that he could use them as well on one side as the other. When finished it is quite doubtful if a fashionable tailor could have told what garment it was intended for without its being labeled "This is a coat." It certainly fitted him as well as the proverbial shirt did the bean pole, and it fitted him so much better than the blanket he had always been accustomed to wear, that he never noticed the wrinkling here and the bagging there, and the misfit everywhere. It can be truly said to the great credit of the Indian that he was not only perfectly satisfied with the garment, but paid in full the six silver dollars he had agreed to pay. It suffices to say that the incident was the source of a great deal of merriment in the family for years after. No one now, of the many who get on and off at the railroad station in Concord thinks to ask if there had ever been any other railroad surveyed and established through the town, and if such a question should be asked he would no doubt be told by any of the present inhabitants that there never had been. But such, however, would not be the truth. As early as 1838 or 1839 a road had been surveyed, a station established and the road put in full operation. It was afterwards known as the "Underground Railroad,"[1] and carried passengers only.

It was the first railroad laid out and put into operation in the State, and was operated so safely that during all the time it did business no person was ever known to be killed or injured on its line. It was entirely unlike the present railroad system, in that it required the keeper of every station to deliver all passengers taken in by him at the next station in good condition and at his own expense. It is true that there were no regular hours for the arrival and departure of trains, but the station was always open, both night and day, for business. The termini of the road were Mason and Dixon's line at one end and Canada at the other. The only class of persons permitted to travel or be transported over the road were the slaves from the South in search of an asylum from their oppressors.

I well remember the man who surveyed the route and established a station at my father's house. His name was Rev. John Cross, residing at some place in Indiana.

[1]See vol. XXXVIII, pp. 279-285 this series.

Many slaves, both men and women, were assisted by my father on their way to Canada and to freedom.

In the early dusk of the evening when objects began to look hazy and indistinct have I seen the horse team silently harnessed and hitched to the lumber wagon and driven around to the door, then the poor, hunted fugitives from slavery would come quietly out of the house, where they had been carefully concealed during the day, and take their places in the wagon, with an older brother in the driver's seat, and a scarcely audible but earnest "God speed," and a moment after they would be on their way to the next station in Jackson and to a land of freedom in Canada.

How like a dream of the night it now all seems, that there should ever have been a time in the free State of Michigan and within the memory of living men when it was necessary to take men, women and children stealthily and by night in order to escape in safety from a cruel bondage to a land of liberty. And how strange, too, it seems that the doing of such an act of humanity should subject one to fines and imprisonment. Such, however, is the true record of history.

The traveler of today, as he visits the flourishing village of Concord, will notice in the western part of the village a large, elegant school building, evidencing to him very clearly the great interest the inhabitants take in the education of the young. It is always a pleasant duty to record such evidences of advancing civilization of a community, and to trace back to its fountain head the characteristics of the people when so manifest and pronounced. In the present instance it is easy to do this, for there can be no doubt that it can be traced along the backward track of evolution to the first school which was opened for scholars in 1835 and was taught by Miss Mary McGee in a little lean-to built on to the one-story log cabin of Deacon David Smalley, and was located in the northwest corner of the southwest quarter of section twenty-two. Thus proving again, if any proof were needed, the truth of the old adage that "great oaks from little acorns grow."

After Mary McGee came Miss Hannah Burroughs, who "swayed the rod and taught the young ideas how to fire." One of her favorite methods to coerce the larger boys to master the mysteries of the multiplication table and the abstruse ways of science, while not savage or inhuman, was very much dreaded by the luckless victim, but its effect was very salutory indeed, and seldom failed in its object. I can assure everyone that upon this point my testimony is reliable and recollection most vivid. She compelled the delinquent boy to take off his jacket

before the whole school and hang it up in a convenient place; then placing in his hands a good whip, she commanded him to lay on McDuff fashion until he acknowledged before the school that it was his opinion that thereafter the offending garment would master the lesson. It was seldom necessary to repeat the operation with the same scholar.

Balloon frames for houses, barns and other buildings were unknown in the early pioneer days. The sills, posts, beams, plates, etc., constituting the main part of the frame were all made of hewn timber, put together with tenon and mortise and securely fastened with wooden pins, and it required the united strength of a goodly number of strong men to raise them to their proper position and fasten them together. Consequently, the raising of a frame house or barn was an event that called together the entire neighborhood, and it was very seldom that any one invited to assist on such an occasion failed to be present. The event was looked forward to by the boys of the neighborhood with great satisfaction, as it gave them a half holiday from the labors of the farm and enabled them to enjoy a game of base ball after the building had been raised. The women folks, also at the place where the raising was to be, were very busy about that time in baking pumpkin pies, gingerbread and cookies and frying doughnuts by the bushel basket full—all for the men and boys to eat after the building was raised. There was also plenty of hot coffee, well sweetened, brought from the house to wash it all down with.

I can even now with my mind's eye see the boss carpenter as he took his place upon the bent with his steel square in his hand and ordered the men to take their places. At the foot of each post was placed a strong man, who was known to be careful and a man of good judgment, with an iron bar or handspike to hold it and keep it in place while the bent was being raised. When all were at their places the boss carpenter gave the word, "All ready! He, O, heave!" As the last word was pronounced the bent was lifted, and if not very heavy and there was enough help, it would not stop until it stood upright. Sometimes, however, when the timbers were large and the frame heavy it required the utmost strength to raise the bents and great care in order to avoid any accident. I remember of but one serious accident having occurred in the township. That occurred at the raising of the Brown gristmill. When the bent was partly up the foot of the post slipped from its place and the bent fell, and Charles Brown, the oldest son, was caught beneath it and killed. When the frame was up and rafters on, the pumpkin pie and the gingerbread

and doughnuts and coffee were brought out by the women folks and each one helped himself to all he could eat and drink. The next thing in order was to select a good place and two of the young men chose sides and they played ball until it was time to go to their several homes.

It seems to me now as I look back and recall those early days that the young people enjoyed their sports and games and entered into them with far more zest than young people do at the present day. There was no feeling of envy or superiority, or the feeling that you don't belong to my set. All were on a level, and everyone was just as good as any other.

The character of the early settlers of Concord is deserving of a few moments' consideration. A goodly number of them came from eastern New York and Vermont, and none of them belonged to that class who "leave their country for their country's good." They were hardy, industrious and honest. They were fully alive to and tenacious of their own rights and at the same time recognized the fact that their neighbors, without regard to their condition, possessed the same rights and were entitled to the same consideration and an equal chance in the battle of life with themselves. The rude log cabins erected in the wilderness were not only the home of the family, but the traveler found there also a whole-souled hospitality and was made welcome at all times to the best the humble home could give.

It is simply astonishing to think what an enormous capacity those small log cabins had in those early days to accommodate guests. Just how many could be accommodated in one house was never known, as no matter how many had been already received there was always room for a few more. The hut of the early pioneers of Concord was not only used as a hostelry for travelers, but upon the Sabbath it was used for the holding of religious services as well. Instead of working in the fields or hunting or fishing upon the Sabbath day, it was the custom of the early settlers of Concord to quietly assemble together in some one of their houses for religious worship. A prayer would be offered and a sermon would be read, and nearly all would join in the singing of some old, familiar hymn. This was the usual way in which the Sabbath was spent when the weather was warm and pleasant.

These weekly meetings were held sometimes in one settler's cabin and sometimes in another, but wherever held all were made welcome, and the carriages that brought the women and children were the lumber wagons drawn by ox teams. Indeed for a good many years I

never knew or heard of any of the early pioneers of Concord, so far forget to "remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy," as to pursue their ordinary labors on that day.

If a minister of any religious persuasion happened to come into the town he was importuned to preach, and the boys were sent out to notify all the neighbors when and where the preaching would be. As soon as a schoolhouse was built it served the purpose of a meeting house and religious services were held there instead of in private houses. These religious observances by the first settlers of Concord produced their natural and legitimate fruit in the early organization of the Presbyterian, Baptist and Methodist churches and the building of their respective houses of worship in the village of Concord.

Let no one, however, think that all the early settlers were by any means religious. But it is true that they all possessed so much respect for religion, and so much regard for the feelings and sentiments of their neighbors who were religious, that their outward conduct was on the whole favorable to morality and religion in the community.

The kindness and active sympathy manifested for each other by the early settlers of Concord in times of sickness and bereavement were very marked and gratifying. Every assistance that one neighbor could render another at such times was generously and freely given and the burden made as light as possible. They were also in a more than ordinary measure deserving of public confidence and trust, and no small number of public offices were filled by them and have been filled by their children with credit to themselves and to the satisfaction of the public, and in no instance did they, nor have their children, proved false to their official obligations and duties.

The early settlers of Concord have mostly passed away. Their memory still lingers amid the scenes of their early struggles and their triumphs. Their best monuments are not the sculptured marble that marks the last resting place of many of them, but rather the institutions, religious, educational and political, they assisted in founding and which will continue to live and bless the land long after the marble monuments shall have crumbled to dust and the spot "that once knew them shall know them no more forever." They were worthy, indeed, to be the partakers in the glory of those who lay the foundations of institutions upon which is reared a great and prosperous commonwealth, concerning which all its loyal citizens can earnestly, sincerely and ever pray, *let it be perpetual.*

A CATHOLIC PRIEST IN CONGRESS.—SKETCH OF REV. GABRIEL RICHARD

BY HON. THOMAS A. E. WEADOCK,[1] M. C.

[Read before the United States Catholic Historical Society on February 28, 1892, and before the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society, June 1, 1892]

Rev. Gabriel Richard was one of the historic characters of Michigan, and in reality one of the notable men of his time, but the fame of the clergyman, like that of the lawyer, is ephemeral. They are not seekers of fame though often makers of history.

When this society, through the learned Dr. Shea,[1] honored me with an invitation to read a paper on Father Richard, it was my purpose to write a brief connected story of his life, and especially that portion of it which was spent in the national legislature; but on reading "A Sketch of the Life and Times of the Very Reverend Gabriel Richard, R. C., Pastor of St. Anne's Church, Detroit, 1798-1832," written by a member of this society, Richard R. Elliott, Esq., of Detroit, and published in The Michigan Catholic, that idea was abandoned. Another very complete sketch was written by one of Father Richard's parishioners, James A. Girardin, Esq., of Detroit, and read by him before the Historical Society of Wayne County, in 1872. It appears in Volume I, Michigan Pioneer Collections. A brief sketch of him, under the title of "Un Martyr de la Charité" was published by Lefort, of Lille, France.

Father Richard's life affords material for a volume, but the limits of this paper forbid more than an outline sketch of a man, who, born of a good family in France, emigrated to America to fill a professor's chair in St. Mary's College; then became a zealous missionary among the Indian and half-breed settlements in distant Illinois and Michigan; who set up the first printing press[1] west of the Alleghanies; who was

[1]See appendix.

so patriotic in his adopted land that he was made a prisoner of war by the British general at Detroit, after Hull's surrender; who was vice-president and held six professorships in the University of Michigan;[1] the associate of Lewis Cass;[2] and who was the only catholic priest who ever sat in the congress of the United States.

The writer, in order to complete this article begs leave to insert a short biographical sketch, penned by Rev. Francis Vincent Badin, who was assistant to Father Richard at St. Anne's, and was with him at his death. It appeared in the Democratic Free Press, September 27, 1832.

"We are indebted to the Rev. Mr. Badin and one of our citizens, for the following biographical sketch relative to the reverend deceased whose death we noticed last week.

"'Mr. Richard was born at Saintes, in France, on the 15th day of October, 1764,* His father was a gentleman of distinction, and his mother a descendant of the learned Bossuet.[3] He was educated at the College of Angers and received ecclesiastical orders at the Catholic Theological Seminary at Paris in 1790. On account of the revolution he left his native land† under the directions of the Rev. Mr. Emery, for America, where he had conferred upon him, prior to his departure, the appointment of professor of mathematics in St. Mary's College at Baltimore, Md. Shortly afterward he was called as a missionary and sent to Kaskaskia, Illinois, to preach the gospel to the Indians. Six years were devoted to this useful employment with the greatest solicitude and ceaseless industry, and his mind during that period, as he often said, seemed to be much enlarged and strengthened in teaching the children of the forest the rudiments of education and of gospel freedom.‡ In 1798 his labors as a missionary ceased, and he came to this city and founded the present church of St. Anne. The difficulties which he had to encounter were great and by many of the people are too well remembered to require further mention here. In 1809 he visited Boston, and while on his visit he purchased a printing press and type, with which he

*1767—see his application for citizenship.

†In 1792.

‡He continued to make missionary visits long afterward. In 1820 he visited Green Bay in that capacity, the first to do so since 1745. *Captain Augustus Grignon, Recollections of Wisconsin, Wisconsin Historical Collection,* III, 261.

In 1823 he visited the missions on the northern and western shores of Michigan, and was conducted by Indians to the spot (near what is now Ludington, Michigan, but which was Pere Marquette until its incorporation in 1874), where Marquette died and was first buried, and where Father Richard erected a wooden cross, carving thereon with his penknife Father John Marquette died here 9th May, 1675. *Shea's Catholic Missions Among the Indians.*

He was at Mackinac on June 3, 1799, and extended his visits to Sault Ste. Marie and Arbor Croche, and was there again in August, 1821, as the parish register shows.

E. O. Brown *"The Parish Register at Mackinac,"* Chicago, 1889. *Shea's Life and Times of Archbishop Carroll,* 488.

[1]See appendix.

[2]Gen. Cass succeeded Gen. Hull.

[3]Jacques Benigne Bossuet, French bishop of Meaux and pulpit orator, born 1627, died 1764.

commenced the publication of a newspaper (partly) in the French language, called the "Michigan Essay."* Several numbers of this publication were issued, but there being no regular mails and the population of the territory being scattered, he found it advisable to suspend publication. He then commenced publishing religious books[2] on his own church. The laws of the territory were published, and all the printing that was required was executed under his direction.

"'In 1812, after the surrender of Hull, he was taken prisoner and sent to Sandwich (Canada), where he remained in the discharge of his ministerial duties and in redeeming those citizens who had been taken by the Indians. In this work of mercy his exertions were great, and many by his efforts were redeemed from the terrors and torments which wait upon the death of an Indian captive.

"'He soon returned to this place, and finding his country devastated by a foreign foe and a remnant of his people left entirely destitute of grain and provisions, he purchased a large quantity of wheat for seed, which he refused to sell for money, but distributed it gratuitously to the poor and destitute.

"'In 1817 he commenced the stone chapel of St. Anne, and could this edifice be finished according to his original draft it would be a great ornament to our city.†

"'In 1813 he was elected a delegate to Congress, where he faithfully discharged his duties, and his exertions for the territory and his success will long be remembered by our enterprising citizens. Notwithstanding his numerous acts of charity and duty he has faithfully and successfully discharged his duties to the church. He has at all times been its eloquent and faithful defender, using his logical powers with the greatest precision upon all important questions. He spoke and wrote seven different languages, and the extent of his reading and his finished scholastic education rendered him a highly acceptable acquaintance to every man of erudition. His attachment to American institutions and principles of liberty has too often been manifested to need commendation at this time.

"'During this season, and particularly while the cholera prevailed in this place, he was successful in his endeavors to assuage the disease and soothe the afflicted. He was often called from his bed to all parts

*August 31, 1809, 4 pages, 4 columns to a page, 9½ by 16 inches, 4 copies in Ex. The Essai du Michigan or Observateur. Impartial printed on hand press brought overland from Baltimore in 1809, 1½ columns French, balance of 16 English. Farmer's *History of Detroit*.

[2] See Elliott's sketch for books printed and translated.

†June 11, 1805, it was burned with the city. The corner-stone of the new St. Anne's was laid June 1, 1818, and the next year Father Richard issued "shinplasters" to aid in rebuilding. These were counterfeited and caused him much trouble.

of his parish to visit the sick in their last and painful struggle. He had no fear of the disease while attending those ready to be borne to their long homes, and such was his anxiety for his parishioners, that he utterly neglected his own health, and he finally sank under his exertions and the debilitating effects of diarrhœa. The disease assumed an alarming appearance on the 9th, and the deceased though suffering with but little pain continued to grow worse until the 12th, when he was told by Rev. Mr. Badin that his end was near. He expressed his willingness to die, and wished that the blessed sacrament might be administered, and immediately after uttered these words: "Nunc dimittis servum tuum Domini secundum verbum tuum in pace."[1] Shortly after he was asked if the extreme unction should be administered, he gave a silent consent and seemed to long to be with his blessed Saviour. His pulse continued to beat until ten minutes past three o'clock, a. m., when his soul, tired and disgusted with the affairs of this fleeting world, winged its way to Him who gave it, and left the church to mourn the loss of one of her most learned bishops.

" 'During his sickness his room was filled with all classes of citizens wishing to aid their worthy and departing friend. His funeral was attended at four o'clock in the afternoon by a numerous concourse, and by estimation more than two thousand people of all ranks and denominations followed the remains of this profound scholar and firm supporter of the catholic faith, this worthy friend and true lover of American liberty, to the cold and silent grave."

At first he was buried in the cemetery, but years afterward his remains were exhumed and placed in a vault in St. Anne's church, Detroit, where they remained until the property was sold, and then they were transferred to the new St. Anne's, and in a vault under the steps of the marble altar, his earthly remains have found a final resting place.

Farmer says that he was the best known of the older priests. He always took an interest in public affairs. He was chaplain of the first regiment of Michigan militia, under appointment of April 30, 1805.

He opened by request one of the sessions of the first territorial council of Michigan, with a prayer that the "legislators would make laws for the people, and not for themselves."

Father Richard's parish extended from Sandusky to St. Joseph, and on the south to Ft. Wayne, according to Dr. Shea. The tithes he commuted into a subscription of $600, and was indefatigable in endeavoring to improve the condition of his people in every way. Especially did he give his attention to educational matters.

[1] "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word."

He translated several devotional and educational works, which he printed.

In 1804, he established a ladies' academy and also a school for young men, he teaching Latin, history, etc. These did not survive the great fire of 1805.

In 1817 the university of Michigan was founded. Its first president was Rev. John Monteith, a Presbyterian, who also held seven professorships, while Father Richard was vice president, and held six professorships, and the two constituted the faculty of what was termed, in the sounding title invented by Judge Woodward, "The Catholepistemiad, or University of Michigania." The language of the erratic pendant, in so far as it relates to the subject of this paper, in the act referred to, may be interesting:

"13th, A didaxia, or professorship of ennœcia, or intellectual sciences, embracing all the epistemium, or sciences relative to the minds of animals, to the human mind, to spiritual existences, to the duty of religion the didactor or professor of which shall be vice president of the institution.* The salary of the vice president, Father Richard, who also held six professorships, was $18.75 per annum."

Under the act of April 30, 1821, Father Richard was made a trustee of the university.

IN CONGRESS

One thousand eight hundred and twenty-three was an eventful year in territorial politics in Michigan. John Biddle, a new comer, was register of the land office at Detroit, a brother of Nicholas Biddle, president of the United States Bank, and lately an officer in the regular army, was a candidate for congress, and so was ex-Sheriff Austin E. Wing, a well-known and popular citizen. Whitney, McCloskey and John R. Williams were also candidates.

Father Richard saw an opportunity to assist St. Anne's by becoming a delegate in congress, and devoting his salary to the church. The other candidates did not dream of Richard's election, but the vote was: Richard, 444; Biddle, 421; Wing, 335; Whitney, 165; McCloskey, 164; Williams, 51. Niles Register for October 11, 1823, said: "Mr. Gabriel Richard, a Roman Catholic priest, has been elected a delegate from Michigan territory. This is probably the first instance of the kind in the United States." His district extended from Detroit to the Mississippi.

*President Angell's address, semi-centennial of Michigan University.

There were many Catholics in the territory, but Father Richard's vote was not confined to them, as he was always popular with his protestant fellow citizens, but Williams was a Catholic and led a factional opposition against him. He was one of the marguillers[1] of St. Anne's. On account of Father Richard's candidacy, he (Williams) resigned his office in the church, never returned to it, and his descendants now deny that he ever was a Catholic.[2] This defection caused him to lose enough votes to be defeated in his second canvass.

In the meantime Father Richard, in the course of his duty, had denounced or excommunicated one of his flock, who had obtained a secular divorce and re-married. He brought suit against Father Richard and obtained a judgment against him for $1,116. This amount he could not and would not pay, and having no property he was imprisoned at Detroit for three or four weeks. The first knowledge of his imprisonment was obtained by a parishioner hearing him singing sacred songs in the jail. Three of his parishioners, Louis Beaufait, Charles Rivard and Louis Berthelet, became his sureties ("for the limits" undoubtedly) and he left his prison to take his seat with Clay, Webster and John Randolph, of Roanoke, in the eighteenth congress.

In many of the sketches of Father Richard, and other references to him, he is spoken of as the first territorial delegate from Michigan. This is an error. William Woodbridge was the first, Solomon Sibley second, Gabriel Richard third. Farmer *supra*, says he was delegate from 1824 to 1829. Another error, as he served but a single term.

The National Intelligencer of December, 1823, printed the names of members of congress, and among them Richard, and announced that owing to favorable weather nearly a hundred were in attendance. It also stated with a naivité which charms us now, that "The gentlemen spoken of for speaker are all on the ground and in excellent health, reports to the contrary notwithstanding."

On Monday, December 8, 1823, Gabriel Richard appeared, produced his credentials, was qualified, and took his seat as the delegate from the territory of Michigan (Annals of Eighteenth Congress, volume 1, p. 803).

On the 11th of December, a Mr. Scott presented a petition of John Biddle, praying that the election and return of Gabriel Richard as the delegate for the territory of Michigan, may be set aside, and his seat vacated, on the ground that said Richard was not at the time of his election, nor is he yet a citizen of the United States, and that he had not resided one year in said territory in the capacity of a citizen pre-

[1]Marguillers is the term for church warden or official in the Roman Catholic Church.
[2]C. M. Burton, MSS.

vious to the election, which petition was referred to the committee on elections.

This committee was composed of Hon. John Sloane, of Ohio; Mr. Mallory, Mr. Ball, Mr. Tucker, of South Carolina; Mr. Standefer, Mr. Hall, of North Carolina; and Mr. Thompson, of Kentucky.

On January 13, 1824, Mr. Sloane, from the committee, made an unfavorable report on Biddle's petition, which was tabled.

Among other things the report says:

"By the documents which have been referred, it appears that the sitting delegate is a native of France, that he emigrated to the United States in 1792, with the intention of residing and has so resided until the present time; that in June, 1823, he made application to the court of Wayne county, in the territory of Michigan, then holding in the city of Detroit, and was admitted to become a citizen of the United States."

After reviewing the law, saying that no statute required that a delegate should be a citizen, and referred to the acts of February 16, 1819, and March 3, 1823, the report concludes:

"From a careful examination of the case in all its bearings and relations, the committee are impelled to the conclusion that the sitting delegate (Father Richard) was at the time of his election, a citizen of the United States, possessed of all the constitutional and legal qualifications to render him eligible to a seat in the present congress, and do therefore submit the following resolution:

"*Resolved,* That Gabriel Richard is entitled to a seat in this house as a delegate from the territory of Michigan."

On February 2, 1825, congress ordered that John Biddle, who contested the election of Gabriel Richard, have leave to withdraw his memorial and documents. The sitting delegate was consequently confirmed in his seat. (Volume 1, Contested Congressional Elections, 430.)

As the citizenship of Father Richard was the question in the contest over his seat, his application and the order of the court is here inserted.

COUNTY COURT OF THE COUNTY OF WAYNE IN THE TERRITORY OF MICHIGAN

Of the term of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-three.

The admission of Gabriel Richard as a citizen of the United States.

Wayne County, ss.

Be it remembered, that on the twenty-eighth day of June in the same term of June, before the chief justice and the associate justices of our county court aforesaid, at the council house in the city of Detroit, came Gabriel Richard, of the

county of Wayne aforesaid, and presented to our said court, before the justices then there, his petition praying to be made a citizen of the United States, in conformity with the provisions of the laws thereof, which said petition is in the following words, that is to say:

To the Honorable Court in and for the county of Wayne:

I, the undersigned, having reported myself to the clerk of said court, on the ninth day of June, 1823, according to law, wherein I have declared my intention to be made a citizen of the United States, according to the provisions of an act entitled "An act to establish a uniform rule of naturalization, and to repeal the acts heretofore passed on that subject," passed on the 14th day of April, 1802; and also an act entitled "An act to establish a uniform rule of naturalization, and to repeal the acts heretofore passed on that subject," passed on the 26th of March, 1804, in conformity with the said intention, I now pray that the honorable court may admit me as a citizen of the United States of America, as in duty bound I will ever pray.

GABRIEL RICHARD.

Detroit, June 16, 1822.

And the report aforesaid follows in these words:

"The undersigned being desirous to be made a citizen of the United States of America, does report himself to the clerk of the county court in and for the county of Wayne, territory of Michigan, as follows, viz.: He (Gabriel Richard) was born in the town of Saintes, in France, on the fifteenth day of October, in the year one thousand seven hundred and sixty-seven. Left France on the ninth day of April, in the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-two; that he owed allegiance to the king of France at the time of his departure, landed in the city of Baltimore, state of Maryland, in the United States of America, on the twenty-fourth day of June in the same year, with the intention of residing in the said United States, within the jurisdiction of which he has resided until this date.

GABRIEL RICHARD.

To Thomas Rowland, Esq., Clerk of the County Court in and for the county of Wayne:

And the said Gabriel Richard further presented to our said court, before our justices thereof, aforesaid, the affidavit of John McDonnell of said county, in the words following, that is to say:

TERRITORY OF MICHIGAN, }
Wayne County, } ss.

Personally appeared before me, the undersigned, a justice of the peace in and for the county of Wayne aforesaid, John McDonnell,[1] Esq., who being duly sworn deposeth and saith, that he is well acquainted with Gabriel Richard, a resident of the county of Wayne aforesaid, and that he has been a resident one year or more in the territory of Michigan previous to this date, and that in the opinion and belief of this deponent the said Gabriel Richard is of good moral character and attached to the principles of the constitution of the United States, and well disposed to the good order and happiness of the same.

Subscribed and sworn this twenty-eighth day of June, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-three.

J. MCDONNELL.

Sworn to and subscribed before me the 28th day of June, 1823.

GEORGE MCDOUGALL,
Justice of the Peace.

[1]See *Michigan Biographies* p. 447.

And the said Gabriel Richard, before the justices of our county court aforesaid, at the council house aforesaid, took and subscribed the following oath, to wit:

I, Gabriel Richard, a resident of the territory of Michigan, do solemnly swear that I will support the constitution of the United States of America.

And further do I solemnly and absolutely and utterly renounce and adjure all allegiance and fidelity to every foreign prince, potentate, state or sovereignty whatever, and particularly I do hereby renounce and abjure all allegiance and fidelity to the king of France, of whom I was formerly a subject, so help me God.

GABRIEL RICHARD.

Whereupon the said court, Chief Justice Fletcher dissenting, do order and adjudge that the said Gabriel Richard be admitted to become a citizen of the United States of America, and that he receive a certificate of citizenship accordingly.

June 28, 1823.*

December 10, 1823, he presented petitions relating to lands and roads. On December 10, 1823, he presented petitions from citizens of Michigan for assistance, in lands, to aid in construction of the public road from Fort Meigs to Detroit, and another from citizens of Monroe. On December 17, 1823, he presented a petition from the trustees of the University of Michigan, praying that the land granted to the University be located in separate and detached parcel, instead of locating same in entire townships. (Vols. 1-70.)

On December 30, on motion of Richard, it was resolved to inquire into the expediency of establishing a post road from Mt. Clemens to Fultonville.

December 31, he presented a petition from the trustees of St. Anne's church, Detroit, for the extension of streets in Detroit.

On January 5, 1824, he presented H. B. Brevoort's petition.

February 25, 1824, he offered a resolution instructing a committee to inquire into the expense of establishing a district court for Michigan.

On March 2, 1824, on motion of Mr. Richard, the committee on roads and canals was instructed to inquire into the expediency of constructing a road from Detroit or Pontiac to Chicago.

Congress adjourned on May 27, and Father Richard returned to his church at Detroit.

The second session opened December 6, 1824, and on the 10th of that month Father Richard, with his fellow members, received General Lafayette in the house of representatives.

On January 28, 1825, the house being in committee of the whole on the bill to authorize the surveying and opening of a road from Detroit to Chicago, in the State of Illinois, and Speaker Clay having invited the delegate from Michigan to present a statement of facts bearing on

*I am indebted to C. M. Burton, Esq., of Detroit, for this record.

the bill, Mr. Richard rose and went into an exposition of the bill, of which the following is an abstract:

"Everybody," said Mr. Richard, "knows that the contemplated road is of the greatest importance, not only to the territory of Michigan, but also to the general government, and the consequence is that it ought to be done immediately. The road will connect the east of the Union with the west. The grand canal of New York will be completed next July. When the said canal is finished we consider Detroit in contact with New York.

"Last fall I was on Lake St. Clair, on board a vessel built during the preceding winter, with a movable keel, ready and calculated to go down through Lake Erie, and the whole of the canal, to land at the battery in New York.

"In relation to our military operations, the utility of a road across the peninsula of Michigan from Detroit to Chicago is obvious. This road will afford a facility to transport munitions of war, provisions and troops to Chicago, Green Bay, Prairie du Chien, St. Peter's river, etc. When our upper lakes are frozen an easy communication will be constantly kept open in sleighs on the snow. Everybody knows that during the last war, for want of a proper road across the Black swamp, our government incurred an expenditure of ten or twelve millions of dollars, which would have been avoided by having a good road made in due time.

"Make this road now, when you have the full sovereignty over the Territory of Michigan, before it becomes an independent State, and you may easily anticipate how beneficial this road will be to your finances. There are more than seventeen millions of acres of generally good and fertile land[1] in Michigan proper (without speaking of the 94,000,000 of acres in the Northwest Territory. Without a road to go to these lands they have no value. We are credibly informed that on our inland seas, I mean Lakes Erie, St. Clair, Huron and Michigan, no less than one hundred and fifty vessels are plying up and down, on board of which whole families do come sometimes with their wagons, horses, sheep and milk cows, land in Detroit, ready to go in search of good land, to settle on it, and having their money ready to give to the receiver of the land office. No road to go into that immense wilderness! What disappointment! During about twelve months last elapsed more than $100,000 have been actually paid into the hands of the receiver of public money in the Territory of Michigan for land purchased. How much more would have been paid if the proposed road

[1]See U. S. Surveyor Edward Tiffin's report vol. X pp. 61-62, this series.

had been made? We can learn from the commissioner of the general land office that about ten surveyors have been employed in surveying public lands in the Territory of Michigan in the interior, between Detroit and Chicago during the last winter. These lands will soon be advertised to be sold. If there is no road to come to them, who will purchase them? But let this road be made; let it be determined by this house that it shall be made; then you will have purchasers enough; they will come as a torrent from the Eastern States. It cannot be questioned that the land along the intended road will sell for two or three hundred per cent more than it would if there were no such road; and so in nearly the same proportion the adjacent lands will be increased in price. If you ask me what will this road cost? I beg leave to answer it will cost nothing to the government. I might say it will cost less than nothing. The half of the land along the road only will, after the road is made, sell for a great deal more than the whole would without the road. What an immense profit for your treasury you can derive from the sale of this immense wilderness, which remains entirely unprofitable if you have no road to come at it. This road is, therefore, to be beneficial to your finances, your military operations and to all parts of the Union as well as to Michigan itself, as it will afford all kinds of encouragement to the citizens of the Eastern States, who wish to emigrate to the beautiful and fertile lands of the west.

"As to the amendment proposed to the second section of the bill, by the gentleman from Tennessee, I have no hesitation to state to the house that the present executive of the Territory of Michigan (Hon. Lewis Cass) has, during a long residence in the said Territory, acquired all requisite information and knowledge of the local circumstances; he has traversed this wilderness on horseback from Chicago to Detroit; he knows every foot of it. During his long administration he has given ample proof of his abilities; he has discharged the duties of his office so as to give general satisfaction to the people, and his attachment to the interest of the general government is well known to all the officers of the government, and to the honorable members of this house; he is, therefore, the best qualified person to take the direction of the contemplated road. It would be even desirable that he should have the appointment of the commissioners and their assistants. He would find on the very spot men who had often traveled through the said wilderness, and are acquainted with all the Indian trails which intersect it, and who, for one dollar a day, would do the work better than gentlemen

appointed by the president, who might be tempted to spin out the time to increase their pay, at three dollars per day. I trust, therefore, that the honorable gentlemen of this house will pass the bill in its present shape, without any other amendment but the following, that is, to fill the blank in the third section with the amount, $1,500." (Congressional Debates, volume 1,374.)

The amount was made $3,000, and the committee rose. This was his only speech, so far as the records show. The second session of the eighteenth congress began December 6, 1824, and ended March 3, 1825. The bill for the Detroit and Chicago road, a portion of which is the Michigan avenue of Detroit, passed the House February 2, 1825, and the senate on March 2, 1825, and was signed by the president and became a law on the last day of the session when Father Richard's congressional career ended. It should be remembered that Father Richard was a delegate entitled only to sit and have a voice, but no vote in the house. He was indefatigable in his efforts for the Indian missions, and though no record is found, he undoubtedly presented the petition of the Ottawa Indian chief Hawk and others, sent in 1823 to the Secretary of War for a return of the "black gowns."

At the election in 1825, Rev. Gabriel Richard was a candidate for re-election, and John Biddle and Austin E. Wing were also striving for the place. The election was held May 31.

Mr. Richard had been elected before by the solid vote of the Catholics, but one of his strongest catholic adherents, Gen. John R. Williams,[1] had deserted him with a considerable following and it was unlikely that he could again obtain votes enough to elect him.

After election it was questionable who had received the most votes, and the contest was raised before the board of canvassers, which consisted of William Woodbridge, Secretary of the Territory, Robert Abbott, Territorial Treasurer, and Charles Larned, Attorney General.

The board of canvassers met August 2, 1825, and threw out enough votes, as illegal, to give the certificate of election to Mr. Wing, and the contest was thus removed from Detroit to Washington, where it hung along till pretty near the expiration of the term of office, and was then decided in favor of Mr. Wing.

The figures were: Biddle, 739; Wing, 728; Richard, 714.

Father Richard contested on the ground of intimidation of his supporters by the election officers, whereby sixty or eighty votes were lost to him. His friends were active, but the certificate was finally given to Wing.

The board reached this result by setting aside all but nine of the

[1]For sketch see vol. 29, p. 491.

Sault St. Marie votes, because only that number had paid their territorial tax, this left the returns as finally canvassed:

Austin E. Wing, 728; Gabriel Richard, 724; John Biddle, 689.

Father Richard's friends protested by resolution against this action, because the board did not also reject votes against him for the same reasons that they rejected votes in his favor, and if this had been done he would have been re-elected.

December 12, 1825, Gabriel Richard's memorial, signed by himself, complaining that injustice had been done him in returning Austin E. Wing as delegate from Michigan, was laid before the house by the speaker, Mr. Taylor, and was referred to the committee on elections.

The first reason, as stated in the memorial, was:

"That there was evident partiality exercised at the polls by some of the presiding officers at the elections, friendly to the other candidates, and many were admitted to vote for them who were not legal voters.

Second, That the election was not fair and legal for (the) reason that many of his friends and supporters, who would have voted for him were driven from the polls by force.

Third, That the canvassers have erred in giving the certificate of election to Mr. Wing, inasmuch as they ought to have given the same to this claimant.

On October 24, 1825, Richard wrote a long letter to Hon. John Sloane, stating his claims, and a portion of the letter is apt and I quote it:

"It is supposed that Major Biddle will go to contest the election. In my humble opinion if all the affidavits presented to the canvassers are sent to congress, the house will see more than is necessary to reject the whole election and order a new election.

However it is the pretty general opinion here that I ought to have the certificate, inasmuch that there is no doubt that I had the greatest number of legal votes (as Mr. Wing himself has told me) a witness has testified that I had lost sixty votes, in his opinion, in the poll held at Detroit, only in consequence of the fraud, tricks and violence practiced on the day of election. * * * * *

Moreover I cannot go to Washington, because I am detained within the limits of the county of Wayne, where I reside, for a lawsuit of which Mr. Clay and Mr. G. W. Taylor, of New York (speaker of the nineteenth congress) can acquaint you with the particular circumstances.

But I wish you may have the goodness to write me your advice

upon the case and direct me what I may do. Would it not be possible that congress might send me a subpœna as I might be a witness in the contest (between Biddle and Wing)? By this means I might be present and ready to take advantage of the circumstances. Please to write me before you start for Washington.

With high consideration and esteem

I am your humble and obedient servant,

GABRIEL RICHARD.

On December 14, 1825, Father Richard notified "The Honorable, the Speaker of the House of Representatives in Congress," of his contest. The document is written in his usual strong hand, but shows evident care. He refers to the documents submitted by him, asks that they be submitted and considered, that the "House of Representatives will be the better able to form a correct determination as to the final result of this contested election and make such a decision as may comport with equity and justice.

"With due consideration and the highest respect,

"Your most obedient, humble servant,

"GABRIEL RICHARD."

On December 29th the speaker presented another letter from him enclosing a pamphlet of fifty-eight printed pages, entitled "A report of the proceedings in relation to the contested election for delegate to the nineteenth congress from the territory of Michigan, between Austin E. Wing, Gabriel Richard and John Biddle, containing arguments of counsel, opinions of the canvassers, and the evidence adduced by the respective parties." They were referred to the committee on elections.

The committee reported in two resolutions on January 18, 1826:

First, That the territorial canvassers exceeded their powers, but their action affected only the certificate, not the seat.

Second, That two months be allowed the contestants to take testimony, etc. The report was tabled, afterward recommitted, and an additional report, favorable to the sitting delegate, was made February 13, 1826. Wing's title to the seat was subsequently confirmed.

RECOMMENDED FOR BISHOP

When Bishop Fenwick was satisfied that Detroit should be an episcopal see, many bishops united in recommending Father Richard as a suitable candidate for its first bishop. The reply to Bishop Fenwick indicated that Rome regarded the time as inopportune, and added, "Father Richard was known at Rome; his zeal, piety and labors were

held in high esteem at the Roman court, and they felt sure he would do honor to the position.[1] It was also suggested that beginning with Detroit the bishops nominate three worthy priests for a vacant or new see, designating them as worthy, more worthy, most worthy. In this case Gabriel Richard's name must be one of the three.[2]

Father Richard, during the year before the bull reached him which would have made him a prince of the church, in his dearly loved American home, offered up his life for his flock and went to his eternal reward.

Every history of Michigan mentions him with praise. His portrait appears in Sheldon's Early History of Michigan. Also in Shea's Life and Times of Archbishop Carroll, page 490. Bela Hubbard, a cultured protestant gentleman of Detroit, has placed a statue of him in a niche in the facade of the City Hall of Detroit, and a memorial window in the new St. Anne's preserves his form and features.

Judge Campbell, who knew Father Richard personally, says on page 255 of his Outlines of the Political History of Michigan:

"His tall and sepulchral figure was familiar to every one. He was not only a man of elegant learning, but of excellent common sense and a very public spirited citizen. He encouraged education in every way.

His quaint humor and shrewd sense, in no way weakened by his imperfect pronunciation of English are pleasantly remembered by all who had the good fortune to know him, while his brief prayer[3] for the legislation, that they might make laws for the people and not for themselves, was a very comprehensive summary of sound political philosophy.

He succeeded Solomon Sibley delegate in congress. He was a faithful and diligent representative, and performed his duties to the general satisfaction."

Julge Cooley, in his model *History of Michigan,* page 141, says:

"Father Richard, a faithful and devoted pastor, under many discouragements, did what he found it in his power to do to restore or convert the people (of Detroit) to christianity, and to moral and decent lives. He would have been a man of mark in almost any community and at any time. He was a plain man, simple in all his habits." * * *

"He served one term as a delegate to the satisfaction of the people. Some of the catholics led the opposition which defeated him. But he turned patiently and without complaint to his more legitimate work.

[1]Rev. Frank O'Brien, sketch of *Detroit Diocese, Michigan Pioneer Collections.*
[2]In Farrand's *History of Ministers of Michigan,* page 10 calls Gabriel Richard "The Catholic Bishop of Michigan." Girardin above quoted also speaks of him as a bishop.
[3]Father Richard spoke English very imperfectly. In his prayer he asked the Lord to bless the legislators and help them to make laws for the peeps and not for dem selves.

to which he devoted himself with unwearied assiduity, when he fell a victim to the cholera, dying full of years and grateful for the long life of labor and usefulness which had been accorded to him."

I am conscious how little I have done in this paper, and how much such a noble character deserves; but from old newspaper files and musty records, from the luminous pages of our learned catholic historian, and the works of gentlemen who stand among the first in law and letters, I have gleaned the outline of the exemplary life of the Hon. Gabriel Richard.

Washington, D. C., January 11, 1892.

PERE MARQUETTE, THE MISSIONARY EXPLORER

BY HON. THOMAS A. E. WEADOCK, M. C.

The following sketch was delivered in the Bay City Opera House February 15, 1889, and at the Saginaw Academy of Music, November 5, 1889.

The intention was more to collect the principal events of his life into a connected narrative rather than to attempt any delineation of character.

In the present year the greatest authority in the United States upon Fr. Marquette and the early Indian missions, John Gilmary Shea, LL. D., passed away. His valuable library was purchased during his lifetime by Georgetown College, Washington, D. C., where it will be kept as the "Shea Library."

The journal which Father Marquette kept at Chicago, a very interesting document, was published, Shea's translation, in volume 5, Historical Magazine, which may be found in the State Library at Lansing.

A brief bibliography of the subject of the sketch is appended hereto.

The life and labors of Pere Marquette are worthy of study by all who admire purity of life, unselfish devotion to the good of others, the romance and fascination of discovery.

His story is particularly interesting to the people of Michigan because:

He established the first permanent settlement begun by Europeans in this State at Sault Ste. Marie.

He was the first white man who trod the soil of the island of Mackinaw or the territory which is now known as the State of Iowa.

He erected the first cabin and said the first mass in Chicago, and said the first mass in what is now the State of Illinois.

He discovered the tidal rise and fall in Lake Michigan 150 years before it was noticed by another, and last, and greatest of all in a worldly sense, he discovered the father of waters, the Mississippi.

Knowledge of him may be traced in historical literature to two sources, the Jesuit relations and that distinguished historian and scholar, Dr. John Gilmary Shea. Originality is not claimed—only careful research. The journal and narrative of Pere Marquette was deposited by Father Cazot,[1] the last of the Jesuits, as he thought, in the Hotel Dieu at Quebec. When the Jesuits returned in 1842 they went into the hands of the learned Father Martin and were examined by Shea, in preparing his work on the discovery and exploration of the Mississippi valley. This work, printed by Redfield in 1852, is out of print, scarce and dear, but it is a standard authority, indispensable in a study of Marquette. My copy is one presented by the author to the late Hon. H. C. Murphy of Brooklyn, N. Y.

During a period of forty years the superior of the mission sent long and detailed reports to the provincial of the order at Paris, where they were annually published, forming the remarkable series known as the Jesuit Relations. These are authentic and trustworthy historical documents, very scarce, and no complete collection of them now exists in America. A list of them will be found in the Narrative and Critical History of America, Winsor.

"No missionary of that glorious band of Jesuits who in the 17th century announced the faith from the Hudson bay to the lower Mississippi, who hallowed by their labors and life-blood so many a wild spot now occupied by the busy haunts of men—none of them impresses us more, in his whole life and career, with his piety, sanctity and absolute devotion to God than Father Marquette. In life he seemed to have been looked up to with reverence by the wildest savage, by the rude frontiersman, and the polished officers of government."

[1]See appendix.

The most ancient family in his native city was that of Marquette, noted for its valor, and bearing in its coat of arms, proof of loyal, honorable service.

Three of his name and kindred shed their blood in our cause fighting under Lafayette for American independence.

The seat of the Marquette family was the ancient city of Laon, capitol of Picardy, situated on a hill on the bank of the River Oise, seventy-four miles northeast of Paris.

It was a strongly fortified city, once a royal residence, and among its noted buildings is the Jesuit residence, the remaining portion of the once magnificent monastery of St. Vincent. Here was the famous school in which Anselm of Canterbury, and Abelard taught, and here was the residence of Queen Brunehaut, who in 575, at the age of seventy-nine, personally led her army to battle. She was defeated, captured, tortured, tied by a foot and an arm to the tail of a wild horse and dragged to death, then her body was burned and her ashes thrown to the winds.

The city has witnessed many a long siege and brave sally, and the banners of Napoleon and Blucher have alternately waved from its walls.

This city was the birthplace of Jacques Marquette, who first saw the light in the year 1637. His mother, Rose de La Salle, a name honored in France and America, taught him that chivalric devotion to the mother of God which catholic mothers teach, and he never forgot her precepts and example. Little is known of his early youth, but we may judge of that by the fact that at the age of seventeen he joined the society of Jesus.

Then followed two years of study and self-examination; then twelve years spent in teaching or study. When ordained to the priesthood he chose the Apostle of the Indies, St. Francis Xavier as his patron, and was in all things his faithful follower. He was transferred at his own request to the province of France, on account of his desire to be a missionary, and in 1666 sailed for Canada and arrived at Quebec September 20, of that year, ready to go wherever his superior should order.

Let us consider for a moment that great order founded by Ignatius of Loyola,[1] properly known as the society of Jesus, more generally called Jesuits.

Parkman, a graphic and entertaining writer, and a protestant, says: "It was an evil day for new born protestantism when a French artilleryman fired the shot that struck down Ignatius Loyola in the breach of Pampeluna. A proud noble, an aspiring soldier, a graceful courtier,

[1]See appendix.

an ardent and daring gallant, was metamorphosed by that stroke into a zealot whose brain engendered and brought forth the mighty society of Jesus." It was not the wound, but reading and reflection, in the period of convalescence that turned the thoughts of the wounded soldier from fleeting mortal fame to immortal glory, and he came to the conclusion that the highest type of heroism was the man who devoted his life "to the greater glory of God," which sentiment he made the motto of his order.

"The Jesuit was and is everywhere, in the schoolroom, in the professor's chair, in the library, in the cabinets of princes, in the tropics, in the frozen north, in India, in China, in Japan, in Africa, in America, as a christian priest, as a soldier, a mathematician, an astronomer, a Mandarin, a Brahmin, but always with the same end in view, the welfare of the church of Rome."

A catholic missionary was the first white man to behold the awful grandeur of the falls of Niagara,[1] and a Jesuit discovered the salt springs of Onondaga. Michigan may take a special pride in their achievements for it was once a part of New France and our greatest historian, Bancroft, says: "The Roman church created for New France its altars, hospitals and seminaries. The monuments of feudalism and the catholic church stand side by side, and the names of Montmorenci and Bourbon, of Levi and Condè, are mingled with memorials of St. Athanasius and Augustin, of St. Francis of Assisi and Ignatius Loyola."

"The history of their labors is connected with the origin of every celebrated town in the annals of French America. Not a cape was turned nor a river entered but a Jesuit led the way."

Their instruction of the Indians was practical and clear.

"The hunter when he returned from his wide roamings was taught to hope for eternal rest; the braves as they returned from war were warned of the wrath which kindled against sinners, a never dying fire, fiercer far than the fires of the Mohawks; the idlers of the Indian villages were told the exciting tale of the Savior's death for their redemption."

When Pere Marquette arrived at Quebec he was destined for Tadoussac, at the mission for the Montagnais.[2] The Montagnais was the key language to the various tribes, and as early as October tenth he started for Three Rivers to study it under Father Druilletes. Investigation at this point discloses nothing new. Here he remained studying and engaged in his ministry until April, 1668. The first project was abandoned, and he was ordered to prepare for the Ottawa mission, Lake Superior.

[1]Discovered by Hennepin.
[2]See appendix.

He showed great talent as a linguist, and within a few years learned to speak with ease six languages.

He had also acquired a knowledge of the Algonquin language and he left Quebec on the twenty-first of April for Montreal to await the Ottawa flotilla which was to bear him up the Ottawa river, through Georgian bay and Lake Huron to Sault de Ste. Marie, now corrupted into the "Soo" with the characteristic irreverence which has led to the change of so many beautiful geographical names into something which perpetuates the memory of a crime or a criminal, or shortens the name of saint or celebrity into a vulgar nickname.

A party of Nez-perces[1] were going to La Pointe and Father Marquette accompanied them, arriving at Sault Ste. Marie in the spring. The Ottawa route was by the way of the Ottawa river and connected waters of Lake Huron, followed now as near as may be by the route of the Canadian Pacific railroad.

As early as 1641 the Jesuit fathers Raymbault[1] and Jogues[1] had visited the Sault Ste. Marie and established there a Chippewa mission, but Raymbault's sickness and death caused its abandonment. The position was too important to lose and Father Marquette was sent there, and renewing the mission, he founded there the first permanent European settlement in Michigan. The mission was located at the foot of the rapids on the American side, and in the following year he was joined by Father Claude Dablon, superior of the Ottawa mission. A church was built by their efforts. Here he found about two thousand souls, nearly all Algonquins. They would gladly embrace the christian faith, but extreme caution was necessary in admitting them.

From this place Father Marquette was sent to the mission of La Pointe du St. Esprit, called by the Indians Chegoimegon, near what is now Ashland in the state of Wisconsin, and to this ungrateful field he departed in the autumn of 1669.

In the following year he wrote to Father Le Mercier[1] of his arrival after a "month's navigation through snow and ice which closed his way and kept him in constant peril of life."

He writes of the barbarous customs and crimes of the Indians, the caution which was necessary about admitting converts. He found some of the Indians had some knowledge of the tower of Babel, saying their ancestors had related that they had formerly built a great house, but a violent wind had thrown it down.

One of the Indians whom he found sick, and whom he prepared for baptism, as a token of his gratitude, gave him a little slave which he had bought from the Illinois. This young man afterwards accompanied

[1]See appendix.

him on his travels, and was of great assistance to the good Father by his knowledge of Indian language. But he was considered a companion and acted as an interpreter, not a slave.

"When the Illinois came to La Point they passed a large river almost a league wide. It runs north and south, and so far that the Illinois, who do not know what canoes are, have never yet heard of its mouth; they only know that there are very great nations below them, some of whom raise two crops of maize a year."

"This great river can hardly empty into Virginia, and we rather believe its mouth in in California. If the Indians, who promise me a canoe, keep their word, we shall soon go into this river, as soon as we can, with a Frenchman, and this young man given me. We shall visit the nations which inhabit it in order to open the way to so many of our fathers, who have long awaited this happiness.

"This discovery will give us a complete knowledge of the southern or western sea."

So Bancroft is correct when he writes that the purpose of discovering the Mississippi came from Marquette himself.

Early in 1671 the Hurons and Ottawas, by their insolence, provoked the Sioux into war. War parties came on in their might. Both Ottawas and Hurons left the neighborhood, the Hurons going to Mackinaw and Pere Marquette going with them.

He gathered the wandering remains of one branch of the Huron nation round a chapel at Point St. Ignace, on the continent north of the lower peninsula of Michigan.

The climate was repulsive, but fish abounded at all seasons in the strait; and the establishment was long maintained as a key to the west and the convenient rendezvous of the remote Algonquins.

Here Pere Marquette once more gained a place among the founders of Michigan.

It was not their choice that fixed their location. They would fain have revisited the scenes of Huron power, the fur-lined graves of their ancestors, near the shores of Matchedash bay.[1]

Pere Marquette, too, may have preferred the ground hallowed by the blood of the brave and noble Brebeuf, the gentle Lalemand, the learned Chabanel and their devoted brother martyrs, but fear of the Iroquois and the rich fisheries of Mackinaw induced the Hurons to locate there. It was a bleak spot, encompassed by wind-tossed lakes, icy as Siberian waters. The cold was intense and the cultivation difficult.

Pere Marquette said of the winds of Mackinaw: "This is the

[1]Near Lake Ontario.

central point between the three great lakes, which seem incessantly tossing ball at each other; for no sooner have the winds ceased blowing from Lake Michigan than Lake Huron hurls back the gale it has received, and Lake Superior in its turn sends back its blasts from another quarter, and thus the game is played from one to the other."

Here Father Marquette's first care was to build a chapel, Catholicity's first simple sylvan shrine, of wood and bark, where now stands the prosperous town of Point St. Ignace.

We have no details of the first year, but the second year's work is told in a letter to his superior, Father Dablon, in 1672.

At the close of the letter he announces the improved condition of the mission under his charge and expresses his readiness to leave it and seek new nations toward the south sea still unknown to us.

This letter was probably sent by the Ottawa flotilla, by which the assurance was brought him that he was to go as missionary to explore the Mississippi. The Indians of his mission sought to dissuade him, but nothing daunted him, neither fierce Dahcotah, hostile foe, or hidden peril.

Joliet, the royal hydrographer, an educated man, was sent by the intendant Talon and arrived on the feast of the immaculate conception of the blessed virgin, auspiciously, too, because Marquette had invoked her aid to obtain of God the favor of being able to visit the nations on the Mississippi.

The winter of 1672 was spent in preparing for the voyage, blocking out a map, learning of the Indians, etc. On May 17, 1673, Pere Marquette and the Sieur Joliet left Mackinaw with two birch canoes, a quantity of smoked meat and maize, and five Indians.

Marquette placed their voyage under the protection of the holy virgin, promising if successful to name the river Conception, which promise he faithfully kept, as appears by his map. The river has received several names, but the Indian one, Mississippi, has survived them all.

They passed the straits of Mackinaw, coasting along the northern shore of Lake Michigan, entered the Menominee river and soon reached the village of Menominee, or Wild Rice Indians, who filled with astonishment at their project, endeavored to dissuade them from it by portraying the savage men and more savage monsters they must encounter.

Marquette had no fear. During a short stay he instructed them in the faith, and then pursued his journey.

They found footprints in the sand on the river bank, June 25, then a path leading to an Indian village, near the river Moingona, now the

Des Moines, and near what is now Keokuk, Iowa. Thus Marquette and his companion were the first white men to tread the soil of Iowa. The Indians approached and cried out, says the good priest, they came to meet us with gaily trimmed pipes of tobacco. These pipes are called "calumets," says Pere Marquette, and to him we are indebted for that word in our language.

The Indians were Illinois and invited them to the village, and "at the door of the cabin in which we were to be received was an old man awaiting us in a very remarkable posture, which is their usual ceremony in receiving strangers. This man was standing, perfectly naked, with his hands stretched out and raised toward the sun, as if he wished to screen himself from its rays, which nevertheless passed through his fingers to his face. When we came near him he paid us this compliment: 'How beautiful is the sun, O Frenchman, when thou comest to visit us! All our town awaits thee, and thou shalt enter all our cabins in peace." He then took us into his, where there was a crowd of people who devoured us with their eyes but kept in profound silence. We heard, however, these words occasionally addressed to us, "Well done, brothers, to visit us!' "

They next reached the mission at the head of Green Bay, entered the Fox river and came to the portage one hundred and seventy-five miles distant, and dragged their canoes up the long and tiresome rapids, thence across Lake Winnebago, camping on the spot where the city of Oshkosh now stands, and on to the second portage, that between the Fox and Wisconsin rivers, then down the latter river, through flower-decked prairies, myriads of game birds, and challenged only as they drifted along by an inquiring glance from the deer and antelope that fed along its borders, gliding they knew not where.

A gentleman who has traversed the same route in midsummer passed by the forest groves and prairies, the parks and pleasure grounds of a prodigal nature, by thickets and marshes and broad bare sand bars, under the shadowing trees. At night the bivouac—the canoes inverted on the bank, the flickering fire, the meal of bison flesh or venison, and slumber 'neath the stars.

On the 17th of June they saw on their right the broad meadows bounded by rugged hills where now stands the town of Prairie du Chien. Before them a wide and rapid current crossed their way, and in Pere Marquette's own words, "we safely entered the Mississippi on the 17th day of June, with a joy that I cannot express."

The Father wrote as recent geographers have stated, that this renowned river has its source in several small lakes to the northward.

They turned south and soon encountered one of the monstrous fish they had been warned of. One struck the canoe, nearly overturning it. They beheld wild cattle[1] along the banks, and advanced slowly not knowing where they were going.

The Father spoke to them in the Indian custom by four presents which he explained: 1st, They came in peace; 2d, God had pity on them; 3d, The great chief of the French wished peace and had overcome the Iroquois; Lastly, be begged information of the sea and the nations they must pass to reach it.

The sachem, with simple Indian eloquence replied: "I thank thee, Black Gown, and thee, Frenchman," addressing Joliet, "for taking so much pains to come and visit us. Never has the earth been so beautiful nor the sun so bright as today. Never has our river been so calm, nor so free from rocks, which your canoes have removed as they passed. Never has our tobacco had so fine a flavor, nor our corn appeared so beautiful as we behold it today."

In 1855, one hundred and eighty-two years after Pere Marquette had thus written of the sachem's speech, one hundred and seventy-four years after his journal containing it was published by Thevenot, and three years after Dr. Shea had published an English translation, in his Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi Valley, our sweetest poet, Longfellow, wrote his Song of Hiawatha, in which the same ideas are expressed in almost the same words:

"From the farthest realms of morning
Came the Black-Robe chief, the prophet,
He the Priest of Prayers, the Pale-face,
With his guides and his companions,
And the noble Hiawatha,
With his hands aloft extended,
Held aloft in sign of welcome,
Waited full of exultation,
Till the birch canoe with paddles
Grated on the shining pebbles,
Stranded on the sandy margin,
Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-face,
With the cross upon his bosom,
Landed on the sandy margin.

"Then the joyous Hiawatha,
Cried aloud and spake in this wise:
'Beautiful is the sun, O strangers,
When you come so far to see us!
All our town in peace awaits you,

[1] In *New Discovery of Hennepin's* by Thwaites he says early writers and explorers called the buffaloes and bisons, wild cows or wild oxen. Shea says Father Marquette gave us this word.

All our doors stand open for you;
You shall enter all our wigwams,
For the heart's right hand we give you.
Never bloomed the earth so gaily,
Never shone the sun so brightly,
As today they shine and blossom
When you come so far to see us!
Never was our lake so tranquil,
Nor so free from rocks and sand bars,
For your birch canoe in passing
Has removed the rock and sand bar.
Never before had our tobacco
Such a sweet and pleasant flavor,
Never the broad leaves of our cornfields
Were so beautiful to look on,
As they seem to us this morning,
When you come so far to see us!'

"And the Black-Robe chief made answer,
Stammered in his speech a little,
Speaking words yet unfamiliar:
'Peace be with you, Hiawatha,
Peace be with you and your people,
Peace of prayer and peace of pardon,
Peace of Christ and joy of Mary!'

"Then the generous Hiawatha
Led the strangers to his wigwam,
Seated them on skins of bison,
Seated them on skins of ermine,
And the careful old Nokomis
Brought them food in bowls of basswood,
Water brought in birchen dippers,
And the calumet, the peace-pipe,
Filled and lighted for their smoking.

"All the old men of the village,
All the warriors of the nation,
All the Jossakeeds, the prophets,
The magicians, the Wabenos,
And the medicine men, the Medas,
Came to bid the strangers welcome.
'It is well,' they said, 'O brothers,
That you come so far to see us!'
In a circle round the doorway,
With their pipes they sat in silence,
Waiting to behold the strangers,
Waiting to receive their message;

Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-face,
"From the wigwam came to greet them,
Stammering in his speech a little,
Speaking words yet unfamiliar;
'It is well,' they said, 'O brother,
That you come so far to see us!'

"Then the Black-Robe chief, the prophet,
Told his message to the people,
Told the purport of his mission,
Told them of the virgin Mary,
And her blessed son, the Savior,
How in distant lands and ages
He had lived on earth as we do;
How he fasted, prayed and labored,
How the Jews, the tribe accursed,
Mocked him, scourged him, crucified him;
How he rose from where they laid him,
Walked again with his disciples,
And ascended into heaven.

"And the chiefs made answer, saying:
'We have listened to your message,
We have heard your words of wisdom,
We will think on what you tell us;
It is well for us, O brothers,
That you come so far to see us!' "

The narrative continues, writing of the Indians:

They have many wives and are very jealous of them. They watch them carefully and cut off their noses or ears if they do not behave well. I saw several so marked.

It now only remains for me to speak of the calumet, than which there is nothing among them so mysterious or more esteemed.

Men do not pay to the crowns and sceptres of kings the honor they pay to it; it seems to be the God of peace and war, the arbiter of life and death. Carry it about you and show it, and you can march fearlessly among enemies, who even in the heat of battle lay down their arms when it is shown. Hence the Illinois gave me one, to serve as a safeguard amid all the nations that I had to pass on my voyage. There is the calumet for peace, and one for war, distinguished only by the color of the feathers with which they are adorned, red being the sign of war. They use them also in settling disputes, strengthening alliances and speaking to strangers. It is made of polished red stone,[1] like marble, so pierced that one end serves to hold the tobacco, while

[1]This probably refers to a soft soap stone of Minnesota particularly called Pipe stone and capable of carving which the Indians were very partial to for pipes.

the other is fastened on the stem, which is a stick two feet long, as thick as a common cane, and pierced in the middle; it is ornamented with the head and neck of different birds of beautiful plumage; they also add large feathers of red, green and other colors, with which it is all covered.

They esteem it particularly because they regard it as the calumet of the sun; and, in fact, they present it to him to smoke when they wish to obtain calm, or rain, or fair weather.

They took leave of the Illinois about the end of June and descended toward another river, the "Pekitanom," now the Missouri, which comes from the northwest.

"As we coasted along by rocks frightful for their height and length, we saw two monsters painted on one of these rocks, which startled us at first, and on which the boldest Indian dare not gaze long. They are as large as a calf, with horns on the head like a deer, a fearful look, red eyes, bearded like a tiger, the face somewhat like a man's, the body covered with scales, and the tail so long that it twice makes the turn of the body, passes over the head and down between the legs, and ending at last in a fish's tail. Green, red and a kind of a black are the colors employed. On the whole, these two monsters are so well painted that we could not believe any Indian to have been the designer, as good painters in France would find it hard to do as well; besides this, they are so high upon the rock that it is hard to get conveniently at them to paint them. This is pretty near the figure of these monsters as I drew it off."

The drawing made by Marquette is lost, and the rocks—which are near the present city of Alton, Illinois—are defaced by advertisements.

"We judged by the direction the Mississippi takes, that if it keeps the same course, it has its mouth in the Gulf of Mexico," as indeed it had.

After having made twenty leagues farther south, and a little less to the southeast he came to a river called Ouaboukigou, called by the Iroquois, Ohio, meaning beautiful river. This name became Oüabache, or Wabash, and is now applied to a tributary of the Ohio.

On to the south they went, the scenery changed, they were annoyed by mosquitoes, and at about 33 degrees north latitude they reached an Indian village called Michigamea.[1]

"We had recourse to our patroness and guide, the blessed Virgin Immaculate; and indeed we needed her aid, for we heard from afar the Indians exciting one another to the combat by continual yells. They were armed with bows, arrows, axes, war-clubs and bucklers,

[1]See appendix.

and prepared to attack us by land and water; some embarked in large wooden canoes, a part to ascend, the rest to descend the river, so as to cut off our way and surround us completely. Those on shore kept going and coming, as if about to begin the attack. In fact, some young men sprang into the water to come and seize my canoe, but the current having compelled them to return to the shore, one of them threw his war club at us, but it passed over our heads without doing us any harm.

"In vain I showed the calumet and made gestures to explain that we had not come as enemies. The alarm continued, and they were about to pierce us from all sides with arrows, when God suddenly touched the hearts of the old men on the water side, doubtless at the sight of our calumet, which at a distance they had not distinctly recognized; but I showed it continually and they were touched, restrained the ardor of their youth, and two of the chiefs having thrown their bows and quivers into our canoe, and as it were at our feet, entered and brought us to the shore, where we disembarked, not without fear on our part.

"We had at first to speak by signs, for not one understood a word of the six languages I knew; at last an old man was found who spoke a little Illinois.

"We showed them by presents that we were going to the sea; they perfectly understood our meaning, but I know not whether they understood what I told them of God, and the thing which concerned their salvation. It was seed cast in the earth, which will bear its fruits in season.

"We proceeded to within half a league of Akamsea, now Arkansas, and were informed by the Indians who came to meet us that we were only ten days' journey from the sea.

"We were threatened by war parties, so M. Jollyet (Joliet)[1] and I held another council to deliberate on what we should do; whether we should push on, or rest satisfied with the discovery we had made. After having attentively considered that we were not far from the Gulf of Mexico, the basin of which is thirty-one degrees and forty minutes north, and we at thirty-three degrees and forty minutes, so that we could not be more than two or three days' journey off; that the Mississippi undoubtedly had its mouth in Florida or the Gulf of Mexico, and not on the east, in Virginia, whose seacoast is at thirty-four degrees north, which we had passed without having as yet reached the sea, nor on the western side of California, because that would require a west, or a west-southwest course, and we had

[1]See appendix.

always been going south. We considered, moreover, that we risked losing the fruits of this voyage, of which we could give no information, if we should throw ourselves into the hands of the Spaniards, who would undoubtedly at least hold us as prisoners. Besides, it was clear that we were not in a condition to resist Indians allied to Europeans, numerous and expert in the use of firearms, who continually infested the lower part of the river. Lastly, we had gathered all the information that could be desired from the expedition."

After a month's navigation down the Mississippi, having published the gospel to the nations he met, he started to return.

July 17 they entered the Illinois river, which brought them to the lake of the Illinois, as Lake Michigan was then called.

On their way they passed the Illinois town of Kaskaskia, seventy-four cabins, where they were well received. They begged the good father to return to them, and he promised to do so.

Marquette and Joliet returned at the close of September to Green Bay, whence they had left in June, having in the meantime traveled the distance of 2,767 miles.

The closing of the Journal is:

"Had all this voyage caused but the salvation of a single soul, I should deem my fatigue well repaid, and this I have reason to think, for when I was returning I passed by the Indians of Peoria.[1] I was there three days announcing the faith in all their cabins, after which, as we were embarking, they brought me on the water's edge a dying child, which I baptised a little before it expired, by an admirable providence for the salvation of that innocent soul."

Pere Marquette's illness, caused by exposure, detained him at St. Francis Xavier[1] mission during the summer of 1674, whence he wrote his superior, Father Dablon, that he "had met his wishes touching copies of his journal."

Recovering in September, he sent to his superior copies of his journal of his discovery of the Mississippi, and having received the order from him to found the Illinois mission, he started October 25 with two faithful attendants, Pierre Porteret and Jacques, for this new field of labor.

His way was slow, caused by the cold; and as the disease returned, he was forced to stop at the Chicago, December 4. There they raised a cabin—home and chapel—the first white residence in Chicago, and the first church.

December 14 Father Marquette wrote: "Being confined near the

[1]See appendix.

portage, two leagues up the river, we resolved to winter there, on my inability to go further."

He said to his companions he would die on this voyage, and began to prepare for it. He began the weary, cheerless wintering by the exercises of St. Ignatius. He kept a journal.

January 20 he wrote: "We had time to observe the tide which comes from the lake rising and falling. Although there appears no shelter on the lake we saw the ice go against the wind. These tides made the water good or bad, because what comes from above flows from the prairies or small streams." This is the first mention of this fact.

March 30 he wrote: "The B. V. Immaculate[1] has taken such care of us during our wintering that we have wanted nothing in the way of provisions, having a large bag of corn still left, meat and grease; we have lived most peacefully, too, my sickness not preventing my saying mass every day. We were able to keep Lent only Fridays and Saturdays."

After Christmas, in order to obtain grace to live to establish the mission at Kaskaskia, he asked his companions to join in a novena in honor of the Blessed Virgin. He did recover, set out on the 29th of March, and reached his destination April 8th.

The Indians of Kaskaskia welcomed him with crowds and received him as an angel from heaven.

A beautiful prairie near the town, and near the present town of Utica, Ill., was chosen for the great council; it was adorned in fashion of the country, being spread with mats and bear skins, and the father having hung on cords some pieces of Indian taffety, attached to them four large pictures of the Blessed Virgin, which were thus visible on all sides.

The auditory was composed of five hundred chiefs and old men, seated in a circle around the Father, while the youth stood without to the number of fifteen hundred, not counting women and children, who are very numerous, the town being composed of five or six hundred fires.

The father spoke to all this gathering, and addressed them ten words by ten presents which he made them.

He explained to them the principal mysteries of our religion and the end for which he had come to their country; and especially he preached to them Christ crucified, for it was the very eve of the great day on which he died on the cross for them, as well as for the rest of men. He then said mass.

Three days after, on Easter Sunday, things being arranged in the

[1]The Blessed Virgin Immaculate.

same manner as on Thursday, he celebrated the holy mysteries for the second time, and by these two sacrifices, the first ever offered there to God, he took possession of that land in the name of Jesus Christ, and gave this mission the name of Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin.

The object he had cherished for years was obtained—he had founded the Illinois mission. His work was done; he was ready to die. But he wished to die at Mackinaw, among his brethren, with the rites of holy church, so he set out on his return voyage, going by St. Joseph's river and the eastern shore of Lake Michigan. Gradually his strength failed, and at last he had to be lifted out of the canoe when they stopped for the night. He calmly contemplated the approaching change with that pious serenity which became a Christian missionary. It is a characteristic of great minds, whether Pagan philosopher or Christian man, that they can so look upon death, "a necessary end which comes when it will come," without fear. Socrates said, "To reason is to learn how to die," and Pere Marquette spoke of his approaching end, and gave his attendants instructions so calmly they thought he was speaking of another.

Near the promontory of the Sleeping Bear, on the banks of what is since known as Pere Marquette river, he died and was buried.

Father Richard visited the spot in 1821. The spot where first interment took place was 240 feet from the lake shore south of the former bed of the river, but 2,800 feet north of its present course. Father Richard wrote to Archbishop Carrol that it was a well ascertained fact that the river changed its course in a few weeks after the burial of Pere Marquette.

Father Richard, in the presence of eight Ottawa Indians and two white men, placed a cross in the spot where, according to the Indians, a former one had stood, and engraved thereon with his penknife:

"Fr. J. Marquette died here 9th May, 1675."

This would be old style. The date as generally written is May 18, 1675. His death, burial and subsequent re-interment[1] at St. Ignace are beautifully told in a poem already printed in Michigan Historical Collection:

DEATH AND BURIAL OF PERE MARQUETTE

BY REV. GEORGE DUFFIELD

Where the gently flowing river merges with the stormy lake,
When upon the beach so barren ceaseless billows roll and break,
There the bark so frail and gallant, known throughout the western world,
Glides into the long sought haven, and its weary wings are furled.

[1]1677.

"Here," says one, "I end my voyage, and my sun goes down at noon,
Here I make the final traverse, and the part comes not too soon;
Let God have the greater glory, care have I for naught besides,
But to hear the blest evangel, Jesus Christ the crucified."

Slow and faint into the forest, straight he takes his quiet way,
Kneels upon the virgin mosses, prays as he is wont to pray;
Nunc dimittis—then they hear him sweetly sing as ne'er before;
Then the angels join the chorus, and Marquette is now no more.
This the prayer he leaves behind him as he said his latest mass,
"One day bear me to my mission, at the point of St. Ignace."

Once again that spot so sacred hears the sound of human feet,
And the gently flowing river sees a strange funereal fleet;
'T is the plumed and painted warriors, of their different tribes the best,
Who have met in solemn council to fulfill his last request.

Down their cheeks the tears are flowing for the sainted man of God,
Not the bones of nearest kindred dear as those beneath that sod.
Reverently the grave they open, call the dear remains their own,
Sink them in the running water, cleanse and whiten every bone,
Place them gently in the mocock, wrought with woman's choicest skill,
From the birch the very whitest and the deepest colored quill;
In the war canoe the largest, to his consecrated tomb,
Like a chief who falls in battle, silently they bear him home.

Gathers still the sad procession, as the fleet comes slowly nigh,
Where the cross above the chapel stands against the northern sky;
Every tribe and every hamlet from the nooks along the shore,
Swell the company of mourners who shall see his face no more.

Forth then through the deepening twilight sounds the service high and clear,
And the dark stoled priests with tapers guide and guard the rustic bier;
In the center of the chapel, close by little Huron's wave,
Near the tall and stately cedars, Pere Marquette has found his grave.

The poem beautifully expresses historical facts. The remains undoubtedly reposed beneath the chapel till it was destroyed in 1706 by the missionaries who were compelled to abandon the mission, after which there was little or nothing to show the site.

On the fifth of May, 1877, at St. Ignace, Michigan, clearing a piece of rising ground near the little bay, revealed the limestone foundation walls of what had evidently been a church. Investigation by Rev. Edward Jacker, Bishop Mrak and others, superintended the work in September of that year. Among many who visited the spot a distinguished member of this society, Hon. C. I. Walker, went over the

grounds with the English edition of La Hontan, and agreed that the authorities pointed to the spot found as the true site of the chapel and grave.

Here were found a few bones, fragments of the birch bark coffin, and other articles, indicating that the spot was the true site of the grave and chapel.

A marble monument was erected at the grave at Point St. Ignace, with a Latin inscription: "In memory of Reverend Father Jacques Marquette, S. J., who died May 18, 1675, aged 38 years, and was buried in this grave A. D. 1677. Requiescat in pace." This stone was erected by the inhabitants of the town of St. Ignace, A. D. 1882.

All that remains of the gentle missionary explorer or his chapel is preserved in Marquette college, Milwaukee, and consists of about fifteen pieces of bones, charred remains of the church and cabin, portions of the birch bark coffin, and other articles from the ruins of the church.

Marquette's name is preserved in a bishop's see, Marquette, with which Sault de Ste. Marie was consolidated in 1853; the leading city and county in the upper peninsula of Michigan, and many counties in other states. Ludington was called Pere Marquette until 1874.

Other places on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan have been claimed as the location where the gentle missionary died and was first buried, but in the writer's opinion with absolutely no foundation.

In 1884 Bela Hubbard, a wealthy and patriotic citizen of Detroit, had statues of Pere Marquette, Father Richard, La Salle and Cadillac, placed in suitable niches in the facade of the city hall, Detroit. That of Marquette is chiseled by Julius Melchers, from a design by McDonald.

Hon. George C. Ginty, of Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin, when a senator of that state in the legislature of 1887, introduced and had passed a law authorizing the governor to procure and have placed in statuary hall in the capitol at Washington, a statue of Pere Marquette. The house architect held the statue ineligible, as Marquette was not a citizen of Wisconsin.

Through the efforts of Gen. Hobart and Senator Ginty a joint resolution was introduced in congress directing that the statue be received. It was referred to the committee on library and never reported.

In 1892 Col. John L. Mitchell, of Milwaukee, the distinguished son of a distinguished father, again introduced the following joint resolution, authorizing the state of Wisconsin to place in statuary hall at the capitol the statue of Pere Marquette:

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United

States of America in Congress assembled, That the State of Wisconsin be and is hereby authorized and granted the privilege of placing in statuary hall at the capitol the statue of Pere Marquette, the faithful missionary, whose work among the Indians and explorations within the borders of said state in early days are recognized all over the civilized world.

It was referred to the committee on library as before, and the chairman, Hon. Mr. Cummings, submitted the following

REPORT:

[To accompany H. Res. 107.]

The committee on the library to whom was referred the joint resolution (H. Res. 107) authorizing the state of Wisconsin to place in statuary hall at the capitol, the statue of Pere Marquette, do report as follows:

The purpose of the joint resolution is clearly indicated by the title. It merely grants permission, and involves no expense to the United States.

The law which sets apart the old hall of representatives as a place to which each state may send two statues of distinguished persons limits the privilege to citizens. Marquette was not a citizen of Wisconsin, or of any state, his labors in the northwestern country occurring many years before Wisconsin was admitted into the Union. His lack of citizenship is the only point raised against the proposition to place in statuary hall a memorial to the great missionary. His works are known and read by all men, and there is no need to recount them. It is only to remove this technical objection that this joint resolution is necessary, and your committee therefore recommend that the joint resolution be adopted.

On March 7 the writer, at the request of Col. Mitchell, who was called away, brought the resolution before the house of representatives and it was passed. It was then sent to the senate and referred to the committee on library.

Neither Pulaski nor Kosciusko was a citizen of any state, nor was John Winthrop a citizen of the state of Massachusetts; yet the busts of the two former and statue of the latter are in statuary hall, and they deserve to be there. A place was found in the capitol for the statue of Garibaldi. Why was the statue of Pere Marquette, the discoverer of the upper Mississippi, denied a place?

Though neither bronze nor marble may preserve his memory, his fame is firmly established in the history of the country, and he will always be

revered as the meek, single-hearted, unpretending, illustrious Marquette.
Washington, May 18, 1892.

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MARQUETTE'S JOURNAL OF HIS FIRST VISIT TO THE MISSISSIPPI

[From Shea's Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi Valley]

The day of the immaculate conception of the blessed virgin, whom I had always invoked since I have been in this Ottawa country, to obtain of God the grace to be able to visit the nations on the river Missisipi, was identically that on which M. Jollyet arrived with orders of the Comte de Frontenac, our governor, and M. Talon, our intendant, to make this discovery with me. I was the more enraptured at this good news, as I saw my designs on the point of being accomplished, and myself in the happy necessity of exposing my life for the salvation of all these nations, and particularly for the Illinois, who had, when I was at Lapointe du St. Esprit, very earnestly entreated me to carry the word of God to their country.

We were not long in preparing our outfit, although we were embarking on a voyage the duration of which we could not forsee. Indian corn, with some dried meat, was our whole stock of provisions. With this we set out in two bark canoes,[1] M. Jollyet, myself and five men,

[1]See appendix.

firmly resolved to do all and suffer all for so glorious an enterprise.

It was on the 17th of May, 1673, that we started from the mission of St. Ignatius at Michilimackinac, where I then was. Our joy at being chosen for this expedition roused our courage, and sweetened the labor of rowing from morning till night. As we were going to seek unknown countries, we took all possible precautions, that, if our enterprise was hazardous, it should not be foolhardy; for this reason we gathered all possible information from Indians who had frequented those parts, and even from their accounts traced a map of all the new country, marking down the rivers on which we were to sail, the names of the nations and places through which we were to pass, the course of the great river, and what direction we should take when we got to it.

Above all, I put our voyage under the protection of the blessed virgin immaculate, promising her, that if she did us the grace to discover the great river, I would give it the name of Conception; and that I would also give that name to the first mission which I should establish among these new nations, as I have actually done among the Ilinois.

With all these precautions, we made our paddles play merrily over a part of Lake Huron and that of the Ilinois into the bay of the Fetid.[1]

The first nation that we met was that of the Wild Oats.[2] I entered their river to visit them, as we have preached the gospel to these tribes for some years past, so that there are many good christians among them.

The wild oats, from which they take their name, as they are found in their country, are a kind of grass which grows spontaneously in little rivers with slimy bottoms, and in marshy places; they are very like the wild oats that grow up among our wheat. The ears are on stalks knotted at intervals; they rise above the water about the month of June, and keep rising till they float about two feet above it. The grain is not thicker than our oats, but is as long again, so that the meal is much more abundant.

The following is the manner in which the Indians gather it and prepare it for eating. In the month of September, which is the proper time for this harvest, they go in canoes across these fields of wild oats, and shake the ears on their right and left into the canoe as they advance; the grain falls easily if it is ripe, and in a little while their provision is made. To clear it from the chaff, and strip it of a pellicle in which it is enclosed, they put it to dry in the smoke on a wooden lattice, under which they keep up a small fire for several days. When the oats are well dried, they put them in a skin of the form of a bag, which is then forced into a hole made

[1]Puan or Winnebago.
[2]Menomonees.

on purpose in the ground, they then tread it out so long and so well, that the grain being freed from the chaff is easily winnowed; after which they pound it to reduce it to meal, or even unpounded, boil it in water seasoned with grease, and in this way, wild oats are almost as palatable as rice would be when not better seasoned.

I informed these people of the Wild Oats of my design of going to discover distant nations to instruct them in the mysteries of our holy religion; they were very much surprised, and did their best to dissuade me. They told me that I would meet nations that never spare strangers, but tomahawk them without any provocation; that the war which had broken out among various nations on our route, exposed us to another evident danger—that of being killed by the war parties which are constantly in the field; that the great river is very dangerous, unless the difficult parts are known; that it was full of frightful monsters who swallowed up men and canoes together; that there is even a demon there who can be heard from afar, who stops the passage and engulfs all who dare approach; lastly, that the heat is so excessive in those countries that it would infallibly cause our death.

I thanked them for their kind advice, but assured them that I could not follow it, as the salvation of souls was concerned; that for them, I should be too happy to lay down my life; that I made light of their pretended demon, that we would defend ourselves well enough against the river monsters; and, besides we should be on our guard to avoid the other dangers with which they threatened us. After having made them pray and given them some instruction, I left them, and, embarking in our canoes, we soon after reached the extremity of the bay of the Fetid, where our fathers labor successfully in the conversion of these tribes, having baptized more than two thousand since they have been there.

This bay bears a name which has not so bad a meaning in the Indian language, for they call it rather Salt bay than Fetid bay, although among them it is almost the same, and this is also the name which they give to the sea. This induced us to make very exact researches to discover whether there were not in these parts some salt springs, as there are among the Iroquois, but we could not find any. We accordingly concluded that the name has been given on account of the quantity of slime and mud there, constantly exhaling noisome vapors which cause the loudest and longest peals of thunder that I ever heard.

The bay is about thirty leagues long, and eight wide at its mouth; it narrows gradually to the extremity, where it is easy to remark the tide

which has its regular flow and ebb, almost like that of the sea. This is not the place to examine whether they are real tides, whether they are caused by the winds, or by some other age; whether there are winds, out-riders of the moon, or attached to her suite, who consequently agitate the lake and give it a kind of flow and ebb, whenever the moon rises above the horizon. What I can certainly aver is, that when the water is quite tranquil, you can easily see it rise and fall with the course of the moon, although I do not deny that this movement may be caused by distant winds, which pressing on the center of the lake, make it rise and fall on the shore in the way that meets our eyes.

We left this bay to enter a river emptying into it. It is very beautiful at its mouth, and flows gently; it is full of bustards, duck, teal, and other birds, attracted by the wild oats of which they are very fond; but when you have advanced a little up this river, it becomes very difficult, both on account of the currents and of the sharp rocks which cut the canoes and the feet of those who are obliged to drag them, especially when the water is low. For all that we passed the rapids safely, and as we approached Machkoutens,[1] the Fire nation, I had the curiosity to drink the mineral waters of the river which is not far from this town. I also took time to examine an herb, the virtue of which an Indian, who possessed the secret, had, with many ceremonies, made known to Father Alloues. Its root is useful against the bite of serpents, the Almighty having been pleased to give this remedy against a poison very common in the country. It is very hot, and has the taste of powder when crushed between the teeth. It must be chewed and put on the bite of the serpent. Snakes have such an antipathy to it, that they fly from one rubbed with it. It produces several stalks about a foot long, with pretty long leaves, and a white flower, much like the gillyflower.[1] I put some into my canoe to examine it at leisure, while we kept on our way toward Maskoutens, where we arrived on the 7th of June.

Here we are then at Maskoutens. This word in Algonquin, may mean Fire nation, and that is the name given to them. This is the limit of the discoveries made by the French, for they have not yet passed beyond it.

This town is made up of three nations gathered here, Miamis, Maskoutens, and Kikabous.[2] The first are more civil, liberal, and better made; they wear two long ear-locks, which give them a good appearance; they have the name of being warriors, and seldom send out war parties in vain; they are very docile, listen quietly to what you tell

[1]See appendix.
[2]See *Handbook American Indians*, part 1, p. 684.

them, and showed themselves so eager to hear Father Allouez when he was instructing them, that they gave him little rest, even at night. The Maskoutens and Kikabous are ruder and more like peasants, compared to the others.

As bark for cabins is rare in this country, they use rushes, which serve them for walls and roof, but which are no great shelter against the wind, and still less against the rain when it falls in torrents. The advantage of this kind of cabins is that they can roll them up, and carry them easily where they like in hunting time.

When I visited them, I was extremely consoled to see a beautiful cross planted in the midst of the town, adorned with several white skins, red belts, bows and arrows, which these good people had offered to the Great Manitou (such is the name they give to God) to thank Him for having had pity on them during the winter, giving them plenty of game when they were in greatest dread of famine.

I felt no little pleasure in beholding the position of this town; the view is beautiful and very picturesque, for from the eminence on which it is perched, the eye discovers on every side prairies spreading away beyond its reach, interspersed with thickets or groves of lofty trees. The soil is very good, producing much corn; the Indians gather also quantities of plums and grapes, from which good wine could be made, if they choose.

No sooner had we arrived that M. Jollyet and I assembled the sachems; he told them that he was sent by our governor to discover new countries, and I, by the Almighty to illumine them with the light of the gospel; that the Sovereign Master of our lives wished to be known by all nations, and that to obey his will, I did not fear death, to which I exposed myself in such dangerous voyages; that we needed two guides to put us on our way, these, making them a present, we begged them to grant us. This they did very civilly, and even proceeded to speak to us by a present, which was a mat to serve us as a bed on our voyage.

The next day, which was the 10th of June, two Miamis whom they had given us as guides, embarked with us, in the sight of a great crowd, who could wonder enough to see seven Frenchmen alone in two canoes, dare to undertake so strange and so hazardous an expedition.

We knew that there was, three leagues from Maskoutens, a river emptying into the Missisipi; we knew too, that the point of the compass we were to hold to reach it, was the west-southwest; but the way is so cut up by marshes and little lakes, that it is easy to go astray, especially as the river leading to it is so covered with wild oats, that

you can hardly discover the channel. Hence we had good need of our two guides, who led us safely to a portage of twenty-seven hundred paces, and helped us to transport our canoes to enter this river, after which they returned, leaving us alone in an unknown country, in the hands of Providence.

We now leave the waters which flow to Quebec, a distance of four or five hundred leagues, to follow those which will henceforth lead us into strange lands. Before embarking, we all began together a new devotion to the blessed virgin immaculate, which we practiced every day, addressing her particular prayers to put under her protection both our persons and the success of our voyage. Then after having encouraged one another, we got into our canoes. The river on which we embarked is called Meskousing; it is very broad, with a sandy bottom, forming many shallows, which render navigation very difficult. It is full of vine-clad islets. On the banks appear fertile lands diversified with wood, prairie, and hill. Here we find oaks, walnut, whitewood, and another kind of tree with branches armed with long thorns. We saw no small game or fish, but deer and moose in considerable numbers.

Our route was southwest, and after sailing about thirty leagues, we perceived a place which had all the appearances of an iron mine, and in fact, one of our party who had seen some before, averred that the one we had found was very good and very rich. It is covered with three feet of good earth, very near a chain of rock, whose base is covered with fine timber. After forty leagues on this same route, we reached the mouth of our river, and finding ourselves at 42½° north, we safely entered the Missisipi on the 17th of June, with a joy that I can not express.

Here then we are on this renowned river, of which I have endeavored to remark attentively all the peculiarities. The Missisipi river has its source in several lakes in the country of the nations to the north; it is narrow at the mouth of the Miskousing; its current, which runs south, is slow and gentle; on the right is a considerable chain of very high mountains, and on the left fine lands; it is in many places studded with islands. On sounding, we have found ten fathoms of water. Its breadth is very unequal; it is sometimes three-quarters of a league, and sometimes narrows in to three *arpents* (220 yards). We gently follow its course, which bears south and southeast till the forty-second degree. Here we perceive that the whole face is changed; there is now almost no wood or mountain, the islands are more beautiful and covered with finer trees; we see nothing but deer and moose, bustards and wingless swans, for they shed their plumes in this country.

From time to time we meet monstrous fish,[1] one of which struck so violently against our canoe, that I took it for a large tree about to knock us to pieces. Another time we perceived on the water a monster with the head of a tiger, a pointed snout like a wild-cat's a beard and ears erect, a grayish head and neck all black.[1] We saw no more of them. On casting our nets, we have taken sturgeon and a very extraordinary kind of fish;[2] it resembles a trout with this difference, that it has a larger mouth, but smaller eyes and snout. Near the latter is a large bone, like a woman's busk, three fingers wide, and a cubic long; the end is circular and as wide as the hand. In leaping out of the water the weight of this often throws it back.

Having descended as far as 41° 28′, following the same direction, we find that turkeys have taken the place of game, and the pisikious,[3] or wild cattle, that of other beasts. We call them wild cattle, because they are like our domestic cattle; they are not longer, but almost as big again, and more corpulent; our men having killed one, three of us had considerable trouble in moving it. The head is very large, the forehead flat and a foot and a half broad between the horns, which are exactly like those of our cattle, except that they are black and much larger. Under the neck there is a kind of large crop hanging down, and on the back a pretty high hump. The whole head, the neck, and part of the shoulders, are covered with a great mane like a horse's; it is a crest a foot long, which renders them hideous, and falling over their eyes, prevents their seeing before them. The rest of the body is covered with a coarse curly hair like the wool of our sheep, but much stronger and thicker. It falls in summer, and the skin is then as soft as velvet. At this time the Indians employ the skins to make beautiful robes, which they paint of various colors; the flesh and fat of the pisikious are excellent, and constitute the best dish in banquets. They are very fierce, and not a year passes without their killing some Indian. When attacked, they take a man with their horn, if they can, lift him up, and then dash him on the ground, trample on him, and kill him. When you fire at them from a distance with gun or bow, you must throw yourself on the ground as soon as you fire, and hide in the grass, for if they perceive the one who fired, they rush on him and attack him. As their feet are large and rather short, they do not generally go very fast, except when they are irritated. They are scattered over the prairies like herds of cattle. I have seen a band of four hundred.

We advanced constantly, but as we did not know where we were

[1]See appendix.
[2]Called by the French "le spatule" but seldom seen in the Mississippi now.
[3]Buffaloes.

going, having already made more than a hundred leagues without having discovered anything but beasts and birds, we kept well on our guard. Accordingly we make only a little fire on the shore at night to prepare our meal, and after supper keep as far from it as possible, passing the night in our canoes, which we anchor in the river pretty far from the bank. Even this did not prevent one of us being always as a sentinel for fear of a surprise.

Proceeding south and south-southwest, we find ourselves at 41° north; then at 40° and some minutes, partly by southeast and partly by southwest, after having advanced more than sixty leagues since entering the river without discovering anything.

At last, on the 25th of June, we preceived footprints of men by the water-side, and a beaten path entering a beautiful prairie. We stopped to examine it, and concluding that it was a path leading to some Indian village, we resolved to go and reconnoitre; we accordingly left our two canoes in charge of our people, cautioning them strictly to beware of a surprise; then M. Jollyet and I undertook this rather hazardous discovery for two single men, who thus put themselves at the discretion of an unknown and barbarous people. We followed the little path in silence, and having advanced about two leagues, we discovered a village on the banks of the river, and two others on a hill, half a league from the former. Then, indeed, we recommended ourselves to God, with all our hearts; and having implored his help, we passed on undiscovered, and came so near that we even heard the Indians talking. We then deemed it time to announce ourselves, as we did by a cry, which we raised with all our strength, and then halted without advancing any further. At this cry the Indians rushed out of their cabins, and having probably recognized us as French, especially seeing a black gown,[1] or at least having no reason to distrust us, seeing we were but two, and had made known our coming, they deputed four old men to come and speak with us. Two carried tobacco pipes well adorned and trimmed with many kinds of feathers. They marched slowly, lifting their pipes toward the sun, as if offering them to him to smoke, but yet without uttering a single word. They were a long time coming the little way from the village to us. Having reached us at last, they stopped to consider us attentively. I now took courage, seeing these ceremonies, which are used by them only with friends, and still more on seeing them covered with stuffs, which made me judge them to be allies. I, therefore, spoke to them first, and asked them who they were; "they answered

[1]Indian name for the Jesuits.

that they were Illinois[1] and, in token of peace, they presented their pipes to smoke. They then invited us to their village where all the tribe awaited us with impatience. These pipes for smoking are called in the country calumets,[2] a word that is so much in use, that I shall be obliged to employ it in order to be understood, as I shall have to speak of it frequently.

At the door of the cabin in which we were to be received, was an old man awaiting us in a very remarkable posture; which is their usual ceremony in receiving strangers. This man was standing, perfectly naked, with his hands stretched out and raised toward the sun, as if he wished to screen himself from its rays, which nevertheless passed through his fingers to his face. When we came near him, he paid us this compliment: "How beautiful is the sun, O Frenchman, when thou comest to visit us! All our town awaits thee, and thou shalt enter all our cabins in peace." He then took us into his, where there was a crowd of people, who devoured us with their eyes, but kept a profound silence. We heard, however, these words occasionally addressed to us: "Well done, brothers, to visit us!"

As soon as we had taken our places, they showed us the usual civility of the country, which is to present the calumet. You must not refuse it, unless you would pass for an enemy, or at least for being impolite. It is, however, enough to pretend to smoke. While all the old men smoked after us to honor us, some came to invite us on behalf of the great sachem of all the Ilinois to proceed to his town, where he wished to hold a council with us. We went with a good retinue, for all the people who had never seen a Frenchman among them could not tire looking at us; they threw themselves on the grass by the wayside, they ran ahead, then turned and walked back to see us again. All this was done without noise, and with marks of a great respect entertained for us.

Having arrived at the great sachem's town, we espied him at his cabin door, between two old men, all three standing naked, with their calumet turned to the sun. He harangued us in a few words, to congratulate us on our arrival, and then presented us his calumet, and made us smoke; at the same time we entered his cabin, where we received all their usual greetings. Seeing all assembled and in silence I spoke to them by four presents which I made: By the first, I said that we marched in peace to visit the nations on the river to the sea; by the second, I declared to them that God, their Creator, had pity on them, since, after their having been so long ignorant of Him, He wished to become known to all nations, that I was sent on His behalf

[1]See *Handbook American Indians*, part 1, p. 597.
[2]See appendix.

with this design, that it was for them to acknowledge and obey Him; by the third, that the great chief of the French informed them that he spread peace everywhere, and had overcome the Iroquois; lastly, by the fourth, we begged them to give us all the information they had of the sea, and of the nations through which we should have to pass to reach it.

When I had finished my speech, the sachem rose, and laying his hand on the head of a little slave, whom he was about to give us, spoke thus: 'I thank thee, Blackgown, and thee Frenchman," addressing M. Jollyet, "for taking so much pains to come and visit us; never has the earth been so beautiful, nor the sun so bright as today; never has our river been so calm, nor so free from rocks, which your canoes have removed as they passed; never has our tobacco had so fine a flavor nor our corn appeared so beautiful as we behold it today. Here is my son, that I give thee, that thou mayest know my heart. I pray thee to take pity on me and all my nation. Thou knowest the Great Spirit who has made us all; thou speakest to Him and hearest His word; ask him to give me life and health, and come and dwell with us, that we may know him." Saying this he placed the little slave near us and made us a second present, an all-mysterious calumet, which they value more than a slave; by this present he showed us his esteem for our governor, after the account we had given of him; by the third, be begged us, on behalf of his whole nation, not to proceed further, on account of the great dangers to which we exposed ourselves.

I replied, that I did not fear death, and that I esteemed no happiness greater than that of losing my life for the glory of Him who made all. But this these poor people could not understand.

The council was followed by a great feast which consisted of four courses, which we had to take with all their ways; the first course was a great wooden dish full of sagamity,[1] that is to say, of Indian meal boiled in water and seasoned with grease. The master of ceremonies, with a spoonful of sagamity, presented it three or four times to my mouth, as we would do with a little child; he did the same to M. Jollyet. For the second course, be brought in a second dish containing three fish; he took some pains to remove the bones, and having blown up it to cool it, put it in my mouth, as we would food to a bird; for the third course, they produced a large dog,[2] which they had just killed, but learning that we did not eat it, it was with-

[1]Corresponding to our Indian mush meal.

[2]The dog among all Indian tribes is more valued and more esteemed than by any people of the civilized world. When they are killed for a feast, it is considered a great compliment, and the highest mark of friendship.

drawn. Finally, the fourth course was a piece of wild ox, the fattest portions of which were put into our mouths.

After this feast we had to visit the whole village, which consists of full three hundred cabins. While we marched through the streets, an orator was constantly haranguing to oblige all to see us without being troublesome; we were everywhere presented with belts, garters, and other articles made of the hair of the bear and wild cattle, dyed red, yellow and gray. These are their rarities; but not being of consequence, we did not burthen ourselves with them.

We slept in the sachem's cabin and the next day took leave of him, promising to pass back through his town in four moons. He escorted us to our canoes with nearly six hundred persons, who saw us embark, evincing in every possible way the pleasure our visit had given them. On taking leave I personally promised that I would return the next year to stay with them and instruct them. But before leaving the Ilinois country it will be well to relate what I remarked of their customs and manners.

To say Ilinois is, in their language, to say "the men," as if other Indians compared to them were mere beasts. And it must be admitted that they have an air of humanity that we had not remarked in the other nations that we had seen on the way. The short stay I made with them did not permit me to acquire all the information I would have desired. The following is what I remarked in their manners:

They are divided into several villages, some of which are quite distant from that of which I speak, and which is called Peöuarea (Peoria). This produces a diversity in their language, which in general has a great affinity to the Algonquin, so that we easily understood one another. They are mild and tractable in their disposition; as we experienced in the reception they gave us. They have many wives, of whom they are extremely jealous; they watch them carefully, and cut off their nose or ears when they do not behave well; I saw several who bore the marks of their infidelity. They are well formed, nimble and very adroit in using the bow and arrow; they use guns also, which they buy of our Indian allies who trade with the French; they use them especially to terrify their enemies by the noise and smoke, the others lying too far to the west, have never seen them, and do not know their use. They are warlike and formidable to distant nations in the south and west, where they go to carry off slaves, whom they make an article of trade, selling them at a high price to other nations for goods.

The distant nations against whom they go to war, have no knowl-

edge of Europeans; they are acquainted with neither iron or copper, and have nothing but stone knives. When the Ilinois set out on a war party, the whole village is notified by a loud cry made at the door of their huts the morning and evening before they set out. The chiefs are distinguished from the soldiers by their wearing a scarf[1] ingeniously made of the hair of bears and wild oxen. The face is painted with red lead or ochre, which is found in great quantities a few days' journey from their village. They live by game which is abundant in this country, and on Indian corn, of which they always gather a good crop, so that they have never suffered by famine. They also sow beans and melons, which are excellent, especially those with a red seed. Their squashes are not of the best; they dry them in the sun, to eat in the winter and spring.

Their cabins are very large; they are lined and floored with rush mats. They make all their dishes of wood, and their spoons of the bones of the buffalo, which they cut so well that it serves them to eat their sagamity easily.

They are liberal in their maladies and believe that the medicines given them operate in proportion to the presents they have made the medicine man. Their only clothes are skins; their women are always dressed very modestly and decently, while the men do not take any pains to cover themselves. Through what superstition I know not, some Ilinois, as well as some Nadouessi,[1] while yet young, assume the female dress and keep it all their life. There is some mystery about it, for they never marry, and glory in debasing themselves to do all that is done by women, yet they go to war, though allowed to use only a club, and not the bow and arrow, the peculiar arm of men; they are present at all the juggleries and solemn dances in honor of the calumet; they are permitted to sing but not to dance; they attend the councils, and nothing can be decided without their advice; finally, by the profession of an extraordinary life, they pass for manitous (that is for genii), or persons of consequence.

It now only remains for me to speak of the calumet, than which there is nothing among them more mysterious or more esteemed. Men do not pay to the crowns and scepters of kings the honor they pay to it; it seems to be the god of peace and war, the arbiter of life and death. Carry it about you and show it, and you can march fearlessly amid enemies, who even in the heat of battle lay down their arms when it is shown. Hence the Ilinois gave me one to serve as my safeguard amid all the nations that I had to pass on my voyage. There is a calumet for peace and one for war, distinguished only by

[1]See appendix.

the color of the feathers with which they are adorned, red being the sign of war. They use them also for settling disputes, strengthening alliances, and speaking to strangers.[1]

It is made of a polished red stone, like marble, so pierced that one end serves to hold the tobacco, while the other is fastened on the stem, which is a stick two feet long, as thick as a common cane, and pierced in the middle; it is ornamented with the head and neck of different birds of beautiful plumage; they also add large feathers of red, green, and other colors, with which it is all covered. They esteem it particularly because they regard it as the calumet of the sun; and in fact, they present it to him to smoke when they wish to obtain calm, or rain, or fair weather. They scruple to bathe at the beginning of summer, or to eat new fruits, till they have danced it. They do it thus:

The calumet dance,[2] which is very famous among these Indians, is performed only for important matters, sometimes to strengthen a peace or to assemble for some great war; at other times for a public rejoicing; sometimes they do this honor to a nation who is invited to be present; sometimes they use it to receive some important personage, as if they wished to give him the entertainment of a ball or comedy. In winter the ceremony is performed in a cabin, in summer in the open fields. They select a place, surrounded with trees, so as to be sheltered beneath their foliage against the heat of the sun. In the middle of the space they spread out a large party-colored mat of rushes; this serves as a carpet, on which to place with honor the god of the one who gives the dance; for everyone has his own god, or manitou as they call it, which is a snake, a bird, or something of the kind, which they have dreamed in their sleep, and in which they put all their trust for the success of their wars, fishing and hunts. Near this manitou and at its right, they put the calumet in honor of which the feast is given, making around about it a kind of trophy, spreading there the arms used by the warriors of these tribes, namely, the war club, bow, hatchet, quiver, and arrows.

Things being thus arranged and the hour for dancing having arrived those who are to sing take the most honorable place under the foliage. They are the men and the women who have the finest voices, and who accord perfectly. The spectators then come and take their places around under the branches; but each one on arriving must salute the manitou, which he does by inhaling the smoke and then puffing it

[1]The calumet of peace is adorned with the feathers of the white eagle; and the bearer of it may go anywhere without fear, because it is held sacred by all tribes.—F.

[2]See appendix.

from his mouth upon it, as if offering incense. Each one goes first and takes the calumet respectfully, and supporting it with both hands, makes it dance in cadence, suiting himself to the air of the song; he makes it go through various figures, sometimes showing it to the whole assembly by turning it from side to side.

After this, he who is to begin the dance appears in the midst of the assembly and goes first; sometimes he presents it to the sun, as if he wished it to smoke; sometimes he inclines it to the earth; and at other times he spreads its wings as if for it to fly; at other times he approaches it to the mouths of the spectators for them to smoke, the whole in cadence. This is the first scene of the ballet.

The second consists in a combat, to the sound of a kind of drum, which succeeds the songs, or rather joins them, harmonizing quite well. The dancer beckons to some brave to come and take the arms on the mat, and challenges him to fight to the sound of the drums; the other approaches, takes his bow and arrow, and begins a duel against the dancer who has no defense but the calumet. This spectacle is very pleasing, especially as it is always done in time, for one attacks, the other defends; one strikes, the other parries; one flies, the other pursues; then he who fled faces and puts his enemy to flight. This is all done so well with measured steps, and the regular sound of voices and drums, that it might pass for a very pretty opening of a ballet in France.

The third scene consists of a speech delivered by the holder of the calumet, for the combat being ended without bloodshed, he relates the battles he was in, the victories he has gained; he names the nations, the places, the captives he has taken, and as a reward, he who presides at the dance presents him with a beautiful beaver robe, or something else, which he receives, and then he presents the calumet to another, who hands it to a third, and so to all the rest, till all having done their duty, the presiding chief presents the calumet itself to the nation invited to this ceremony in token of the eternal peace which shall reign between the two tribes.

The following is one of the songs which they are accustomed to sing; they give it a certain expression, not easily represented by notes, yet in this all its grace consists:

"Ninahani, ninahani, ninahani,
Naniongo."

We take leave of our Ilinois about the end of June, at three o'clock in the afternoon, and embark in sight of all the tribe, who admire our little canoes, having never seen the like.

We descend, following the course of the river, toward another called Pekitanoüi[1] which empties into the Missisipi, coming from the northwest, of which I have something considerable to say after I have related what I have remarked of this river.

Passing by some pretty high rocks which line the river, I perceive a plant which seemed to me very remarkable. Its root is like small turnips linked together by little fibres, which had the taste of carrots. From this root springs a leaf as wide as the hand, half of a finger thick with spots in the middle; from this leaf spring other leaves like the sockets of chandeliers in our saloons. Each leaf bears five or six bell-shaped yellow flowers.[2] We found abundance of mulberries, as large as the French and a small fruit which we took at first for olives, but it had the taste of an orange, and another as large as a hen's egg; we broke it in half and found two separations, in each of which were encased eight or ten seed shaped like an almond, which are quite good when ripe.[3] The tree which bears them has, however, a very bad smell, and its leaf resembles that of the walnut. There are also, in the prairies, fruit resembling our filberts, but more tender; the leaves are larger, and spring from a stalk crowned at the top with a head liike a sunflower, in which all these nuts are neatly arranged; they are very good cooked or raw.[4]

As we coasted along rocks frightful for their height and length, we saw two monsters painted on one of these rocks, which startled us at first, and on which the boldest Indian dare not gaze long. They are as large as a calf, with horns on the head like a deer, a fearful look, red eyes, bearded like a tiger, the face somewhat like a man's, the body covered with scales, and the tail so long that it twice makes the turn of the body, passing over the head and down between the legs, and ending at last in a fish's tail. Green, red, and a kind of black are the colors employed. On the whole, these two monsters are so well painted that we could not believe any Indian to have been the designer, as good painters in France would find it hard to do as well; besides this, they are so high upon the rock that it is hard to get conveniently at them to paint them. This is pretty nearly the figure of these monsters as I drew it off.[5]

As we were discoursing of them, sailing gently down a beautiful, still, clear water, we heard the noise of a rapid into which we were about to fall. I have seen nothing more frightful; a mass of large trees, entire, with branches, real floating islands, came rushing from the mouth of

[1]See appendix.
[2]A kind of cactus.
[3]Probably the persimon tree.
[4]Probably Chincapin.
[5]The drawing of these figures by Marquette is lost.

the river Pekitanoüi, so impetuously that we could not, without great danger, expose ourselves to pass across. The agitation was so great that the water was all muddy and could not get clear.

Pekitanoüi is a considerable river which coming from very far in the northwest, empties into the Missisipi. Many Indian towns are ranged along this river, and I hope, by its means, to make the discovery of the Red, or California sea.

We judged by the direction the Missisipi takes, that if it keeps on the same course it has its mouth in the gulf of Mexico; it would be very advantageous to find that which leads to the South sea, toward California and this, as I said, I hope to find by Pekitanoüi, following the account which the Indians have given me; for from them I learn that advancing up this river for five or six days, you come to a beautiful prairie twenty or thirty leagues long, which you must cross to the northwest. It terminates at another little river on which you can embark, it not being difficult to transport canoes over so beautiful a country as that prairie. This second river runs southwest for ten or fifteen leagues, after which it enters a small lake, which is the source of another deep river, running to the west where it empties into the sea. I have hardly any doubt that this is the Red sea, and I do not despair of one day making the discovery, if God does me this favor and grants me health, in order to be able to publish the gospel to all the nations of this new world who have so long been plunged in heathen darkness.

Let us resume our route after having escaped as best we could the dangerous rapid caused by the obstacle of which I have spoken.

After having made about twenty leagues due south, and a little less to the southeast, we came to a river called Ouaboukigou,[1] the mouth of which is at 36° north. Before we arrived there, we passed by a place dreaded by the Indians, because they think that there is a manitou there, that is, a demon who devours all who pass, and of this it was that they have spoken, when they wished to deter us from our enterprise. The devil is this—a small bay, full of rocks, some twenty feet high, where the whole current of the river is whirled; hurled back against that which follows, and checked by a neighboring island, the mass of water is forced through a narrow channel; all this is not done without a furious combat of the waters tumbling over each other, nor without a great roaring, which strikes terror into Indians who fear everything. It did not prevent their passing and reaching 8ab8kig8. This river comes from the country on the east, inhabited by the people called Chaouanons (Shawnees), in such numbers that they

[1]See appendix.

reckon as many as twenty-three villages in one district, and fifteen in another, lying quite near each other; they are by no means warlike, and are the people the Iroquois go far to seek in order to wage an unprovoked war upon them; and as these poor people cannot defend themselves, they allow themselves to be taken and carried off like sheep, and innocent as they are, do not fail to experience, at times, the barbarity of the Iroquois, who burn them cruelly.

A little above this river of which I have just spoken, are cliffs where our men perceived an iron mine, which they deemed very rich; there are many veins and a bed a foot thick. Large masses are found combined with pebbles. There is also there a kind of unctuous earth of three colors, purple, violet and red, the water in which it is washed becomes blood-red. There is also a very heavy, red sand; I put some on a paddle and it took the color so well that the water did not efface it for fifteen days that I used it in rowing.

Here we began to see canes, or large reeds on the banks of the river; they are of a very beautiful green; all the knots are crowned with long, narrow, pointed leaves; they are very high and so thick-set that the wild cattle find it difficult to make their way through them.

Up to the present time we had not been troubled by mosquitoes, but we now, as it were, entered their country. Let me tell you what the Indians of these parts do to defend themselves against them. They raise a scaffolding, the floor of which is made of simple poles, and consequently a mere grate-work to give passage to the smoke of a fire which they build beneath. This drives off the little animals, as they can not bear it. The Indians sleep on the poles, having pieces of bark stretched above them to keep off the rain. This scaffolding shelters them too from the excessive and insupportable heat of the country, for they lie in the shade in the lower story, and are thus sheltered from the rays of the sun, enjoy the cool air which passes freely through the scaffold.

With the same view we were obliged to make on the water a kind of cabin with our sails, to shelter ourselves from the mosquitoes and the sun. While thus borne on at the will of the current, we perceived on the shore Indians armed with guns, with which they awaited us. I first presented my feathered calumet, while my comrades stood to arms, ready to fire on the first volley of the Indians. I hailed them in Huron, but they answered me by a word, which seemed to us a declaration of war. They were, however, as much frightened as ourselves and what we took for a signal of war was an invitation

to come near, that they might give us food; we accordingly landed and entered their cabins, where they presented us wild beef and bear's oil, with white plums, which are excellent. They have guns, axes, hoes, knives, beads, and double glass bottles in which they keep the powder. They wear their hair long and mark their bodies in the Iroquois fashion; the head-dress and clothing of their women were like those of the Huron squaws.

They assured us that it was not more than ten day's journey to the sea; that they bought stuffs and other articles of Europeans on the eastern side; that these Europeans had rosaries and pictures; that they played on instruments; that some were like me, who received them well. I did not, however, see anyone who seemed to have received any instruction in the faith; such as I could, I gave them with some medals.

This news roused our courage and made us take up our paddles with renewed ardor. We advance then, and now begin to see less prairie land, because both sides of the river are lined with lofty woods. The cotton-wood, elm and white-wood, are of admirable height and size. The numbers of wild cattle we heard bellowing made us believe the prairies near. We also saw quails on the water's edge, and killed a little parrot with half the head red, the rest, with the neck, yellow and the body green. We had now descended to near 33° north, having almost always gone south, when on the water's edge we perceived a village called Mitchigamea. We had recourse to our patroness and guide, the blessed virgin immaculate, and, indeed, we needed her aid, for we heard from afar the Indians exciting one another to the combat by continual yells. They were armed with bows, arrows, axes, war clubs and bucklers, and prepared to attack us by land and water; some embarked in large wooden canoes, a part to ascend, the rest to descend the river, as as to cut off our way and surround us completely. Those on shore kept going and coming as if about to begin the attack. In fact some young men sprang into the water to come and seize my canoe, but the current having compelled them to return to the shore, one of them threw his war club at us, but it passed over our heads without doing us any harm. In vain I showed the calumet, and made gestures to explain that we had not come as enemies. The alarm continued and they were about to pierce us from all sides with their arrows, when God suddenly touched the hearts of the old men on the water-side, doubtless at the sight of our calumet, which at a distance they had not distinctly recognized, but as I showed it continually they were touched, restrained the ardor of their youth, and two of the chiefs having thrown their bows and quivers

into our canoe, and, as it were, at our feet, entered and brought us to the shore, where we disembarked, not without fear on our part. We had at first to speak by signs, for not one understood a word of the six languages I knew; at last an old man was found who spoke a little Ilinois.

We showed them by our presents that we were going to the sea; they perfectly understood our meaning, but I know not whether they understood what I told them of God and the things which concerned their salvation. It is a seed cast in the earth which will bear its fruit in season. We got no answer except that we would learn all we desired at another great village called Akamsea, only eight or ten leagues farther down the river. They presented us with sagamity and fish, and we spent the night among them, not, however, without some uneasiness.

We embarked next morning with our interpreter, preceded by ten Indians in a canoe. Having arrived about half a league from Akamsea (Arkansas) we saw two canoes coming toward us. The commander was standing up holding in his hand the calumet with which he made signs according to the custom of the country; he approached us, singing quite agreeably, and invited us to smoke, after which he presented us some sagamity and bread made of Indian corn, of which we ate a little. He now took the lead, making us signs to follow slowly. Meanwhile they had prepared us a place under the war-chief's scaffold; it was neat and carpeted with fine rush mats, on which they made us sit down, having around us immediately the sachems, then the braves, and last of all, the people in crowds. We fortunately found among them a young man who understood Ilinois much better than the interpreter whom we had brought from Mitchigamea. By means of him I first spoke to the assembly by the ordinary presents; they admired what I told them of God and the mysteries of our holy faith, and showed a great desire to keep me with them to instruct them.

We then asked them what they knew of the sea; they replied that we were only ten days' journey from it (we could have made this distance in five days); that they did not know the nations who inhabited it, because their enemies prevented their commerce with those Europeans; that the hatchets, knives and beads, which we saw, were sold them partly by the nations to the east, and partly by an Ilinois town four days' journey to the west; that the Indians with fire-arms whom we had met were their enemies who cut off their passage to the sea, and prevented their making the acquaintance of the Europeans

or having any commerce with them; that, besides, we should expose ourselves greatly by passing on, in consequence of the continual war parties that their enemies sent out on the river; since being armed and used to war, we could not, without evident danger, advance on that river which they constantly occupy.

During this converse they kept continually bringing us in wooden dishes of sagamity, Indian corn whole, or pieces of dog flesh; the whole day was spent in feasting.

These Indians are very courteous and liberal of what they have, but they are very poorly off for food, not daring to go and hunt the wild cattle for fear of their enemies. It is true, they have Indian corn in abundance, which they sow at all seasons; we saw some ripe, more just sprouting, and more just in the ear, so that they sow three crops a year. They cook it in large earthen pots, which are very well made; they have also plates of baked earth, which they employ for various purposes. The men go naked and wear their hair short; they have the nose and ears pierced and beads hanging from them. The women are dressed in wretched skins; they braid their hair in two plaits which falls behind their ears; they have no ornaments to decorate their persons. Their banquets are without any ceremonies; they serve their meats in large dishes, and everyone eats as much as he pleases, and they give the rest to one another. Their language is extremely difficult, and with all my efforts I could not succeed in pronouncing some words. Their cabins, which are long and wide, are made of bark; they sleep at the two extremities, which are raised about two feet from the ground. They keep their corn in large baskets made of cane, or in gourds as large as half barrels. They do not know what a beaver is; their riches consisting in the hides of wild cattle. They never see snow and know the winter only by the rain which falls oftener than in summer. We eat no fruit there but watermelons; if they knew how to cultivate their ground they might have plenty of all kinds.

In the evening the sachems held a secret council on the design of some to kill us for plunder, but the chief broke up all these schmes, and sending for us, danced the calumet in our presence, in the manner I have described above, as a mark of perfect assurance, and then, to remove all fears, presented it to me.

M. Jollyet and I held another council to deliberate on what we should do, whether we should push on, or rest satisfied with the discovery that we had made. After having attentively considered that we were not far from the gulf of Mexico, the basin of which is 31° 40′

north, and we at 33° 40′, so that we could not be more than two or three days' journey off; that the Missisipi undoubtedly had its mouth in Florida or the gulf of Mexico, and not on the east, in Virginia, whose seacoast is at 34° north, which we had passed, without having as yet reached the sea, nor on the western side in California, because that would require a west or west-southwest course, and we had always been going south. We considered, moreover, that we risked losing the fruit of this voyage, of which we could give no information, if we should throw ourselves into the hands of the Spaniards, who would undoubtedly, at least, hold us as prisoners. Besides, it was clear that we were not in a condition to resist Indians allied to Europeans numerous and expert in the use of fire-arms, who continually infested the lower part of the river. Lastly, we had gathered all the information that could be desired from the expedition. All these reasons induced us to resolve to return; this we announced to the Indians, and after a day's rest, prepared for it.

After a month's navigation down the Missisipi, from the 42d to below the 34th degree, and after having published the gospel as well as I could to the nations I had met, we left the village of Akamsea on the 17th of July, to retrace our steps. We accordingly ascended the Missisipi, which gave us great trouble to stem its currents. We left it indeed, about the 38th degree, to enter another river, which greatly shortened our way and brought us, with little trouble, to the lake of the Ilinois.

We have seen nothing like this river for the fertility of the land, its prairies, woods, wild cattle, stag, deer, wildcat, bustards,[1] swans, ducks, parrots, and even beaver; its many little lakes and rivers. That on which we sailed is broad, deep and gentle for sixty-five leagues. During the spring and part of the summer, the only portage is half a league.

We found there an Ilinois town called Kaskaskia, composed of seventy-four cabins; they received us well, and compelled me to promise to return and instruct them. One of the chiefs of this tribe with his young men, escorted us to the Ilinois lake, whence at last we returned in the close of September to the bay of the Fetid, whence we had set out in the beginning of June.

Had all this voyage caused but the salvation of a single soul, I should deem all my fatigue well repaid, and this I have reason to think, for when I was returning I passed by the Indians of Peoria. I was three days announcing the faith in all their cabins, after which as we were embarking, they brought me on the water's edge a dying

[1]Sometimes called the Canadian goose.

child, which I baptized a little before it expired, by an admirable Providence for the salvation of that innocent soul.[1]

MARQUETTE'S LAST JOURNAL

Unfinished letter of Father Marquette to Father Claude Dablon, Superior of the Missions, Containing a journal of his last visit to the Illinois

[Historical Magazine, April, 1861. Translated by John G. Shea]

"REV. FATHER—The peace of Christ. Having been compelled to remain all summer at St. Francis on account of my ill health, and having recovered in the month of September, I waited for the arrival of our people returning from below (*i. e.* Quebec), to know what I should do for my wintering. They brought me orders for my voyage to the mission of the Conception among the Illinois. Having met Your Reverence's wishes touching copies of my journal on the Mississippi river, I set out with Pierre Porteret and Jaque[2] ————, Oct. 25, 1674. In the afternoon the wind forced us to lay up for the night at the mouth of the river, where the Pottawatamies were assembled; the head men not wishing any to go off towards the Illinois, for fear the young men would lay up furs with the goods they had brought from below, and after hunting beaver would resolve to go down in the spring, when they expect to have reason to fear the Sioux.

"Oct. 26.—Passing to the village we found only two cabins there, and they were starting to winter at La Gasparde; we learned that five canoes of Pottawatamies and four Illinois had set out to go to the Kaskaskia.

"27.—We were detained in the morning by rain; in the afternoon

[1]The following table of distances offers the best means of forming some idea of the whole distance passed over by M. Jollyet and Father Marquette:

	Miles.
From the mission of St. Ignac to Green bay about	218
From Green bay (Puans) up Fox river to the portage	175
From the portage down the Wisconsin to the Mississippi	175
From the mouth of the Wisconsin to the mouth of the Arkansas	1,087
From the mouth of the Arkansas to the Ilinois river	547
From the mouth of the Ilinois to the Chicago	305
From the Chicago to Green bay, by the lake shore	260
	2,767

—*Spark's Life of Marquette.*

[2]Jacques. Companions on Marquette's journey.

we had fair weather and calm, and overtook at Sturgeon Bay the Indians who preceded us.

"28.—We reached the portage; a canoe which was ahead prevented our killing any game. We began our portage, and cabined for the night on the other side, where the bad weather gave us much trouble. Pierre did not come in till one o'clock at night, having got lost on a road on which he had never before been. After rain and thunder, snow began to fall.

"29.—Having been compelled to change our cabinage, we continued to carry the bundles. The portage is about a league long, and very inconvenient in some parts. The Illinois, assembling in our cabin in the evening, ask us not to leave them, as we might need them, and they know the lake better than we do. We promised.

"30.—The Illinois women finished our portage in the morning; we are detained by the wind. No game.

"31.—We start with pretty fair weather, and stopped for the night at a little river. The road from Sturgeon Bay, by land, is a very difficult one; we did not travel far on it, last fall, before we got into the woods.

"Nov. 1.—Having said holy mass, we halted at night at a river, from which a fine road leads to the Pottawatamies. Chachagwessiou, an Illinois, much esteemed in his nation, partly because he concerns himself with trade, came in at night with a deer on his shoulder, of which he gave us part.

"2.—Holy mass said, we traveled all day with fair weather. We killed two cats, which were almost clear fat.

"3.—As I was on land walking on the beautiful sand, the whole edge of the water was of herbs similar to those caught in nets at St. Ignace; but coming to a river which I could not cross, our people put in to take me on board, but we could not get out again on account of the swell. All the other canoes went except the one that came with us.

"4.—We are detained. There is apparently an island off shore, as the birds fly there in the evening.

"5.—We had hard work to get out of the river. At noon we found the Indians in a river, where I undertook to instruct the Illinois, on occasion of a feast which No-wasking-we had just given to a wolf skin.

"6.—We made a good day's travel. As the Indians were out hunting they came on some footprints of men, which obliged us to stop next day.

"9.—We landed at two o'clock, on account of the fine cabinage. We were detained here five days on account of the great agitation of the lake, though there was no wind; then by the snow, which the sun and a wind from the lake melted next day.

"15.—After traveling sufficiently, we cabined in a beautiful spot, where we were detained three days. Pierre (Porteret) mends an Indian's gun. Snow falls at night and melts by day.

"20.—We slept at the Bluffs, cabined poorly enough. The Indians remain behind, while we are detained by the wind two days and a half. Pierre, going into the woods, finds the prairie twenty leagues from the portage. He also passed by a beautiful canal, vaulted as it were, about as high as a man; there was a foot of water in it.

"21.—Having started about noon, we had hard enough work to make a river.

The cold began from the east and the ground was covered with a foot of snow, which remained constantly from that time. We were detained there three days, during which Pierre killed a deer, three wild geese and three turkeys, which were very good. The others passed on to the prairies. An Indian, having discovered some cabins, came to tell us. Jacques went with him there the next day. Two hunters also came to see me. They were Maskoutens to the numbers of eight or nine cabins, who had separated from each other to be able to live. They travel all winter with hardships almost impossible for Frenchmen, by very difficult roads, the land being full of streams, small lakes and marshes. They are very badly cabined, and eat or fast according to the spot where they happen to be. Having been detained by the wind, we remarked that there were large sand banks off the shore on which the waves broke continually.

There I felt some symptoms of a dysentery.

"27.—We had hard enough work to get out of the river; and having made about three leagues, we found the Indians who had killed some buffalo, and also three Indians who had come from the village. We were detained there by a wind from the shore, immense waves that came from the lake, and the cold.

"December 1.—We went ahead of the Indians so as to be able to say mass.

"3.—Having said mass and embarked, we were compelled to make a point and land on account of the fog.

"4—We started well to reach Portage river, which was frozen half a foot thick. There was more snow there than anywhere else; and also more tracks of animals and turkeys. The navigation of the lake from

one portage to the other is quite fine, there being no traverse to make and landing being quite feasible all along, providing you do not obstinately persist in traveling in the breakers and high winds. The land along the shore is good for nothing, except on the prairies. You meet eight or ten pretty fine rivers. Deer hunting is pretty good as you get away from the Pottawatamies.

"12.—As they began to draw to get to the portage, the Illinois having left, the Pottawatamies arrived with much difficulty. We could not say mass on the feast of the Conception, on account of the bad weather and the cold. During our stay at the mouth of the river, Pierre and Jacques killed three buffalo and four deer, one of which ran quite a distance with his heart cut in two. They contented themselves with killing three or four turkeys of the many which were around our cabin, because they were almost dying of hunger. Jacques brought in a partridge that he had killed, every way resembling those of France, except that it had like two little wings of three or four feathers, a finger long, near the head, with which they cover the sides of the neck, where there are no feathers.

"14.—Being cabined near the portage, two leagues up the river, we resolved to winter there, on my inability to go further being too much embarrassed, and my malady not permitting me to stand much fatigue. Several Illinois passed yesterday, going to carry their furs to Nawaskingwe. We gave them a buffalo and a deer that Jacques had killed the day before. I think I never saw Indians more greedy for French tobacco than these. They came and threw beaver skins at our feet to get a small piece; but we returned them, giving them some pipes, because we had not yet concluded whether we should go on.

"15.—Chachagwessiou and the other Illinois left us to go and find their people and give them the merchandise which they had brought in order to get their furs, in which they act like traders and hardly give more than the French. I instructed them before their departure, deferring the holding a council till spring when I should be at their village. They gave us for a fathom[1] of tobacco three fine buffalo robes, which have done us good service this winter. Being thus relieved we said the mass of the Conception. Since the fourteenth my disease has turned into a dysentery.

"30.—Jacques arrived from the Illinois village, which was only six leagues from here, where they are starving. The cold and snow prevent their hunting. Some having informed la Toupine and the surgeon that we were here, and unable to leave their cabin, had so alarmed the Indians, believing that we would starve remaining here, that Jacques

[1]All you can hold in two arms.

had great trouble in preventing fifteen young men from coming to carry all our affairs.

"January 16, 1675.—As soon as the two Frenchmen knew that my illness prevented my going to them, the surgeon came here with an Indian to bring us some whortleberries and bread. They are only eighteen leagues from here in a beautiful hunting ground for buffalo and deer and turkeys, which are excellent there. They had, too, laid up provisions while awaiting us, and had given the Indians to understand that the cabin belonged to the blackgown. And I may say that they said and did all that could be expected of them. The surgeon having stopped here to attend to his duties, I sent Jacques with him to tell the Illinois who were near there, that my illness prevented my going to see them, and that if it continued I should scarcely be able to go there in the spring.

"24.—Jacque returned with a bag of corn and other refreshments that the French had given him for me; he also brought the tongues and meat of two buffalo that he had and an Indian had killed near by; but all the animals show the badness of the season.

"26.—Three Illinois brought us from the head men two bags of corn, some dried meat; squashes and twelve beavers, first, to make me a mat; second, to ask me for powder; third, to prevent our being hungry; fourth, to have some few goods. I answered them, firstly, that I had come to instruct them by speaking to them of the prayer, etc.; secondly, that I would not give them powder, as we were endeavoring to diffuse peace on all sides, and I did not wish them to begin a war with the Miamis; thirdly, that we were in no fear of starving; fourthly, that I would encourage the French to carry them goods, and that they must satisfy those among them for the wampum taken from them as soon as the surgeon started to come here. As they had come twenty leagues, to pay them for their trouble and what they brought me, I gave them an axe, two knives, three clasp-knives, ten fathoms of wampum and two double mirrors; telling them that I should endeavor to go to the village merely for a few days if my illness continued. They told me to take courage, to stay and die in their country, and said that they had been told that I would remain long with them.

"Feb. 9.—Since we addressed ourselves to the blessed virgin immaculate, to whom we began a novena by a mass, at which Pierre and Jacque, who do all they can to relieve me, received, to ask my recov ery of the Almighty, my dysentery has ceased; there is only a weakness of the stomach left. I begin to feel much better and to recover my strength. None of the Illinois who had ranged themselves near

us have been cabined for a month; some took the road to the Pottawatamies and some are still on the lake, waiting for the navigation to open. They carry letters to our Fathers at St. Francis.

"20.—We had time to observe the tide which comes from the lake, rising and falling, although there appears no shelter on the lake. We saw the ice go against the wind. These tides made the water good or bad, because what comes from above flows from the prairies and small streams. The deer, which are plentiful on the lake shore, are so lean, that we had to leave some that we killed.

"March 23.—We killed several partridges; only the male has the little wings at the neck, the female not having any. These partridges are pretty good, but do not come up to the French.

"30.—The north wind having prevented the thaw till the 25th of March, it began with a southerly wind. The next day game began to appear; we killed thirty wild pigeons, which I found better than those below (Quebec), but smaller, both young and old. On the 28th the ice broke and choked above us. On the 29th the water was so high that we had barely time to uncabin in haste, put our things on trees and try to find a place to sleep on some hillock, the water gaining on us all night; but having frozen a little and having fallen as we were near our luggage, the dyke burst and the ice went down, and as the waters are again ascending already, we are going to embark to continue our route.

"The blessed virgin immaculate has taken such care of us during our wintering that we have wanted nothing in the way of provisions, having a large bag of corn still left, meat and grease; we have, too, lived most peacefully, my sickness not preventing my saying mass every day. We were able to keep Lent only Fridays and Saturdays.

"31.—Having started yesterday, we made three leagues on the river, going up, without finding any portage. We dragged for half an arpent. Besides this outlet, the river has another, by which we must descend. Only the very high grounds escape inundation. That where we are has increased more than twelve feet. Here we began our portage more than eighteen months ago. Geese and duck pass constantly. We contented ourselves with seven. The ice still brought down detains us here, as we do not know in what state the river is lower down.

"April 1.—As I do not yet know whether I shall remain this summer at the village or not, on account of my dysentery, we left there a part of what we could dispense with, especially a bag of corn, while detained by a strong south wind. We hope tomorrow to reach the spot where the French are, fifteen leagues from here.

"6.—The high winds and cold prevent us from proceeding. The two lakes by which we have passed are full of bustards, geese, ducks, cranes and other birds that we do not know. The rapids are pretty dangerous in some places. We have just met the surgeon, with an Indian, going up with a canoe-load of furs; but the cold being too severe for men who have to drag their canoes through the water, he has just made a cache of his beaver and goes back to the village with us tomorrow. If the French get robes from the country they do not rob them, so great is the hardship they experience in getting them."

THE LAST OF THE BARONS

BY RICHARD R. ELLIOTT

The city of Detroit stands unique in American history, side by side with New Orleans for its dynastic changes and for its varied national control.

First, it was settled by Frenchmen and ruled by France, through her colonial representatives in Canada;

Second, it passed under the rule of England;

Third, it became an outpost of the United States;

Fourth, it was again taken possession of by England; and

Fifth, in the order of its political control, it was restored to the American Republic, whose flag has since waved over its territory.

During these governmental changes the French regime lasted about sixty years; the English occupation during the first period about forty years, the American about fifteen years until the war of 1812, when the English were again in possession for a year or more, until the English soldiers, with their tory and Indian allies were finally relegated to the south side of the strait.

The soil now covered by Detroit and above and below its present limits, had been mostly occupied by French colonists, dating from 1701. These settlers were the pick and choice of the Frenchmen who came during the seigniorial jurisdiction of Cadillac and subsequently.

They found the land so fertile, the climate so congenial, and the mar-

ket for their products so good, that they founded families and homes and thrived and increased. This was prior to 1740.

The colonial government of New France, under instructions from its home government, which had learned the importance of Detroit as a post, and its value as a colony, encouraged the immigration of agriculturists and artizans by substantial inducements, and consequently a large number of indigenous Canadians came from the vicinity of the St. Lawrence and established new homes on the banks of the Detroit, and this immigration continued until the cession by France of her vast empire in the new world to England, subsequent to the fall of Montcalm.

When the British flag finally replaced the lilied standard of France, the French officials, those who had been acting under the authority of the colonial government at Quebec, together with the resident factors of some wealthy Canadian merchants, returned to Canada with their families.

Those who thus returned had been congenial in religion, they spoke the same language, they were accustomed to the ways and usages of the occupants of the soil and they had lived in harmony with them. Far different were their new political rulers destined to be.

But no Frenchman without courage and endurance would have dared the perils surrounding the expeditionary settlement of Detroit, nor could any of the Canadians who subsequently came as colonists, be induced to leave their friends and homes in Canada, and with their wives and children make the long and tedious journey from the St. Lawrence to the Detroit, so far from their parental homes, and settle down into new homes on its "forest-lined shores" unless they were endowed with the same courage and the same determined perseverance which had characterized the original colonists. The French settlers remained and their landed rights were not disturbed. It was the second generation of the original colonists, and the hardy pioneers of the last decade of the French regime, who had to face the foes of their religion, the conquerors of new France, and the enemies of their paternal fatherland. The British were rough in manner, they were alien in language, unfamiliar with the amenities of social intercourse, as well as with the usages and customs of the people; while in their own country, the Catholic religion which was professed by all the residents of the post and its dependencies, was proscribed, and its practice interdicted by outrageous laws, with penalties enforced with inhuman barbarity.

But the British ruled just the same as at the same period they ruled in Ireland, in India and in other countries which had unfortunately

fallen under their control, with but slight consequences for the worse to the conquered race here. Their rule was endured patiently; but there was no law nor any semblance of legal government; the dictates of the commanding officer of the post, during forty years, whether he was lieutenant, captain, major, or colonel, answered for courts, judges, or legal tribunals, and was supreme.

Finally, after the American Revolution, but not until several years had elapsed, the British surrendered their claim to dominion, on the north shore of the strait, and their military rule came to an end.

But their successors, who came under the authority of the Federal Government at Washington, were as opposite in their religious beliefs as had been the British, and to some extent less familiar with the language and customs of the people than their predecessors; they were, however, clothed with judicial functions and they re-established civil government, which had been suspended under British rule for nearly half a century.

In the meantime the greater part of the eighteenth century had passed away. For nearly 100 years the French race had occupied the soil where the city of Detroit has since been built.

How about their religion, their language, their education and the peculiar manners and customs of their forefathers?

All these attributes of their race differing so essentially from those of the British and American races, they had retained. Especially had they cherished their religion, the practice of which they had unmolestedly enjoyed by virtue of treaty stipulations since the conquest of Canada; and during nearly the entire century they had been blessed with the priestly ministration of the Recollect fathers of the Franciscan order, whose place was in later years filled by eminent ecclesiastics from Quebec, whose venerable bishops even extended their periodical diocesan visitations to this far distant portion of their spiritual charge, at the time comprising the parochial organizations of St. Anne, the mother church of the northwest, and her sister establishment on the south side of the strait, the Assumption parish at Sandwich.

Detroit continued to wear more or less of the appearance of a Gallic town, notwithstanding the entire destruction of the original town by fire in 1805, until 1830, when the first ripple of the tide of immigration from New York, the New England states and from Europe, bubbled upon its shores; waves soon succeeded ripples in this tide, increasing in extent rapidly.

At that time, generally speaking, outside of the large eastern cities, mills and factories were operated by water power obtained from streams

or waterways near by; Detroit had no water power advantages to attract capitalists, but it was the metropolis of Michigan, which possessed within her borders all the advantages possessed by the older States, and with a soil which only awaited the labor of the husbandman to yield unusually rich harvests. The products of the interior soon came to Detroit and were disposed of here or forwarded to eastern markets; while nearly all the principal portion of the commodities necessary for the use of the people of the interior of Michigan were supplied from this city.

During the initial years of the immigration period, there remained in Detroit a considerable number of the moving elements composing the tide; these, communicating with their friends in the east or abroad, attracted the latter to Detroit, where they made their homes. They came in such considerable numbers that the population increased rapidly and apparently with a more intelligent and a more superior class of men and women than those who had extended their wanderings further west. It was thus that the foundation of the present fine city of Detroit was formed.

But how about the original occupants of the soil? What had become of the French race? It has been already stated that during the eighteenth century the most prominent attribute of this race of hardy pioneers, their religion, had been cared for by the episcopal authorities of Quebec. When the final cession of the north shore by the British brought it under the political rule of the federal government, the religious rule of the Catholic inhabitants was assumed by the American hierarchy, represented by Archbishop Carroll, subsequently, but at the time bishop over all the territory comprising the federal union; priests under the jurisdiction of Baltimore replaced those subject to the bishop of Quebec in 1796.

In 1833 Detroit was made a Catholic diocese, Dr. Frederic Résé was appointed its first bishop, and from the epoch of the advent of this distinguished prelate, commenced the growth and expansion of a Catholic population, different in race, language and customs from the indigenous French race, but bound to the latter by the same bond of religious belief, while being a component part of the new element of population which had come to change the old French city into one of the most enterprising and attractive in the range of newly created American cities in the west.

The first Catholic church in Detroit was dedicated to St. Anne in 1701; its first pastor, the saintly Father Delhalle,[1] was killed by an

[1]Recollect Father Nicholas Benoit Constantine de Le Halle.

Indian's bullet in 1706; the original church was destroyed for strategic reasons, and its fourth successor, consecrated in 1755 by the bishop of Quebec, was destroyed in the great fire of 1805.

The St. Anne's of nearly all this century, was built by Father Richard, and divine service was first held in its basement in 1821. In 1833 it was made the cathedral of Bishop Résé. Among the Franco-American community when this event occurred, were the direct heirs in the male line, inheriting the lands held by their ancestors during the French regime and confirmed to their representatives by the American government.

These "grants" were invariably located on the shores of the strait on both sides; and on the American side along the River Raisin, the Rouge, and from the site of the present city along the shore of the St. Clair, lake and river.

The farms were not wide, but as a rule they extended back about three miles from the shore.

It is of the inheritors of these "French farms," as they were called, who at the epoch around which were clustered the events and circumstances of Father Richard's time and of the initial years of Detroit's first bishop, whose ancestral domains were located along the strait between the Rouge and Hamtramck, that I am about to write.

They were the *haut monde* of the Catholic community. No city in the United States at the time, not even Baltimore excepted, possessed so remarkable a group of Catholic gentlemen, indigenous to the soil of the city in which they lived, and presenting as this group did, such an unbroken record of faithful adherence to the faith their ancestors had professed.

It is due to their memory, linked as it is in the historic chain of the romantic, the tragic, and the dramatic events which distinguished the coming of their ancestors, and which marked the history of this city and vicinity during the lifetime of their immediate predecessors, that the names of these gentlemen be placed on record to illustrate our own local Catholic history, which is distinguished for eventful happenings from the advent of the martyr Recollet,[1] Delhalle, in 1701, to the death of the martyr Sulpitian,[1] Father Richard, in 1832, from the cholera.

I shall take the liberty to call these gentlemen "The Last of the Barons;" not one of them to my personal knowledge, however, ever laid claim to such a title, plain and unassuming as they were, but if baronial dignity and rights follow baronial domain in some European nations, and were such admissible under federal law, these gentlemen were entitled to such special privileges as large landed appendages

[1]See appendix.

carry with them in some countries abroad. I give their names as accurately as memory will permit; they were contemporary with me since 1834, and these names comprise a chaplet recalling ancestral virtues most worthily perpetuated.

THE LAST OF THE BARONS

Allard, Jacques,
Beaubien, Antoine,
Beaubien, Lombard,
Beaufait, Col. Louis,
Berthelet, Henri,
Campau, Barnabé,
Campau, Jacques,
Campau, Joseph,
Cauchois, Jean Baptiste,
Chéne, Gabriel,
Chabert-Joncaire,[1] Jean Baptiste,
Chapoton, Benoit,
Chapoton, Eustache,
Cicotte, Captain Francois,
Coté (Cotté) Prisque, (Presque)
De Quindre, Major Antoine,
Dubois, Edouard,
Godfroy, Pierre,
Godfroy, Gabriel,
Gouin, Charles,
Labadie, Antoine,
Laderoute, Jean Baptiste,
L'Esperance, Alexis,
La Fleur, Etienne,
La Ferté, Joseph,
La Fontaine, Francois,
Loranger, Joseph,
Marsac, Jacques,
Marsac, Jean Baptiste,
Marsac, René,
Meldrum, George,
Moran, Charles,
Moran, Louis,
Moross, Victor,
Poupard, Charles,
Provencal, Pierre,
Reaume, Joseph,
Renaud, Antoine,
Rivard, Antoine,
Rivard, Francois,
Riopelle, Dominique,
Saint (St.) Aubin, Francois,
Saint Aubin, Louis,
Saint Bernard, Henri,
Saint Jean, Joseph-Cerre,
Tremble (Tromble), Charles,
Tremble, Francois.

It would be remarkable if some name or names have not been omitted, if there are others I am sorry, for they are entitled to their place with their associates in the roll of the "Last of the Barons."

Probably, as a rule, no finer physically formed men could be grouped together as the representatives of any one race on the soil of the Republic at the epoch of which I write. They were, moreover, men generally speaking, who were fervent Catholics, whose lives honored the memory of their sires, to whose faith and to whose language they had adhered.

The progress of the city necessitated the opening of streets, which in

[1]Alphabetically this should be under J. Joncaire.

their development destroyed their orchards, cut up their meadows and dismembered their farms.

It was said of Antoine Beaubien, father of the Antoine named above, and whose remains were laid to rest in the crypt under St. Anne's, that he forcibly resisted the surveyors who outlined the opening of the city's great thoroughfare, Jefferson avenue, through his property; in his case, as with others on the "baronial" roll, they were made wealthy by the cutting up of their domains against their continued and determined protests.

But in the process and in the results of this transformation their identity as a distinct class was obliterated. One by one they were carried to the tomb, with all the rites and ceremonies of mother church, as their fathers had been before them; and with very few exceptions, these last rites were administered in old St. Anne, where the waters of baptism had been poured upon their heads; where they had been confirmed by episcopal hands, where they had been joined in holy matrimony, and in which they had worshiped their Creator during the whole course of their mortal existence.

And, as they have gradually disappeared, and as their memory grows less distinct, their children and their grandchildren have mingled with the thousands of others of their age and of their sex, quite oblivious in some cases of their ancestral note, in the fast increasing population of the city first founded by their ancestors; while the memory of many has been to some extent perpetuated in the local outlines of Detroit by their names, which have been given to avenues and streets, which now divide their former domains. And yet, these names which have been connected with the soil for nearly two centuries are a puzzle to most of the people who habitually use these thoroughfares.

How fine becomes the dust pulverized by the remorseless wheels of time!

And yet, curious as these results may be, there is a ludicrous side presented in the accepted pronunciation of most of the names which recall the memory of our French ancestors in Detroit.

Detroit, May 26, 1892.

THE PRESIDENTS OF THE PIONEER AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF THE STATE OF MICHIGAN.

BY JUDGE ALBERT MILLER, THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY

[NOTE—This should have been published in Vol. 14, with the proceedings of 1889, but was crowded out for want of space, and overlooked in Vol. 17, where it should have appeared before the sequel on page 351]

I have been engaged for fifteen years,
At work with other pioneers,
In gathering from historic past
Items to place where they will last,
Telling of what was Michigan
When first 't was known to the white man,
And of the struggles sad and drear
Encountered by the pioneer
In fitting this vast wilderness
For homes, posterity to bless;
And showing how, at an early date,
A course was shaped for this new State
To be esteemed one of the best
That can be named at the east or west.

In eighteen hundred and seventy-four,
In the month of April (not before),
There was formed an organization
That now is known in state and nation,
Its object and its work is found
In thirteen volumes, all well bound,
Of contributions and selections
Printed in "Pioneer Collections."

Something should be said of those
Who through patriotism chose
To give their time and talents great
To gathering history of our State.

The presidents I here will name,
Some of whom are known to fame,
Some have in high positions stood,
Working for their country's good,
And in this their labor of love
Faithful workers all do prove.

The first one here I need not name,
He is humble and devoid of fame;
All that need be said of him
Is that he freely gives his time.

Doctor Comstock[1] is the second,
Among the best he must be reckoned;
A "historian" from the beginning,
The love of his associates winning
By his counsels and his acts,
In gathering items and writing facts.
At a very early date
He was an officer of the State.
A faithful worker he has been,
As by the "Collections" may be seen.
Valuable articles he bestowed,
Which from his able pen have flowed.
He has not been with us much of late,
He now sojourns in another state;
But wherever he resides,
His love for Michigan abides.
His associates here now send him greetings,
Hoping to see him at future meetings.

Jonathan Shearer[2] is number three,
His likeness in volume four you'll see;
His stalwart form and ringlets long,
I need not mention in this song;
For they are plainly brought to view

[1]See *Michigan Biographies*, p. 187.
[2]For autobiography see Vol. 4, p. 407.

In the picture referred to.
A State senator he has been,
As by the records may be seen;
High positions in county and State,
He occupied at an early date.
An active man in every sphere,
And much good work he did us here.
He was one of the early pioneers,
His age had reached to four score years
When he presided o'er us here
In the nation's centennial year.
With us he still continued on
Until he died in '81.

Next comes Judge Baxter, Witter J.,
Of him there is naught too good to say.
For fluent tongue and ready pen
Few his equals now are seen.
A pioneer of '31,
Much service for his State he's done;
He was with us at the start,
Taking then an active part;
Much of his work can now be found
Stored within the volumes bound.
In talents rare he did excel,
And his work was all done well.
But death still likes a shining mark,
It suddenly called from from his work;
Leaving here an empty space,
It is hard for us to fill his place.

The next one was of Scottish birth,
But Michigan soon learned his worth,
For when he to full manhood come
He made it then his future home.
John J. Adam is his name,
Which is now well-known to fame.
His early service for our State,
Which proved of benefit so great,
Dates backward more than fifty years,
And is well known to pioneers;

The positions he has occupied
To him should be a source of pride,
Since the duties that upon them fell
By him were all performed so well.
His term of service with us here
Was limited to just one year,
Before that term of service ended
The society he much befriended.

The sixth one on our list to name
Is Colonel Shoemaker, of much fame,
As a statesman, warrior, financier,
He also was a pioneer;
And in this State for honest fame,
But few his equals I can name,
And in this work which is our theme,
A leading spirit he doth seem,
Of the committee whose work so large,
He is the head and takes the charge,
And all its papers he inspects,
And what to publish he directs;
His constant watchfulness and care,
His exercise of talents rare,
Have proved of value now so great
That it is beyond an estimate.
He exercises much good sense
In publishing ancient documents
Without alterations or corrections,
In the Pioneer Collections.
Showing the acts of friend and foe
In war one hundred years ago.
His contributions, which are many,
For worth are not excelled by any.

The next one in this list to name
Is Judge Wells of national fame.
Two constitutions of our State,
Under which it has grown so great,
By conventions were prepared,
In the work of which he fully shared;
In the court of Alabama claims,

Where none were found but first-class names,
He was selected to preside,
So much in him did Grant confide.
To eulogize is not my intention,
Only his work with us to mention;
And when that work with us began,
O, how we all esteemed that man!
In his writings and his speeches
The importance of our work he teaches.
Its full success he had at heart
And in it took an active part;
When with small means we undertook
The publishing of our first book,
In all the trials then he shared,
Some of the work himself prepared.
His work has of great value been,
Which by inspection may be seen.
He has passed onward to the bourn
From whence no travelers return.

The next to name is John C. Holmes—
At thought of him a tear still comes—
Because his form and face so dear
Can never more be with us here.
At the meeting to begin our work
He was with us, and chosen clerk;
And when we came to organize,
His work was good, his counsels wise,
While on the committee executive
Much good service he did give,
And on the historic committee
His name is the first one that you see.
So it is seen that in the start
With us he took a leading part;
Ever pleasant, unassuming,
Never once with us presuming
To assert *his* way the best,
But referred the matter to the rest.
His contributions they were large,
He had many things in charge;

He would travel half across the State
To have some person there relate
His experience as a pioneer,
And write it down in language clear
And publish it in the "Collections"—
Always good were his selections.
His correspondence it was large,
Though others had that work in charge.
His assistance to our secretary
Was highly appreciated, very.
And since our work was first begun
More than his share he's always done,
And he did it all so well
Till by the shaft of death he fell.
Now in this circle all around
Our grief and sorrow is profound,
For few like him can now be seen,
None be to us what he has been.
His services of earlier days
That gained renown in other ways,
In these lines I need not name,
For his work with us secures his fame.

The next to take our work in charge,
Which now has grown to be so large,
Is Judge Walker, who has lent
Two years to serve as president.
He did engage at an early date
In gathering history of the State.
Of the "Historical Society" now dead
He was the life when life it had.
Of its collections, which were large,
Now Judge Walker has the charge.
Each and every document
To this society he has lent,
From which we are making good selections
To publish in Pioneer Collections.
Judge Walker's fame in literature
A strict attention will secure
To all his writings in our books
For which the historian always looks,

It is superfluous here to name
The work that's given him such fame.
He's proficient in the law,
His reputation is without a flaw.

Henry Fralick is number ten,
One of the busiest of our men,
His energy and business tact
To us is now a well-known fact.
An early pioneer of Wayne
And much renown he there did gain
But now he hails from the county of Kent,
Where many years ago he went.
His services in county and State,
Which now are known to have been great,
In these lines need not be quoted
For in other places they are noted;
Like everything he undertakes
His work with us a success he makes.
He worked with us about four years,
But seldom with us now appears;
Occasionally of late he spends
A day in visiting his old friends.
One year o'er us he did preside
For which he was well qualified.

The next to mention here today
Is Judge Dewey, Francis A.
He hails from the county of Lenawee,
As by his writings you will see
A pioneer of '29.
As those same writings do define,
He endured the hardships and the strife
Of a pioneer in early life.
He likes to talk of early days
Of pioneers and of their ways;
At any time if words he lacks
His finger will emphasize the facts.
He is president of the society
Of pioneers in Lenawee;
His addresses there, from year to year,
Are sent to us and published here.

His annual memorial report
Is always of the better sort.
On the committee executive
Twelve years of service he did give,
One year he was our president
And with his course all were content.

The next one from Ann Arbor came,
M. H. Goodrich is his name,
That a pleasant, social man is he
All that know him will agree,
When he is present at our meetings
All are sure of pleasant greetings.
A man of liberal education,
Fit for almost any station.
He is a lawyer by profession
And of all points likes the discussion.
If at his record you will look
You'll find his name in every book
From number one to number eleven.
When to him the presidency was given,
In number twelve of the volumes bound,
His likeness also may be found.

Next comes our friend, Judge Talcott Wing,
Who a laugh will always bring
While making his five minute speeches
When to that point the programme reaches.
He is one of the pioneers
For he's been here near seventy years.
Like others landing on our shore
When he arrived the judge was poor,
'Tis even said he then did lack
A shirt to cover his poor back.
The country then was new you know
And every one had a chance to grow,
And he has grown to stand abreast
With pioneers that are the best.
His interest in our work is great
For he's a native of the State.
That his contributions are of the best
The reading of them will attest.

His latest work, as all should know,
The published History of Monroe,
Secures to him an author's fame
That hence attaches to his name.
Our president two years he's been
And a better one can ne'er be seen.
I do not here attempt to show
Of all these men what others know,
But only try to make it clear
What in our circle they appear.

Other names I fain would mention,
But this reading causes such detention
That I must now cut short this lay
And mention them some other day.

THE PATRIOT WAR[1]

BY ROBERT B. ROSS

[Published in Detroit Evening News, 1890. Revised by the author for the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society]

CHAPTER I

REVIEW OF THE POLITICAL SITUATION AND CAUSES THAT LED TO THE REVOLT—THE LEADERS IN THE MOVEMENT AND THE MILITARY OPERATIONS THEY INSTIGATED—SOME OF THE STIRRING SCENES ENACTED ALONG THE CANADIAN BORDER—FIGHTING FOR FREEDOM UNDER PECULIAR DIFFICULTIES—FEELINGS OF THE CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES TOWARD THE FACTIONS

The patriot war of 1837-8, during which a bloody strife raged fiercely on the Canadian frontier, has a fund of interest to the people of Michigan. The most interesting movements of the war were conducted along the Michigan border; many citizens of this State fought under the "twin stars"[2] of the rebel forces; four engagements were contested in the vicinity of Detroit, and the last and decisive

[1]In histories of Canada it is called the Canadian Rebellion of 1837-8.
[2]For emblem of the Patriot war see Vol. XXXVI, p. 622, where a commission shows two stars.

battle, which extinguished the hopes of the patriots, was fought within 2,000 yards of this city, on the opposite Canadian shore.

The causes of the insurrection date back to the English conquest of Canada in 1759, by which that country was wrested from the French. On September 13 of that year Wolfe defeated Montcalm and captured Quebec, and both gallant generals laid down their lives on the Plains of Abraham. The British conquerors did not treat their new subjects with much consideration, and to the rankling sense of subjection experienced by a proud and sensitive race were added other

BITTER MEMORIES

In 1763 when Gen. Gage, the British commander, drafted a contingent of French Canadians to aid in revenging on the Indians the massacre of the garrison at Mackinaw, the levies were treated as beasts of burden, and set to work at the point of the bayonet, while the British regulars sat at ease in their tents. The legislative council or senate excluded all natives of Canada from a share in the conduct of its affairs. No correct idea can be given within the narrow limits of a newspaper history of the vexatious injustice practiced upon the French population. They were at one time denied the right of sitting as jurors, and were in many respects a proscribed class. Small wonder that many French Canadians joined the ranks of the heroes of the American revolution in 1776.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION

The act dividing the country into Upper and Lower Canada was passed in 1791. A semblance of constitutional government was then inaugurated, but the British office-holders, realizing that the people's representatives would demand of them a more equitable discharge of public duties, which would necessarily curtail their privileges and emoluments, raised the cry that the French were plotting to throw off the yoke of England. More repressive measures were then inaugurated, and the natural result was a bitter hatred between the people and the governing classes. The latter were aided by a majority of the French seigneurs, who had been granted large tracts of land by the French government, and whose titles had been confirmed, as a matter of policy, by the English crown. The few seigneurs who stood by the French Canadian people became marked men, and one of them, Denis B. Viger,[1] was charged with seditious conduct, and imprisoned in a Montreal jail when he was over seventy years of age.

Matters grew from bad to worse. The lower house of parliament

[1]Dennis B Viger was offered his liberty if he would give security for good behavior and refused. He was released by Lord Sydenham, Kingsford's *His. Can.*, Vol. X, p. 184.

passed several bills which were rejected by the legislative council, and the former then refused to vote money to carry on the government. Agitation spread everywhere throughout the province and personal collisions became frequent. A Montreal society called the "Sons of Liberty" assembled to express their indignation at the conduct of the upper house. The gathering was attacked by the Doric club, a loyalist organization. Clubs, swords and axes were freely used, but no firearms were discharged. None were killed, but many were severely wounded. The enraged Canadian inhabitants of the counties adjoining Montreal, held a mass meeting at St. Charles, on the banks of the Chambly river, about thirty-six miles from Montreal, on October 23, 1837. Here they were addressed by Louis Joseph Papineau,[1] member of the provincial parliament, Dr. Wolfred Nelson,[1] L. M. Viger, T. S. Brown,[1] A. Girod[1] and Messrs. Lacoste and Cote,[1] who severely denounced the conduct of the executive council. Papineau was a politician and a patriot, and ardently devoted to the interests of his race. Although a catholic, he had opposed the levying of tithes for the benefit of that church. He had served in the war of 1812 as an officer of the horse militia of Montreal. When Hull surrendered Detroit to Proctor many of the American prisoners were taken to Montreal. As the captives were marched to prison under guard of Papineau's company, the British band struck up "Yankee Doodle," whereupon Papineau left the line and indignantly refused to go on, saying that the playing of the tune was an insult to the prisoners. He served as speaker of the lower Canadian parliament from 1817 to 1837.

REPRESSION AND REVOLT

The executive council and senate became alarmed at the demonstration on the Chambly and caused warrants to be issued for the arrest of the leaders. Two of them, P. P. Desmarais and Dr. Joseph Davignon, of St. Johns, were arrested by a troop of volunteer cavalry sent from Montreal. The sight of the two prisoners, who were heavily manacled, incited the French population to frenzy. The carriage containing the prisoners was stopped in the streets of Montreal, the cavalry dispersed, and the prisoners rescued. More arrests followed, and the jails of Montreal were soon filled with prisoners of state. The British troops then stationed in the province were ordered to aid the volunteers and militia in suppressing the incipient rebellion.

THE REBELS WIN A FIGHT

Dr. Wolfred Nelson fortified St. Denis and Dr. Thomas S. Brown threw up a line of defenses at St. Charles. On Oct. 22, 1837, five com-

[1]See appendix.

panies of British infantry, a detachment of cavalry and a howitzer, under Lieut. Col. Charles S. Gore, a Peninsular veteran and third son of the Earl of Mar, attempted to dislodge Dr. Nelson at St. Denis, but were repulsed and routed after a six hours' fight. The patriot forces numbered about 800 men, but only a portion of them were armed.

Papineau was a guest of Dr. Nelson at St. Denis, but instead of fighting with those whom he had incited to revolution, he left before the battle and made his way to Yamaska, on the St. Hyacinthe river, and from thence to the United States. He subsequently lived in France for eight years, returning to Canada in 1847, under the general amnesty of 1840. He was subsequently elected to parliament, but retired from public life in 1854, and died in Montabello, Quebec, Sept. 23, 1871.

ST. CHARLÆS

On Oct. 25, three days after the rebels had won their first fight, a detachment of the thirty-third British regiment, a squadron of cavalry and two cannon, under Col. Sir George Witherell, K. C. B., with other troops under Lieut. Col. Gore, attacked the patriots under Dr. Brown at St. Charles. The latter were defeated with fifty-six killed, 125 wounded and thirty prisoners. The British lost twenty-five killed and ten wounded.

ROASTED AND BAYONETED

The next engagement was at St. Eustache, twenty miles from Montreal, where the patriots, under Dr. Jean Oliver Chenier and A. Girod, had a force of 500 men. Sir John Colborne[1] moved against them on December 14, 1837, with 2,000 infantry, eight cannons and a strong squadron of cavalry. At the sight of this formidable body of redcoats a number of the insurgents fled, and only about 225 stood their ground. They barricaded themselves in a church, convent, presbytery and adjoining houses. The British cannonaded the buildings, and the insurgents replied briskly with musketry. But after a few hours the majority of the patriots in the buildings sought safety in flight. Chenier held the church, which was fired by the British. As the patriots came out to avoid being roasted alive they were shot down. Chenier and others leaped from the windows and died fighting in the churchyard. Girod, who had fled from one of the buildings, was pursued, and to escape capture blew out his brains with a pistol. Nearly all the insurgents in the burning district were shot or bayoneted, and the others were consumed in the fire. No quarter was asked or given, and over 100 were killed.

[1]See appendix.

Capt. Fred Marryat, the Celebrated English novelist, accompanied Sir John Colborne, and was at the battle. He says that the English soldiers were so exasperated against the Canadians that "it was a service of danger to attempt to save the life of one of these poor creatures." About midnight he went to see the church. The floor had been burned to cinders, and "between the sleepers were scattered the remains of human beings injured in various degrees—some with merely the clothes burned off, leaving the naked body, while here and there the blackened ribs were all that the fierce flames had spared. Not only inside of the church, but without its walls, was the same revolting spectacle, and farther off were bodies, still unscathed by fire, but frozen hard by the severity of the weather."

The defeated hero of this bloody event was a friend of Edward A. Theller of Detroit, whose career in the patriot war will be hereinafter chronicled. They were fellow students and comrades in Montreal before 1832, at which time Dr. Theller came to Detroit.

The insurgents in the lower province, scared and stunned at the stern and bloody punishment which rewarded their attempts at independence, laid down their arms. Many fled across the border into the United States.

IN UPPER CANADA

In the upper province similar repressive measures to that which had driven the inhabitants of the lower province to revolt had been in operation for some time and caused deep dissatisfaction. The inhabitants, as well as the rulers, however, were of British origin, and the element of racial jealousy did not enter into the strife. The ruling party was composed of what might justly be termed hereditary office-holders, whose ancestors had adhered to the British crown in the revolution of 1776. Their descendants held the most lucrative political offices, and had been given large grants of crown lands,[1] and were known as the "family compact party," from the fact that many of the most powerful families had intermarried, and were bound together by the strong ties of kinship and mutual self-interest, as well as the community of aristocratic caste.

The "British party," so-called, were mostly composed of Irish orangemen, who were entirely devoted to the British crown and bitterly opposed to catholics and catholicism. The Orangemen[1] were more powerful numerically, but no match in political strength and address to the family compact[1] party, who were mostly all large landed proprietors, with powerful family connections in England. The two par-

[1]See appendix.

ties were jealous of each other, but generally united against a common enemy. Still a great many orangemen sympathized with the rebellion, though few aided it with money or open support.

The natural result of these two parties was the formation of a third, who were called the "radicals," or reform party.

THE REFORM PARTY

The reform party was composed of the better class of emigrants from the British Isles, who, having the example of free government before their eyes across the border, were naturally dissatisfied with the rule of a small oligarchy. Among their leaders none were more popular than William Lyon Mackenzie,[1] who was an editor, politician and patriot. Born in Scotland in 1795, he came to Canada in 1820, when he was twenty-five years of age. He first published the *Colonial Advocate* at Queenston, in which he attacked with a virile pen the many perversions of law and justice which were committed or sanctioned by the family compact. Six months after the paper was established he removed it to Toronto, then called York, in November, 1824. Here he continued his denunciations with such vigor and acerbity that the tories determined to silence his press. On June 8, 1826, at 6:30 p. m., in broad daylight, a raid was made by nine persons on his printing office. Their names were Samuel Peter Jones, barrister and son-in-law of ex-Chief Justice Powell; Capt. John Lyon, clerk in the governor general's office; Henry Sherwood, clerk of the assize; Charles Heward, son of Col. Heward, magistrate; James King and Charles Richardson, law stuudents; and two sons of Hon. James Baby,[2] member of the executive council.

The small mob overturned the imposing stone, demolished the press, battered and "pied" the type and threw a portion of the latter into the bay.

He was not to be silenced that way, however, and gathering more printing material, he resumed publication soon after, and continued on the floor of the house his denunciations of the tyrannical course of the party in power. He was elected to parliament for the county of York and took his seat in January, 1829. He continued his attacks on the party in power, and got up a series of petitions to the imperial parliament, reciting the grievances of the people of Canada and praying for redress. He was expelled from parliament for an alleged breach of privilege, but was re-elected by his admiring constituents, who presented him with a gold medal.[3] Ejected five times, he was as often re-elected—one time in 1832, when he was in England, where

[1]See appendix.
[2]See Reprint Vol. 15, p. 252 appendix for sketch.
[3]This medal was valued at £60.

he had proceeded to petition the imperial parliament to redress the wrongs of Canada. He was the first mayor of Toronto, in 1834. Personally, he was a small-sized man, with a light complexion, reddish hair and sandy whiskers. He was an active organizer, and under his direction many thousands of voters in Upper Canada were enrolled in secret politico-military societies, which drilled at night with pikes and guns in barns and out of the way places, and practiced rifle shooting at pigeon and turkey matches.

MONTGOMERY'S TAVERN

When the rebellion in Lower Canada broke out in 1837, he joined hands with Papineau and with Dr. John Rolph,[1] a leading lawyer and member of parliament who had changed his profession to that of a physician, because the venal "family compact" judges would not give him fair play in his law cases; Samuel Lount,[1] who had been a member of parliament from Simcoe county; Col. Van Egmond,[1] a retired soldier who had fought under the first Napoleon, and others, headed about 400 men, and took up a position at Montgomery's tavern, some four miles from Toronto, with the purpose of taking that city. The rebel force consisted of 300 or 400 undisciplined farmers. The movement was made on December 5, 1837. A mistake was made in the issuing of a previous order that the patriots were to assemble there on the 7th. There were misunderstandings and incompetence among the leaders, and the uprising resulted in a fiasco. Lieut. Gov. Sir Francis Bond Head[1] was very active in suppressing the revolt. The government troops met and dispersed the rebels. One of the insurgents was killed and a few wounded on either side. The tavern, by order of Gov. Head, was burned to the ground. Dr. Rolph was not suspected by the government, and had been sent by Governor Head as the bearer of a flag of truce to the insurgents. When the latter were dispersed he fled to the United States and afterwards went to Russia. He returned to Canada after the amnesty and was elected to parliament. In this engagement the government forces consisted of about 700 men under Col. Fitzgibbon. One of the detachments under him was commanded by Col. Allan McNab.[1]

Mackenzie, with warrants issued for his arrest, and a reward of $5,000 offered for his capture, fled from Toronto. His escape was full of

THRILLING INCIDENTS

It was in the winter time and very cold. He once had to strip and swim across a river that was full of floating ice. At another

[1]See appendix.

time he was about being arrested by a farmer as a horse thief, and had to disclose his name. Fortunately the farmer proved to be a friend. At another time, disguised as a farm laborer, he coolly watched a party of soldiers searching a house for himself.

His final escape across the Niagara river was in full view of the British commander who had been specially charged with his capture. The commander was visiting a house near his command, and while Mackenzie was embarking in a small boat the host and his sympathetic daughters diverted the attention of the officer on the veranda from seeing the fugitive as he was crossing the stream.

Samuel Lount, who was in the engagement, made his way with a companion to the shore of Lake Erie and embarked in an open boat for the friendly shore on the other side. But after a two days struggle against wind and wave and bitter cold they were driven back on the shores of Simcoe county. Here Lount was arrested as a suspected smuggler, but was afterward recognized and committed to prison. Peter Mathews,[1] who had been sent by the rebel chiefs with a detachment of sixty men to burn the Don bridge near Toronto, and to aid in the movement from Montgomery's tavern, was arrested the same night at the house of a sympathizer a few miles from Toronto. Col. VanEgmond was also captured at a similar hiding place. He was placed in a cold cell in the Toronto jail, contracted inflammatory rheumatism and died in a few days. He was then sixty-seven years of age.

Mackenzie went to Buffalo where he at once commenced making speeches for the Canadian patriots. His efforts met with ready sympathy and support. The court-house of Buffalo, part of which was used as an armory, was forced open by patriots December 12, 1837, and 200 muskets taken. They were recovered by the United States authorities at Black Rock the next day, with the exception of seventy which were taken over to Navy island.

After holding public meetings at Buffalo,[1] Mackenzie established with others his headquarters on Navy island,[2] a Canadian island in the Niagara river, about two miles above the falls, on December 13, 1837. There were only about twenty-four men at first, but the garrison was speedily increased to 400 volunteers, of which a large portion were native Americans. Here the provisional government of Canada was organized, with Mackenzie as chairman of the executive committee. The government issued scrip guaranteeing each recruit 300 acres of land and $100 in silver, payable at Toronto on the following May, and also issued shinplasters of one dollar and ten dollar denominations.

Meanwhile another rising took place at Oakland, fourteen miles

[1]See appendix.
[2]This island was awarded to England by the treaty of Ghent.

west of Brantford, Upper Canada, under Dr. Charles Duncombe,[1] an American by birth, who had settled in Brant county, U. C., after the war of 1812. He had represented his county in parliament and had made a determined resistance to the measures of the family compact oligarchy. The rising, however, was dispersed by a loyalist force under Col. Allen N. McNab, who had been sent there after the affair at Montgomery's tavern. McNab had done good service for his country at Niagara and Plattsburg in the war of 1812. He was afterward knighted and was Premier of Canada in 1854. One of the leaders in this rising, Robert Anderson, was afterward killed at the capture of the schooner Ann, at Amherstburg.

SYMPATHY AND SUCCOR

While these events were transpiring, large and enthusiastic meetings were being held in the United States at Burlington, St. Albans, Buffalo, Albany, Troy, Rochester, New York, Detroit, and the cities on the chain of lakes, at which sympathy was expressed for the patriots, and money, clothing, arms, and munitions of war freely subscribed.

Mackenzie's object in establishing his headquarters at Navy island was to avoid the consequences of violating the neutrality laws of the United States, the island belonging to Canada. Hither came Rensselaer Van Rensselaer, of Albany, N. Y., who was a son of Solomon Van Rensselaer, postmaster of Albany, N. Y., and a relative of the old patroon,[1] and was made general-in-chief of the patriot forces. He was a tall man of about six feet, two inches, well proportioned, with a distinguished appearance, but of dissipated habits. While on the island he spent most of his time in drinking brandy and writing love letters. Asa C. Dickinson, father of ex-Postmaster General Don M. Dickinson, was commissioned as colonel. While on Navy island he was wounded in the shoulder by a ball fired from the Canadian side. The ball was extracted and is now in the possession of his son. Mr. Dickinson died at his home in this city (Detroit) in March, 1885.

Thomas Jefferson Sutherland,[1] a New Yorker of Scotch parentage, was commissioned by Van Rensselaer on December 28, 1837, to set out for Detroit to make preparations for a descent on Canada in that vicinity.

Mrs. Mackenzie,[1] an estimable lady, joined her husband on the island and spent her time making flannel cartridge bags for the troops.

Gov. Head ordered Col. McNab to Chippewa, opposite Navy island,

[1]See appendix.

to watch the insurgents. Both sides threw up fortifications and exchanged rifle and cannon shots across the stream.

THE STEAMER CAROLINE

A few days afterward two young men came to McNab and offered to lead an expedition consisting of fifty men to cut out the steamer Caroline, then plying between the American shore and Navy island. The offer was courteously refused, The young men were Ensign Arthur Rankin, then stationed with his company at Sandwich, U. C., and his friend, Edward Ridout, a young lawyer of Toronto.

The Caroline[1] was a little steamer of forty-six tons, owned by William Wells, of Buffalo, and was originally constructed by Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt. She was commanded by Capt. Gillian Appleby. On December 28, 1837, the steamer was cut out of the ice and taken down the eastern channel of the river to Navy island. She immediately commenced plying backward and forward between Fort Schlosser,[2] a village on the American mainland, and Navy island, and carried many curious passengers at twenty-five cents per head, who wished to see the patriot troops and encampment. A piece of artillery and a number of muskets were carried over.

Col. McNab became aware of the traffic in about an hour and sent two men in an open boat to reconnoiter. One of the men was Capt. Andrew Drew, of the royal navy, and the other was Alexander McLeod, a Scotchman, who was deputy sheriff of Niagara county. They proceeded to the head of Navy island, and although fired upon, managed to get a clear view of the steamer. Then they returned and reported and a council of war decided the same night that a cutting out expedition should be organized and the vessel destroyed, if possible, on the night of the next day.

The expedition left the Canadian shore on December 29, 1837, at 11 p. m. Seven boats, containing an average of nine men each, started. They were under the command of Capt. Drew, of the British navy, and Lieuts. McCormick, Bier and Elmsley, and Capt. Gordon, who was master of a steamboat. Only five boats, however, reached the scene of action at Schlosser, where the Caroline was chained to the wharf. When Drew's boat reached the Caroline, a sentinel on board cried out:

"Boat ahoy! Who goes there? Answer or I fire."

"A friend," was the response.

"Give me the countersign," said the sentinel.

"I'll give it to you when we get on board," answered Capt. Drew.

His boat was touching the side of the Caroline, and he boarded her

[1]The Caroline was bought by England in 1835. Her crew consisted of two men and a boy.

[2]On Niagara River half-a-mile west of the mouth of McGill Creek.

on the star-board gangway. The boat's crew was not so active, and he was the only boarder on the steamer's deck for about a minute. A patriot fired his gun close to Drew's face, but missed his aim. Capt. Drew cut him down with his sword and then wounded another. Three others he forced, at the point of his sword, to get off on the wharf. The crew consisted of ten men, and there were twenty-three lodgers on board, who could not be accommodated at the tavern close by. Some of these were doubtless recruits who had intended going over to Navy island in the morning.

Then Lieut. McCormick's boat reached the side of the schooner and he boarded her. Some of the patriots sprang forward and he received five wounds almost simultaneously. Then the other boats came up. The lodgers and the crew were driven ashore at the point of the sword. A guard of patriots stationed at the tavern close to the wharf commenced firing at the assailants in the darkness, and Lieut. Elmsley, heading a party of sixteen men, got on the wharf to protect Capt. Drew, who was casting off the chains which fastened the steamer. The Caroline was cast off and commenced moving down the stream. She was set on fire, and the crews then rejoined their boats. The blazing vessel drifted down the current like a blazing meteor for a short distance, but stranded in a bed of rush weeds. Then she drifted loose and she forged down the river for some distance. But her upper works were now burned out and the flames went out. She sank to the bottom, where her engine could be seen for years afterward. Several parts of her woodwork went over Niagara falls, but the popular belief that the Caroline went bodily over the cataract and plunged into the abyss is not founded on fact.[1] The patriots afterward asserted that there were wounded men on board the steamer, but this was strenuously denied by the loyalists. In the melee only one man was killed. This was one of the crew, named Amos Durfee, of Buffalo. Alexander McLeod was arrested on the American side a few weeks afterward, charged with being implicated in the killing of Durfee, and lodged in jail.

The body of Amos Durfee was taken to Buffalo by sympathizing patriots, and after being placed on a coffin was displayed in the open air on the piazza of the city hall. Among the crowd who looked at the bullet hole in the dead man's forehead was T. A. Parker, wholesale grocer, of this city, then a boy of fourteen, living at the house of Postmaster Haddock and a clerk in his drug store.

INTERNATIONAL EXCITEMENT

The Caroline affair aroused popular indignation throughout the United States. Gov. Marcy of New York characterized the affair as an

[1]See appendix.

outrage, and Gen. Winfield Scott was ordered by President Van Buren to proceed to the frontier, where he was given large discretionary powers for its protection and the preservation of the peace.

The British government demanded the release of McLeod, but this was refused by the United States. The case had an international celebrity, and it was believed that if McLeod had been tried, convicted and executed at this time that the two countries would have gone to war. President Van Buren, however, was opposed to war, and played a waiting game. McLeod was kept in jail till the excitement subsided and in October, 1841, he was tried before Judge Philo Gridley of the United States court, at Utica, N. Y., and acquitted by proving an alibi. He brought suit for false imprisonment against the State of New York, but failed to gain a verdict. He was afterward granted a pension of £200 a year by the British government, which he enjoyed till his death in 1871. One of his sons, Duncan McLeod, is now employed as a bartender by M. Quinn, on River street, opposite the Michigan Central depot.

CHAPTER II

THE EVACUATION OF NAVY ISLAND—PUBLIC MEETINGS HELD IN DETROIT TO DENOUNCE THE ACTION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT—CAPTURE OF THE ANN AND BATTLE OF FIGHTING ISLAND—THE TREATMENT OF THELLER BY COL. PRINCE—THE UNITED STATES TAKES A HAND —HANGING THE PATRIOTS—OTHER INTERESTING EPISODES.

On January 13, 1838, the patriot leaders evacuated Navy Island, and the arms and munitions of war were placed on board of the steamer Barcelona. Two armed Canadian vessels, under Capt. Drew, were moored at the head of Grand Island, several miles up stream, with the evident intention of attacking the Barcelona as she proceeded to a point above to unload her cargo. But Gen. Scott learned of this, and placing a battery of artillery on the shore, warned Capt. Drew that if he attacked the Barcelona as she proceeded along the American shore he would blow his boats out of the water. The Barcelona brought her warlike freight to the American shore unmolested.

The arms were carried on wagons along the southern shore of Lake Erie and the shore of the Detroit river, and were hidden in the cellars and barns of friendly farmers. The patriot leaders had previously sent spies into Essex county, Canada, and they had reported that if a strong

force of patriots were landed there thousands of recruits would join the standard of revolt. It was the belief that those promises would be fulfilled that led to all the subsequent operations on the Detroit and St. Lawrence rivers, and at Point au Pelee island. The arms and ammunition were placed in care of Col. John S. Vreeland, who was subsequently charged with betraying his trust.

After the evacuation Gen. Van Rensselaer was superseded and Gen. Donald McLeod, a popular, pleasant, educated Scotchman of approved courage, who had served in the British army and was a Canadian refugee, was appointed general-in-chief of the patriot forces.

IN DETROIT

Great sympathy was expressed for the patriot cause in this city and public meetings were held at the city hall, at which the action of the Canadian government was denounced. At these meetings Dr. Edward Alexander Theller took a prominent part. Theller was an Irishman, who, after eight years' residence in Montreal, had come to Detroit in 1832, and was a wholesale grocer, practicing physician and druggist. Among the audiences were a number of fugitives from Canada. In Michigan the patriot army of the northwest was organized, with Henry S. Handy, of Illinois, as commander-in-chief, with authority over the whole of western Canada; James M. Wilson as major general, E. J. Roberts of Detroit as brigadier general of the first brigade, and E. A. Theller as brigadier general to command the first brigade of French and Irish troops to be raised in Canada.

All this portended trouble, and Gen. Brady of Detroit, U. S. department commander, redoubled his watchfulness. At that time there were several field pieces and arms and ammunition at Fort Gratiot, sixty miles above Detroit, and Brady became apprehensive that the patriots would steal them. So he sent a detachment of the Brady Guards of Detroit on the steamer Gen. Macomb to remove the arms and munitions from Fort Gratiot to Detroit. The detachment consisted of Lieut. A. S. Williams, Sergts. George C. Bates and A. T. McReynolds and Corporal Charles M. Bull. They loaded the guns and ammunition on the steamer, but she got stuck in the ice at St. Clair. There they landed their cargo, and brought it by wagon to Detroit.

During the first part of 1838 Manager McKinney, of the theater in Detroit, which stood at the southeast corner of Gratiot avenue and Farrar street, devoted the net proceeds of his place of amuse-

ment to the patriot cause. A public meeting was also held at the theater on New Year's day, 1838, at which money and arms were subscribed. Four days later the jail, which stood on the present site of the public library, was forced by strategem, the jailer overpowered and some 450 muskets taken. These muskets had been stored there by the authorities to keep them from falling into the hands of the patriots.

THE SCHOONER ANN (ANNE)[1] SEIZED

On January 8, 1838, the schooner Ann was seized by the patriots, and with the stolen arms on board taken down to Gibraltar, some twenty miles below Detroit, on the American side. Here the party was joined by General Sutherland. He had come on the steamer Erie from Rocky river near Cleveland with a force of sixty patriots, and displayed his commission from General Van Rensselaer. He was met by the information that the patriot forces on this frontier were already organized. He then tendered his resignation in favor of Gen. Handy. The latter authorized him to command the expedition personally, and Gen. Theller was detailed by Sutherland to take command of the Ann.

On the day the Ann left Detroit, a public meeting was held in the city hall, which was addressed by George C. Bates, Theodore Romeyn, Attorney General Pritchette,[1] Daniel Goodwin, and Maj. Jonathan Kearsley, in which the meeting resolved to sustain the government in its efforts to preserve neutrality. Stevens T. Mason, governor of Michigan, with two hundred militiamen, left in two steamers to arrest the rebels and prevent any breaches of international peace. The expedition, however, did not do anything except come back home at night.

TO ARMS

Meanwhile western Canada was ablaze with excitement. Intelligence of the threatened attack on the Detroit river had reached the military authorities, and Col. Thomas Radcliffe,[2] a Peninsular veteran who had been placed in command on the western frontier, made strenuous efforts to raise troops. Lieut. William L. Baby, son of Legislative Councilor James Baby, left his home near Chatham, where he owned one of the finest farms on the River Thames, and with forty of the Kent county militia marched through snow and ice to Windsor, opposite Detroit. At that town, then a mere hamlet of a few hundred inhabitants, were gathered forty of the Essex county volunteers, under Maj. Ambridge, and twenty of the Windsor company under Capt. W. Hall—one hundred men in all. Col. Radcliffe took charge of this force and proceeded

[1]See appendix.
[2]For sketch *of supra* 582.

down the river after the Ann on the steamer Alliance of which Capt. Clinton, father of the present superintendent of the Detroit & Windsor ferry line, was the master.

The story of the Ann is finely told by Maj. W. L. Baby, now a Dominion custom house officer at Windsor, and is here given, with some additional particulars, from his own lips.

Mr. Baby married Miss Eliza C. Chipman, sister of Congressman J. L. Chipman, of this city, and is father of W. E. Baby (Baubie), attorney of the Detroit board of education.

FOLLOWING THE ANN

On January 8, 1838, the steamer Alliance, with the Canadian troops on board, left Windsor in chase of the schooner. On nearing Fighting island, they met the steamer Gen. Brady, with Gov. Mason and the Michigan militia on board. Mr. Baby says that all the governor did at Gibraltar was to hob-nob and drink wine with the patriot leaders. The troops on board the Brady fired several shots at the Alliance, but nobody was hit. Reaching the Lime Kilns, some fourteen miles below, they saw the Ann by moonlight. She was moored in front of the old barracks at Malden (now Amherstburg), and was firing cannon at the town. The Canadian troops disembarked at the Lime Kilns, and at daylight marched down to Amherstburg. They were ordered by Col. Radcliffe to Elliott's Point, at the lower end of the town, where they watched the schooner all day. During the day Gen. Sutherland arrived with a force of 300 men in boats from Hickory island, which is directly across the river and close to the American shore, and took up a position on the head of Bois Blanc island, directly opposite Amherstburg and not more than 1,500 feet away. At seven p. m. the Ann left her moorings and tried to tack across to Bois Blanc island. The troops on the shore were posted behind trees and kept up a galling fire on the schooner. The man at the rudder was shot down, Col. Anderson was wounded in the breast, and several of the crew and soldiers were hit.

The bullets came thick and the halyards were cut, letting the mainsail down, and the schooner became unmanageable. The steady fire, together with the helpless position of the vessel, demoralized the patriots and they all sought safety in the hold.

The vessel drifted down with the current and ran aground at Elliott's Point, and Col. Radcliffe ordered the militia to board her. Lieut. Baby, at the head of about thirty men, with Second Lieut. Carlyle, waded in

the ice cold water up to above their waists, and, by climbing on each other's shoulders, gained the deck of the schooner. One of the boarding party was David Johnstone Richardson, afterward dominion custom house officer at Windsor for many years. The boarding party met with no resistance, there being left on the deck only a few wounded men and a boy. Baby approached the hatchway, and having heard before that Theller was in command, ordered him by name to come forth. Gen. Theller appeared and handed up his sword and pistols, which Baby handed to Carlyle. Then lending a hand he raised him out of the hold on the deck. Theller was the only patriot on board who wore a uniform, and he had also a gilt star on his left breast. He said:

"I surrender, sir, to you."

The thirty or more prisoners were then marched through the water to the land. Theller complained that he was exhausted and bruised from the recoil of the gun, which he had served himself, and Baby took him on his shoulders to the shore.

Col. Radcliff's report to Lieut.-Gov. Sir George Arthur,[1] who succeeded Sir Francis Bond Head, on March 23, 1838, states that on January 9, 1838, the militia and the volunteer troops under his command at Amherstburg captured the schooner Ann, of Detroit, together with 300 muskets, 299 bayonets, 106 knapsacks, ten kegs of gunpowder, two fifty-pound bags of shot, two six-pounders, and a nine-pounder, iron guns, half a keg of bullets, sixty pounds of lead and a number of sets of accoutrements. He also reported that Anderson, who had been a leader at Oakland and for whom a reward of £100 was offered by the government, was captured in the Ann but had died next day from his wounds. The report also submitted that the troops were entitled to prize money for the Ann and her cargo, and also the reward for the capture of Anderson, and that it be divided among them.

A RUDE AWAKENING

Early next morning Col. John Prince, of the Essex county militia, entered the building where the prisoners, some thirty in number, were confined.

"Where is Theller?" he asked.

He was pointed to where the doctor lay sleeping on the ground with a billet of wood for a pillow. Prince strode up and kicked him on the ribs.

"Get up!" he cried, "you d—d piratical scoundrel."

Theller thus rudely awakened, sat up and recognized his old enemy. Prince once had a difficulty with an Irish servant at Sandwich, where

[1]See appendix.

he resided, because, the servant said, he had demanded his wages. He came to Detroit and told his tale to Dr. Theller, who was a fellow Irishman. On the next visit of Prince to Detroit, he was arrested and compelled to pay the debt. Theller says that Prince at that time vowed vengeance.

The doctor, bewildered and indignant at the treatment, turned to Lieut. Baby and said:

"I surrendered to you and claim your protection."

"The colonel is my superior officer," answered Baby, "and I have nothing further to say."

Prince then ordered Baby to tie Brophy, Davis, Smith and Theller to a long rope. The privates and sailors were also attached to the same rope. The end of the rope was then fastened to a cart and the string of prisoners, thus treated in what Englishmen consider as the depth of ignominy—"tied to a cart's tail"—were marched to the guard house at Amherstburg.

Col. Dodge, another patriot officer, being badly wounded, was placed under the care of a surgeon. He and Brophy were residents of Monroe, Mich. The others were taken to London in wagons and afterward to Toronto, where they were lodged in prison. It is recorded that Theller was badly treated at one time by the guard after his capture, but Col. Radcliff interfered, rebuked the guard and ordered that he be treated with all the consideration due to a prisoner of war. Theller was tried at Toronto on April 6, 1838, and after a spirited defense was convicted. The jury brought in the verdict: "If the prisoner is a British subject he is guilty of treason." Four days afterward John Anderson, John Montgomery (proprietor of Montgomery's tavern) and Gilbert F. Morden were tried before the Toronto court and convicted of participating in the rising at Montgomery's tavern. When asked by Chief Justice Robinson if he had anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon him, Montgomery said: "I have. I have not had a fair trial. There are witnesses here who have sworn my life away. These perjurers will never die a natural death, and when you, sir, and the jury shall have died and perished in hell's flames, John Montgomery will yet be living on Yonge street."

The chief justice blanched perceptibly, but, recovering himself, pronounced the sentence condemning Montgomery to be hanged on the 24th of the month. But he was not hanged. By instructions of the home government it was commuted to transportation for life. He escaped with others from Kingston jail, took refuge in the United States and after receiving a pardon in 1843 returned to Toronto and built a tavern

on Yonge street, on the very site where his tavern had been burned in 1837. He died at Barrie, Ont., on October 31, 1879, aged 96 years.

THE GALLOWS

Samuel Lount and Peter Matthews were tried at Toronto, found guilty and sentenced to death. Numerously signed petitions were presented to Sir. George Arthur, the new Lieutenant Governor, who succeeded Sir Francis Bond Head and was sworn into office on March 23, 1838. Mrs. Lount, with a petition signed by 5,000 persons asking that Lount's sentence be commuted, appeared before the new governor and implored him on bended knees to spare her husband's life. But Sir Arthur was unmoved and both Lount and Matthews were hung on April 12, 1838, at the jail, the execution being witnessed by Theller and his associates from the grates of the prison windows.

Lount was a native of Pennsylvania, but had emigrated to Upper Canada when he was twenty-one years of age. He was a man of considerable ability, and in 1834 was elected a member of the provincial parliament for Simcoe county. He joined the patriot forces and was a participator in the Montgomery tavern rising and had been commissioned as colonel by the provisional government. He left a widow and seven children.

Matthews was a wealthy farmer who lived near Toronto. He left a widow and fifteen children.

Theller was sentenced to be hanged and quartered, but owing to the clamor of Irish sympathizers in Toronto and the surrounding country and the clement policy adopted by the Earl of Durham,[1] who as governor general, had been sent from England specially charged to heal up the troubles, he was respited "to await her majesty's pleasure." A few days afterward he was joined by his faithful wife, who came from Detroit and who was permitted to see him. Col. Dodge recovered from his wounds and was brought from Amherstburg to Toronto and lodged in the same prison as Theller and his associates, about February 26, 1838.

MASON AND WILKINS

History records the fact that when Gov. Mason went down to Gibraltar with the Michigan militia, he saw and spoke with Handy, the patriot general-in-chief. The latter, it appears was quite indignant at Theller for firing at Amherstburg, which he said was a defenseless town, and by the advice of Gen. E. J. Roberts, sent to persons to arrest both Theller and Sutherland. The two persons sent were Col. Cham-

[1]See appendix.

berlain and Col. (Ross) Wilkins. Afterward when both Theller and Sutherland appeared before U. S. Judge Ross Wilkins at Detroit, to answer the charge of having violated the neutrality laws, the court was placed in a very curious position, as the offenders at the bar were his accomplices. This incident shows the widespread sympathy with the patriot cause which at that time pervaded American residents in all classes of society on the frontier.

UNCLE SAM INTERFERES

Gen. Sutherland saw the capture of the Ann from Bois Blanc island, and incontinently bolted. He caused himself to be rowed over to Sugar island, nearer the American shore, about a mile distant, and the remainder of his men followed. Here he was upbraided by Handy and the officers and troops who numbered about 500 men. In the crowd of spectators was U. S. Deputy Marshal Silas Pates, of Detroit, who procured evidence which led to the indictment of Sutherland, Theller, Brophy, Dodge and several others in the United States court at Detroit. Mr. Pates still survives and is a citizen of Syracuse, N. Y.

The patriots in Detroit, in ignorance of the fate of the Ann, eluded the vigilance of the Brady guards, and captured the steamer Little Erie. But Gen. Hugh Brady, U. S. A., commander of the department of the lakes, found out the scheme, and going to the wharf at the foot of Griswold street, tried to prevent the boat from leaving. He was hustled by the bystanders, which roused his ire to the boiling point. Drawing his sword he maintained his position and drove back the crowd.

United States Marshal Conrad Ten Eyck ordered his armed force on the wharf to fire at the patriots on the steamer, but it was only a formal order, not intended to be obeyed. He saw that one of the men was aiming at the patriots, and throwing up the muzzle of the gun, said:

"D——n it, man, you will hit somebody."

The men fired in the air and the patriots on board cheered them, and the boat went down the river. When the Little Erie reached Gibraltar the next morning she took on supplies and recruits, and proceeded to the main camp on Sugar island. There a council of war was held and Sutherland virtually deposed.

James F. Joy, of this city, at that time had shouldered a musket to preserve neutrality, and was among the troops at the wharf when the Little Erie left for Gibraltar. He was incensed at the farcical manner in which the orders of the president were obeyed.

"I saw Ben Woodworth especially active with the patriots that day,

and I felt very much like shooting him," said Mr. Joy recently. "I was indignant at the invasion of Canada by a parcel of scoundrels, and this conduct of the authorities was so plainly in sympathy with them that I resigned next day."

The movements of the patriots on the Detroit river were suspended for a time, owing to the vigilance of Gov. Mason and Gen. Brady, but were resumed shortly afterwards.

A good story is told of U. S. Marshal Ten Eyck. The United States courts and offices at that time were in the third and fourth stories of the Williams block, at the southeast corner of Jefferson avenue and Bates street, where Edson, Moore & Co.'s dry goods store now stands. Ten Eyck's office was on the third floor. One day on the street he was talking to several of the leading patriots, and bemoaned his official troubles. They asked what was the matter. "Oh" he said in a sorrowful tone, "I have had 200 stand of arms placed in my charge to keep the patriots from getting them. They are stored in a room next my office, and there isn't a decent lock on the door. If they are stolen I am responsible, don't you see?" The hint was taken, and next morning the arms were gone.

JOY'S WARNING

A letter written at this time by James F. Joy, then a young lawyer in Detroit, was published in the *National Intelligencer* at Washington. The letter urged the necessity of sending United States troops to Detroit and its vicinity to preserve the neutrality laws. The letter was read by President Van Buren, who after being assured by Congressman John Reed, of Massachusetts, father-in-law of Mr. Joy, that the advice came from a reliable gentleman ordered three companies of troops at Buffalo to proceed to Detroit. A detachment of United States troops arrived here on the steamer Robert Fulton on January 27, 1838. On February 12 Gov. Mason again went down the river and tried to induce Handy to disband his troops. On the same day the patriots stole several hundred stand of arms from the Dearborn arsenal, ten miles from Detroit, and hid them in a haymow at the back of the Eagle tavern, on Woodbridge street, in this city, but they were found and retaken.

FIGHTING ISLAND

The excitement, as may be imagined, ran very high at the time in Detroit. The patriot troubles were the prevailing topic of conversation and the city authorities and Gen. Brady took the most strenuous meas-

ures to preserve the peace. The town guard patrolled the city and river bank every night, and it was proclaimed that if any exigency should arise the civic soldiery would be notified by the ringing of the bell of the Presbyterian church, which then stood at the northeast corner of Woodward avenue and Larned street. It was rung several times at night, but they proved to be false alarms. On the night of February 23, 1838, it tolled forth an alarm about midnight. The authorities had discovered that a steamer was being loaded with arms and ammunition to be taken somewhere. Few citizens and guards, however, got out of bed to see what the trouble was. One of those who did turn out was Richard R. Elliott,[1] at that time a little boy living at his father's house on Randolph street, at the foot of Cadillac square, where Peter Henkel's store now stands. Coming down Woodward avenue, he noticed several men running down Jefferson avenue, and going with them to the foot of Shelby street he saw the Erie lying at Gillett & Desnoyer's dock. On her dock was a large amount of camp equipage, tin pots and pans, blankets, etc. There was a caisson or ammunition wagon on the dock, but there seemed to be no room for it on the deck of the steamer. Everything betokened haste and excitement, and the boat finally steamed out into the stream without the caisson.

Just then a man took hold of young Elliott's collar and pulled him over to the caisson.

"Take hold of the rope, Sonny," he said, "and we'll get that caisson away before they catch us."

The boy took hold willingly, and with about a dozen more youths the men hauled the caisson down the River road to Springwells and stopped at the Rising Sun tavern, about two miles below, at which a number of patriot troops were sleeping on the floor.

Here the Erie was waiting at a dock, and the caisson and troops were taken on board. The steamer then proceeded down the river to Fighting island.

On the same night a body of some thirty patriots assembled in the Eagle tavern on Woodbridge street and were addressed by Gen. Sutherland, who promised them land and glory. The detachment left early next morning and marched through Springwells township to the shore opposite Fighting island, a Canadian island about seven miles below Detroit. Here they were joined by about 400 patriots under Gen. Donald McLeod. The latter had marched from Cleveland with about 1,000 patriots to Sandusky. Here he divided his force, leaving about 600 to proceed to Point au Pelee island under Col. Seward and Maj. Benjamin Wait, and brought the remainder to Fighting island.

[1]See biography by Father O'Brien, Vol. XXXVII, p. 644.

The latter force was almost entirely without arms, and Col. Vreeland, who was appointed "master of ordinance" at Navy island, was expected to procure them from the places at which they were hidden along the coasts of Lake Erie and the Detroit river. There were only fifty (some say forty-seven) muskets on Fighting island when the troops reached there.

THAT CANNON

A six-pounder, without a carriage, arrived, and it was hauled over on the ice in a sleigh. Here it was mounted on a rude platform of fence rails. This cannon belonged to the United States. It had been borrowed by the citizens of Ypsilanti from the Dearborn arsenal, situated ten miles from Detroit, for a Fourth of July celebration, and it had been left dismounted in the commons in that village. A party of patriots came in the night, loaded it on to a wagon, and took it to Detroit. D. Frazer, of this city, who was in Ypsilanti at the time, recognized the cannon in 1852 as it lay on the wharf at Sandwich fourteen years later.

The island was covered with short scrubby oak trees which afforded no shelter against the bitter cold. Nevertheless, fires were lighted, food was cooked and eaten, and the troops bivouacked on the ground in blankets which had been brought from Detroit.

Gen. Brady, however, had been informed of this movement through the day, and had sent Lieut. Edmund R. Kearsley, of the Brady guards with a friendly message to the British commandant at Amherstburg, informing him that if the patriots should break up and retreat from Fighting island, they would be arrested, and if convicted put in prison. The British commander replied ungraciously that he would attack the rebels on Fighting island when he got ready, and if they retreated to the American shore he would follow and destroy them.

This answer made Gen. Brady very indignant. He ordered the boundary line between the two countries to be marked on the ice, and then had the line defined by small red flags.

Turning then to his force on the shore, which consisted of the Brady guards and about 800 levied troops, he said:

"Men, that is the boundary line between the United States and Canada. If a d—d redcoat crosses that line attack him—beat him back. I have faith you will do it."

THE VIGILANT CANUCKS

Before daylight on the morning of February 25, 1838, the Kent militia, under Lieut. Baby, and other troops from Windsor, assembled on the

Canadian shore, opposite the island. Here they found several companies of the Thirty-second British regiment, under Maj. Townsend, and a battery of three guns commanded by Capt. Glasgow. The latter force came for Amherstburg. The Canadian force quietly waited for day to break. With the grey dawn the patriots were surprised by a fire of grape and round shot. One of the latter struck a large iron pot, in which coffee was being heated, but little damage was done.

The British forces then commenced crossing on the ice, their progress being impeded at first by a large air hole, which they had to bridge with planks. Nothing daunted, the patriots threw out skirmishers to meet them and fired several shots out of their solitary cannon, which at each discharge tumbled off its rude carriage, and was as often replaced with some difficulty.

George Doty of Detroit, who was the leading dealer in jewelry in Detroit at the time and for many years afterward, was one of the patriots present at this engagement. He was at that time a leading member of the Brady Guards, and was an expert rifle shot. It is said that he hit several of the red coats as they advanced to the island, and also brought down one of the officers on horseback. He is now a mining assayer at Breckinridge, Col., and pays frequent visits to his wife and family in this city. His brother, Henry Doty, was also present with him. The latter was a member of the dry goods firm of Doty & Abbott, on Woodward avenue. He died in 1885, and his wife and family reside in Detroit.

As the loyalist troops advanced the patriots retreated. When the former took possession of the island the patriots retreated across the ice to the mainland. The red coats did not pass the line of flags.

There is no reliable data as to the losses on either side. Mr. Baby, who was afterwards promoted to major, says that there was none killed on either side. Another account says that the British had five killed and fifteen wounded.

The patriot loss was five wounded men, who were brought to Detroit and were taken to the United States and Eagle hotels, both on Woodbridge street, between Griswold and Shelby streets. Dr. George B. Russell of Detroit, at that time in partnership with Dr. A. Terry, gave the wounded surgical attention and amputated several arms that had been mangled by the British grape shot.

DIDN'T SEE IT

A great many citizens of Detroit who had come down in sleighs to "see the fun" and witness the invasion of Canada, only saw the

discomfiture of the unfortunate patriots, as they retreated in force. The Brady Guards, who had been sworn into the service of the United States, took several of them into custody, but subsequently let them go. Ben Lett,[1] a fierce and determined patriot of northern New York, who had served at Navy island, was a participator, and carried a wounded man on his back to the American shore. He subsequently was at the burning of the Sir Robert Peel[2] in the St. Lawrence, and after the war aided in blowing up the Brock monument at Queenston and several locks of the Welland canal. In 1839 he killed Capt. Usher, a Canadian officer, at his own door, near Chippewa, opposite Navy island. He was a maternal uncle of Ed. Pierce, the Detroit ticket agent of the Grand Trunk railway.

AN AMUSING EPISODE

On the morning of the battle ex-County Auditor James A. Visger of this city was awakened by the reports of the cannon. He was then a little boy living at his father's house, about two miles from the island. With other youngsters he came down to the river to see the fun. Round shot, fired by the British artillery, struck the island, rolled along on the ice and struck the frozen bank on the American shore. With the heedless courage of youth, the boys gathered a number of the balls and afterward took them home as mementos of the fight. One of them, with a hoop fastened to it and attached to a chain, kept shut the barn gate of the Visger farm for many years.

When the game was up and the red coats had taken possession of the island, a funny incident occurred, which is related by Mr. Visger as follows:

"One of the patriots came toward the shore with his gun on his shoulder. On the bayonet was stuck a piece of mess pork, weighing about ten pounds. Near the shore a round shot broke the gun in two close to his head. Dropping the stock he grabbed the bayonet end with the pork and nobly trudged along. When he reached the shore he said: 'I couldn't afford to lose that pork. My family will need all I can get for them this winter.'"

Among the surviving patriots who were at Fighting island are Alexander McArthur, a brother-in-law of the late Chauncey Hurlbut; Robert McFarland, of St. Johns, Mich., then only eighteen years of age; George Doty, now in Colorado; and Gen. A. T. McReynolds, of Grand Rapids, who left the island shortly before the battle. Col. John S. Vreeland, it is said, surrundered 2,800 stand of arms to the authorities the night

[1] *Cf. supra*, p. 607, for sketch.
[2] See appendix.

before the battle. He was afterward convicted before Judge Ross Wilkins, at Detroit, of violation of the neutrality laws, and fined $1,000. It is not likely, however, that the sentence was enforced. There is no Detroit record of any patriot during the war being punished beyond a short term of incarceration.

Gen. Scott arrived in Detroit next day after the battle and put up at the Michigan Exchange.

CHAPTER III

THE OCCUPATION OF HICKORY ISLAND BY THE PATRIOTS—ENGAGEMENT ON PELEE ISLAND—TWO ACCOUNTS OF THE BATTLE, ONE FROM A LOYALIST STANDPOINT, THE OTHER FROM THE PATRIOT VIEW—BURNING OF THE PEEL BY THE PATRIOTS—THE CLARK'S POINT FIZZLE—SHOOTING OF SERGT. CAREY BY COL. PUTNAM.

February 27, 1838, two days after the battle of Fighting island, in connection with the patriot plan of invading Canada at several points, Gen. Rensselaer Van Rensselaer made another movement. He embarked with about 1,500 patriots at French Creek, a village on the American side, a mile below Kingston, to Hickory island, on the St. Lawrence river, a short distance from the latter city. The island belongs to Canada. The large force was on the island for several days, during which the patriot commander was continuously under the influence of liquor. Naturally his men became mistrustful and they left the island in squads. They were all gone, including their commander, when a British force occupied it on March 1. Lieut. Col. Ogle R. Gowan, afterward grand master of the Orange organization of Canada, was one of the Canadian officers present at this bloodless capture of the island. Van Rensselaer afterwards was tried by the United States courts in New York and sentenced to a year's imprisonment and a small fine. He married the daughter of Maj. S. Forman, of Syracuse, N. Y., and committed suicide on January 1, 1850, at his home near Salina, N. Y., by asphyxiating himself in his room with the fumes of charcoal while his wife and her father were attending church.

ANOTHER FIASCO

About the same time as the Hickory island occupation Col. Joseph Narcisse Cardinal, a Montreal patriot and lawyer, headed a party of

some 200 Canadians, who took up a position in a wood a mile from the Indian village of Caughnawaga, on the south shore of the St. Lawrence, opposite Lachine and ten miles above Montreal. Col. Cardinal and Lieut. Duquet entered the village to confer with the chief and head men and induce them to join the patriots. But they were shot at by the Indians, and they fled into the woods. Meanwhile the 200 Canadians grew tired of waiting for their leaders, and dispersed to their homes. Cardinal and Duquet were captured, tried for high treason and convicted, and were hung on November 28, 1838. The sentence of Lepailleur, one of their co-patriots, was commuted, and he was transported to Van Dieman's land.

PELEE ISLAND

The next engagement was on March 3, 1838, at Pointe au Pelee island, in Lake Erie, about fifty miles from Detroit. This island belongs to Canada, and was entirely owned at that time by the late William McCormick, M. P. for the old western district of Canada. Mr. McCormick was a bitter political and personal foe of William Lyon Mackenzie, who had put a price of $1,000 on his head, dead or alive. The island is situated between Sandusky and the long, tapering point of land which extends southward into the lake from the Canadian shore. It is the largest of the Put-in-Bay group, and contains about 11,000 acres of land. Here the patriot forces of 450 men landed about March 1 and occupied the large stone mansion and outbuildings of the McCormicks, as well as several adjoining houses. Recruits came rapidly from all points on the American shore, and the force was gradually swelled to 1,300 men, which included a number who had been on Fighting island. A large number of sympathizing spectators from Sandusky and vicinity came on sleighs on the ice to the island to view the promised invasion of Canada. The ice was fifteen inches thick from shore to shore, and the weather was very cold. The raw and inexperienced recruits spent their time for two days in constant drill.

The news of the occupation reached Colchester, Upper Canada, eighteen miles distant, very quickly, and Col. Maitland of the [1]23d (thirty-second) British regiment, moved all his available force, consisting of regulars, volunteers and militia, some of which were cavalry, and two guns, to a point on the Canadian shore opposite the island and about five miles distant. The guns, however, were not used in the engagement which followed, and the patriots having no artillery, both sides were even, so far as cannon were concerned.

[1]See History of Canada, John Mac Mullen p. 460, and Kingsford's History of Canada, vol. x, p. 455.

The accounts of the battle are so conflicting that it has been deemed best to give them from both loyalist and patriot sources. The readers of the *Sunday News* may take their choice.

DR. MC CORMICK'S ACCOUNT, IN WHICH THE BRITISH MAKE MINCE-MEAT OF THE PATRIOTS

Dr. F. B. McCormick of Pelee island, who is a member of the Cleveland Historical Society, furnishes the following description, as told him by his father, the late John McCormick, and his uncles, David and William McCormick, both dead, all of whom were in the battle; also from the lips of I. J. Sidwell, who was on the spot a few minutes after the affair was over.

"In February, 1838, the patriots, led by Gen. George Van Rensselaer, a relative of the Navy island commander, and Gen. Sutherland, together with a motley mob, came over from Sandusky, Ohio, on the ice to Pelee island, and took possession of it. Early on the morning of March 2 the British regulars and Canadian militia started from Colchester. Col. Maitland was in command of these forces, his immediate command being the Thirty-second British regiment. At early morning on March 3 they crossed on the ice, forming in line of battle off the head of the island.

"It had been said that the rebels were 2,000 strong, and that they were extended behind a range of low limestone hills which here reach across the head of the island affording admirable protection to a defending force. Col. Maitland, with the caution of an old soldier, called for volunteers to lead the 'forlorn hope.' Instantly Capt. John McCormick, of the Essex county cavalry, dismounted from his horse and offered to lead the way. Four sergeants of the Thirty-second regiment also stepped out of the line and offered their services. The little band marched in toward the shore, which they reached just where the Pelee club house now stands. They marched straight over the hills to the old house on the farm. Fortunately the filibusters had fled, and the only person found there was Capt. Charles Gall, who had been left as caretaker for Mr. McCormick on the island, and who is well-known in marine circles all over the lakes.

"As soon as the state of affairs was ascertained, Capts. Brown and Evely, of the Thirty-second regiment, with their commands, under the guidance of William McCormick, jr., drove in sleighs rapidly down the west side of the island to Mosquito bay, at its southwest extremity, to intercept the patriots.

"The sleighs were stopped some half a mile out on the ice, and the regulars got out and formed in open order one and a half paces apart. A minute later the rebel force, led by George Van Rensselaer, emerged from the cedars on the shore, and forming a long line three paces apart, advanced upon the British force, at the same time pouring a converging fire upon the little band. There were ninety-six officers and privates and fourteen mounted riflemen in the British force, and the patriot troops were variously stated at from 300 to 400 men. George Van Rensselaer, with the courage of his ancient race, led on his men fearlessly in this ignoble cause, while Capt. Brown, an old Waterloo veteran, kept steadily advancing. But the rapid fire of the patriots beginning to tell, Capt. Brown shortly gave the command to fire. Then came the command

"FIX BAYONETS CHARGE

"The line of steel at double-quick, with the half cheer, half roar of British troops, bore down to the long line of patriots near the shore.

"Van Rensselaer, when the word 'charge' was given, was heard to shout, 'Charge and be d—d!' Drawing his sword, he cheered his men on. At this moment a bullet pierced his forehead, and he jumped high in the air and fell dead. When the order to charge was given, young William McCormick seized a musket from a dying soldier. He was a boy of eighteen, but a giant in stature, being six feet four inches in height. He led the charge at a run, and was twice shot in the clothing, one ball going through his cap and another passing through his pantaloons and vest.

"This ended the skirmish. The British loss was eight men killed and fourteen wounded. Fourteen rebels were buried at Fishing Point. How many were wounded I know not. Scores got away to the American islands in sleighs." M.

MAJ. WAIT'S STORY, IN WHICH THE PATRIOTS GIVE A VERY GOOD ACCOUNT OF THEMSELVES

On the other hand, Maj. Ben. Wait, the patriot commander who now lives at Grand Rapids, Mich., gives the following account of the battle. Mr. Wait is now in his seventy-seventh year, but in the full possession of all his mental faculties. The story is in Mr. Wait's own words, but is here related in the third person.

The patriot forces on the island, says Mr. Wait, were composed of 1,300 men, part of whom had been in garrison at Navy island, and the rest came from various parts in Michigan, Canada, New York, Ohio

and Pennsylvania. Col. Seward was in command, the second ranking officer being himself—Maj. Benjamin Wait, a Canadian patriot. The expedition had been planned in the expectation that arms would be furnished by Col. John S. Vreeland, the "master of ordinance;" but that officer repeated the experience of Fighting island. It was asserted that he surrendered the arms brought from Navy island and secreted in farmers' barns and cellars, to Gen. Brady, who had come down to Sandusky. At any rate, the expected arms were seized by the United States authorities, with the exception of one sleigh load. Col. Hoadley, of Buffalo, came to the island with these arms and was accompanied by Col. Vreeland. After they were delivered both left the island and returned to Sandusky. Vreeland's departure was ostensibly after more arms.

At early dawn on the morning of March 3, 1838, the patriot scouts and pickets who had been stationed on the ice near the Canadian shore, about five miles distant, brought in reports to Col. Seward that a large force of redcoats had gathered on the opposite shore, with the evident intention of attacking the patriots. Seward and Wait ascended to the upper floor of the McCormick mansion and surveyed the enemy's forces through telescopes, which made their number plainly discernible. They both estimated the British force at 2,000 men. Col. Seward called a council of war. The situation was very grave, he said. Advancing on them was an army of at least 2,000 men, well armed and equipped. Against this force there was only a handful of armed men. The sleigh load of arms containing only 130 muskets not counting the few who had brought their own guns. There was less than 150 fighting men in all the patriot army of 1,300 men.

"As for me," said Col. Seward, "I advise an immediate retreat."

In this advice Seward stood alone. Maj. Wait, all the captains, lieutenants and non-commissioned officers declared they would stay and fight. Even a number of privates who had elbowed their way into the council spoke up and said: "We have come here to fight, and we want to have the fun of it now."

Meanwhile the loyalists were advancing. The Canadian army was divided into three divisions. The British regulars came round on the west shore of the island; the cavalry circled round on the east side; while the militia landed on the north end and marched down the island. At the foot or south end nearest the American shore the patriots formed in line, part of their front being protected by fortifications in the shape of large balls of snow, which they had made themselves, and by huge hummocks of ice which had formed on the shore.

Col. Seward was a Buffalo man, about thirty-eight years of age, slim of build and of blonde complexion, with bright, keen, blue eyes, and an air of courage and determination. He was plainly troubled in mind as he realized the immense inequality of the opposing forces, and he again announced that the patriots should retreat immediately. But no one would listen to him.

"See here," he said, "I'm not going to stay here to see you all murdered. I am going to leave."

Cries of derision greeted this announcement, and he evidently quailed; but he immediately set out on foot for Sandusky. He had gone but a few hundred yards, however, when his pride and courage overcame all other considerations and he walked back. Coming up to his command he said:

"Boys, I am not afraid to fight. But I hate to see you stay here when there is no chance. Anyhow, live or die, I'll never leave you. But I won't take command. I'll take a gun and fight with the rest of you boys!"

Cheers greeted this short speech, and Maj. Wait, being now in command, arranged his troops to the best advantage.

The 150 muskets or more were placed in the front line. Although the supply of guns was scant, there was abundance of ammunition—enough for 500 stand of arms. Each cartridge contained one ball, and each armed man was dealt out a pocketful of buckshot in addition, and instructed to put six or more in every charge. The armed men were placed at intervals of four or five feet. Behind, at a distance of four paces, were the unarmed men, numbering over 1,100, who were carefully instructed to pick up the guns and ammunition of the armed men who fell. Between the two ranks were the commissioned officers.

Col. Seward was given charge of a squad of armed men.

By this time the British regulars had circled round the island and were now almost directly between the patriots and the American mainland. The cavalry were hovering on their right flank. The militia were coming up at their backs, but were more than a mile away. Maj. Wait gave his final order as follows:

"Men, I don't want a shot fired till I give the order. The signal will be a flourish of my sword in the air. The officers will watch for that and then give you the command to fire. Forward! Double quick, march!"

Had the British commander known the exact strength of the patriot force, he would doubtless have killed or captured every one of them. It was a sight that has seldom been paralleled in the history of

modern war. Less than 150 armed men, followed by a crowd of over 1,000 non-combatants, boldly advancing on a trained body of about 800 infantry, many of whom were English veterans and under English officers, who had seen many bloody days under Wellington at Badajoz, the Pyrenees, Nivelle, Orthes and Waterloo.

The British gamely stood their ground. At one time Wait made a flank movement to the right. Everything was plainly discernible on the icy plain, and the British met the move by a concentration of their troops at the threatened point. Maj. Wait then made a feint on the center, and the British executed a counter movement by massing their left flank on the center. Wait then ordered a rapid advance on the left. During this maneuvering the British fired three volleys and a number of patriots fell. But their arms were quickly taken by the unarmed men. Although the temptation to fire at the redcoats was almost irresistible, not a man disobeyed Wait's order. All awaited the signal with beating hearts. The British line was now only discernible by the clouds of smoke. The patriots were still rapidly advancing on the redcoats, and when about seventy-five yards distant from their line, Wait's sword flashed in the air.

"HALT! READY! TAKE AIM! FIRE!"

A death dealing volley was fired into the ranks of the regulars. The patriots loaded and fired twice more, and then the order came "Forward, charge!"

It was one of the few times that British troops recoiled from a charge of bayonets, but they did it that time. When the patriots reached the British battle line it was only defined by the bodies of the killed and wounded. The survivors retreated westward and northward in the direction in which they came. Having broken through the British line, the patriots reloaded and kept on their way to the American mainland, the front rank being now converted into a rear guard. The Canadian cavalry on the west side of the island followed and made some threatening demonstrations, but several volleys of "buck and ball" made them keep a respectful distance. The patriots carried with them a number of muskets dropped by the enemy who were wounded or killed.

The battle of Pelee Island was of course a reverse to the patriots, but it was justly regarded as one of the most brilliant achievements of the war. The raw, undisciplined, poorly-armed patriots inflicted a great loss on their enemy and escaped with very little damage. A most reli-

able history of the war, written by Lindsey, nephew of William Lyon Mackenzie, says that the British had fifty-five killed and "a great many wounded." Dr. Theller's "Canada in 1837-8" says that thirty-six British regulars fell at the first fire and that some thirty afterward died at the Amherstburg hospital of their wounds, "scarcely any of those wounded surviving."

Col. Wait, whose memory is remarkable, says that he read Maitland's official report of the battle, and in this the British commander acknowledged that no less than 630 of his men were *hors du combat* after the battle, and that sixty-five of these were killed. The latter statement, if true, is capable of explanation. Each patriot volley of say 150 guns carried 1,100 bullets into the British ranks, and it was not impossible for the three volleys, fired at point blank range, to have produced this effect. "Buck and ball" was always a favorite charge in the American armies in the several wars since 1776 till modern arms of precision came into vogue and buckshot became practically useless at long range. Capts. Henry Van Rensselaer and John Keon and five privates of the patriots were killed. Major Wait says that about twenty-five were wounded, who were all taken prisoners. Some of these died and a majority of the survivors were transported to Van Dieman's Land. When the patriots arrived at Sandusky they found Gen. Hugh Brady with a force of Ohio militia waiting for them, and they were formally taken prisoners. The general quickly identified Wait as the leader, and addressed him with military gruffness as follows:

"You must surrender, sir; give me your sword."

Wait's temper, which had been cool and unruffled through the recent scene of carnage and death, suddenly gave way. He did not say a word, but taking his sword out of his scabbard, he bent it across his knee and was about to break it. Brady noticed the motion and said hastily:

"Hold on sir; you can keep your sword."

The patriot force in this engagement then disbanded and went to their homes. Major Wait then proceeded to Buffalo and the frontier along the Niagara frontier, and distinguished himself in one more disastrous affair.

Theller and another historian say that the same evening Gen. Sutherland, who was not in the engagement, was walking, it was said, on the ice near the island, supposing that the redcoats had returned to the Canadian shore. He was accompanied by a young man named Spencer. They were met on the ice by Col. John Prince and a man named Haggerty, who took them both prisoners. They were sent to

Toronto and lodged in the same prison with Theller and the other captured patriots. Sutherland was certainly captured on the ice by Col. Prince, but it was at some point on the Detroit river.

Shortly afterward young Spencer was released, together with seven of the privates or sailors taken on the Ann. The American prisoners, including Theller, Sutherland, Dodge and seven others, were taken to Quebec, and the Canadian prisoners, including Brophy, were taken to Kingston, where the native patriots were confined.

GALLANT MAITLAND

The battle of Pelee island was fatal to the British commander, although he did not fall by ball or blade. Col. John Maitland, C. B., was a younger son of Lord Lauderdale, a Scottish peer, and served in Spain and Portugal under Wellington. In 1816 he served as inspecting field officer on the Ionian isles. He caught a severe cold during the attack on the island, which speedily cut short his life. He died at London, Canada, on January 18, 1839.

THE BURNING OF THE PEEL

On the night of May 29, 1838, the Canadian steamer Sir Robert Peel landed at Well's island, which belongs to the United States and is situated near Kingston. There were about twenty cabin and about fifty-five steerage passengers on board. Suddenly a small band of patriots, disguised as Indians, jumped on board, crying, "Remember the Caroline! Remember Schlosser!" The crew and passengers were put on shore, but were not otherwise molested, the patriots even assisting the passengers in getting their luggage on the wharf. The steamer was then fired and burned to the water's edge. All accounts agree that Ben Lett was a leading participator at this affair. His other guerrilla-like exploits have already been chronicled.

The commander of this curious naval foray was William (oftener called "Bill") Johnston. He was a native of Canada, and his father was a wealthy farmer, who left him in comfortable circumstances. William was a republican in principle, and joined the Americans in the war of 1812, and for this his property was confiscated in 1814 by the Canadian government. When the Canadian troubles commenced he was commissioned as commodore of the patriot navy. One account says that Johnston's forces at Well's island numbered only thirteen men. He was afterward arrested, tried before the U. S. courts in 1840, and sentenced to one year's imprisonment and fined one dollar.

LOST HIS NERVE

When Sutherland was imprisoned with Theller and the other patriots at Toronto, he became convinced that he would be executed. Fear of death on the scaffold haunted him, and he resolved to commit suicide. Under the protext that he wished to bathe his feet he obtained some warm water. He then opened a vein in each foot and arm. His situation was discovered after he had fainted from loss of blood, and he was restored to consciousness.

Sutherland was tried at Toronto and convicted and was sentenced to be transported to Van Dieman's Land.

MARRYATT'S BOOKS BURNED

Fred Marryatt, the popular English novelist, after being a spectator of several fights, made a tour of Canada and the United States in 1838. At Toronto he was tendered a reception and banquet and responded to the toast of "Capt. Drew, the gallant officer who cut out the Caroline." His eulogy on Capt. Drew was in the highest degree distasteful to the patriots. Marryatt visited Detroit in June and was the guest of E. A. Brush at the house of the latter on the southwest corner of Jefferson avenue and Brush street. Marryatt was made much of by the army officers, officials and prominent business men, but the sympathizers with the patriot cause denounced him bitterly. One night a huge bonfire was made on Jefferson avenue in front of Mr. Brush's house and into it were cast, amid hootings and jeers, all the copies of Marryatt's works that could be gathered together. The captain took the hint and left town.

THE CLARK'S POINT FIZZLE

On June 8, 1838, there was a gathering of about 200 men on the bank of the Niagara river, at Clark's Point, N. Y., about three miles below Lewiston. In the river was moored a scow and an open boat. The leaders in the crowd were the patriot officers, Col. George Washington Case, of Hamilton, U. C., and Col. James Morreau, of Girard, Pa. Case was the leader of the expedition, and it was intimated that a steamer would come and tow the boats across. He called for volunteers, but only twenty-three men stepped forward. The expedition was abandoned in disgust. Case was an active patriot and subsequently participated in the battle of Windsor on the following December, and escaped across the river in a canoe. He was subsequently tried before the U. S. court at Canandaigua, N. Y., for the Clark's Point affair, and was sen-

tenced to be imprisoned twelve months and fined twenty dollars. He had a personal difficulty with Gen. T. J. Sutherland in the early part of 1838, at the National hotel (now Russell house), Detroit, and Theller says that Sutherland was soundly thrashed.

A MEMORY OF PUTNAM

In the summer of 1838 there were many small detachments of Canadian militia posted along the banks of the Detroit and St. Clair rivers and Lake St. Clair, for the purpose of watching the movements of the patriots. One of these small posts was in a log house, some four miles east of Wallaceburg, and was in command of a sergeant named Carey. One day a tall, dark complexioned, powerfully-built man, carrying a carpet bag came up to the house where the detachment was stationed and asked for a drink of water. A militia man drew the water from the well in the front yard and brought it to him in a tin cup. He was in the act of drinking when Sergeant Carey went up and put his hand on his shoulder and said, "You are my prisoner!" The stranger pushed Carey's hand away, and was walking off, when Carey followed him. Quick as a flash the stranger drew a pistol from his pocket,

SHOT THE SERGEANT DEAD

on the spot and then ran off swiftly. The guard pursued and fired at the fugitive, but could not overtake him. On returning they found the carpet bag which the stranger had dropped in his flight. It contained several articles of underwear and some collars, on which was marked in indelible ink the word "Putnam." It has always been believed that the stranger was Col. Putnam the patriot officer. He was a grandnephew of Gen. Israel Putnam, of Revolutionary fame, and had settled in Canada in the London district. When the war broke out he crossed the frontier and was commissioned as colonel by the provisional government. It is supposed that at the time he killed Carey he was acting as a spy or organizer in the disaffected districts, or paying a secret visit to his family—perhaps both. He was killed at the battle of Windsor, in the following December.

THE BRADYS

In July the Brady Guards, of Detroit, went to Goat island, at the falls of Niagara, and there entered a competition drill with other companies of militia. They were awarded the first prize by Gen. Brady for being the best drilled and best equipped company on the frontier

on July 4, 1838. Their officers were: Captain, Isaac S. Rowland; lieutenants, A. S. Williams, Edmund R. Kearsley and James S. Armstrong; sergeants, George C. Bates, John Chester and George Doty. The company was 100 strong.

CHAPTER IV

THE WAR IN THE SHORT HILLS DISTRICT—BEEMER DISGORGES—MORREAU TOAST—THE PATRIOTS WHO WERE SENT TO BOTANY BAY—NARRATIVE OF THELLER'S ESCAPE—BATTLE OF PRESCOTT—THE PORT HURON PATRIOTS—GEN. BRADY'S TROUBLES—BEGINNING OF THE MOVEMENT IN WINDSOR.

Along the Niagara river frontier, in Canada, there were many sympathizers with the patriot cause among the farmers and other residents. In August the spies and scouts sent to Canada brought information that 2,000 Canadians in that region would join the standard of revolt against the family compact when a sufficient force was landed in their midst. This information was apparently confirmed by the statements of Samuel Chandler, a refugee, who had been a prominent resident and justice of the peace in the Short hills district. The Short hills is a stretch of broken and hilly country about eight miles north of the Niagara river. Mr. Chandler urged that the movement would be successful, as he knew the feeling among the residents. An expedition was planned, and Col. James Morreau, a native of Girard, Pa., of Irish extraction and a Catholic, was chosen as leader. The second in command was Maj. Benjamin Wait, a Canadian, who had led the patriot forces at Pointe au Pelee island. A turbulent spirit in the small crowd was Jacob Beemer, a Canadian refugee, whose fidelity to the patriot cause was more than suspected. The crowd consisted of twenty-six men, all Canadians except Col. Morreau and a boy named Cooley. On June 11, 1838, they crossed from the American side to Navy island, and at midnight crossed in boats to Chippewa, on the Canadian side, directly opposite, which is the old battle ground of 1812. Here the "twin stars" was hoisted and the inhabitants notified that their deliverers had come. But the residents did not flock to the standard of revolt in any appreciable numbers. Gen. Donald McLeod, the patriot commander-in-chief, heard of the movement next day. He was at Lockport, New York, and had been making extensive preparations to invade Canada at several points on the coming 4th of July. He saw that this

small incursion might frustrate his plans, so he dispatched Col. Linus W. Miller next day, on June 12, to order Morreau and his troops back into the United States. Miller was an American, an educated man, a lawyer by profession, and a native of Stockton, Chautauqua county, N. Y., where his parents resided. Miller crossed the line with James Waggoner and David Hill, the latter being one of the celebrated "Bill" Johnston's men at the burning of the Sir Robert Peel. They found the little party in the bush, and Miller delivered McLeod's order to Col. Morreau. The latter read the order with surprise, as Beemer and others had told him that 3,000 men would join the party. He immediately called the men together and asked them to return to the other side at once. They resolved, however, to stay and fight, whereupon Morreau resigned the command and Beemer took his place. The party received some accessions to their ranks, and next day they numbered forty-nine in all. Morreau and Miller decided to remain with the party.

At night the patriots marched to St. Johns, a small village three miles distant. Here a detachment of a lancer regiment consisting of seventy men, who had taken up their quarters in the village inn, were captured. Beemer, during the same evening, robbed a rich tory named Overholt of $1,000.

BEEMER DISGORGES

Early the next morning Beemer ordered seven of the lancers hung in retaliation for the hanging of Lount and Matthews. The prisoners were drawn out, and were about to be strung up, when Miller, after consulting Morreau, resolved to stop this terrible barbarity. Drawing out his two pistols and covering Beemer, he said:

"Jacob Beemer, by virtue of the commission I hold in the patriot service, which entitles me to command here, and in the name of the provincial government of Canada, whose orders you have disobeyed, I now place you under arrest."

Motioning to two men in the ranks, he said: "I order you to take Capt. Beemer in charge."

The men hesitated, but Miller pointed his pistols at them, and they forthwith arrested Beemer. Col. Miller then said to the other officers: "Do any of you dispute my right to command?"

"No; I wish you to do so," said Maj. Wait, "and put a stop to these horrid proceedings."

Beemer was then searched, and his pockets were found to contain

watches, purses of money and valuable trinkets. He was then obliged to take off his coat and vest, which he had taken from a prisoner that morning, and they were restored to the owner.

The booty was then restored to the owners. Miller then swore the seventy lancers on his pocket testament not to take up arms against the patriot cause.

The party appropriated the horses and arms of the lancers and then set forth. Miller then resigned the command to Beemer, but advised the man to seek individual safety in flight. The consequence was that in less than an hour Beemer found himself alone. The whole country side united in hunting the patriots down. Morreau was chased into a tangled swamp near Grand river, some thirty miles north of the Niagara, and took refuge in the house of a Canadian farmer. The latter assured him that he was in safe hands, and then treacherously informed the authorities and Morreau was arrested. His companion, named Vernor, was hunted down by a dog. For this the farmer received the reward offered by Lieut.-Gov. Arthur for Morreau's apprehension. The sixteen prisoners captured, including Maj. Wait, Justice Chandler, Col. Miller and the boy Cooley, were taken and lodged in the county jail at the village of Niagara. They were all tried and sentenced to death. Cooley was respited on account of his youth, but Morreau was hung at Fort Massassauga, close to the village, on July 30, 1838, within full view of his native country. His body was given to the surgeons for dissection.

Morreau was about thirty-five years of age, elegant in figure, of gentlemanly deportment and of easy address. While a prisoner at Queenston, a few miles from Niagara, some one brought him a glass of wine and he drank it after giving the toast, "May Canada never become quiet until the American eagle floats on the heights of Queenston!"

SENT TO BOTANY BAY

Maj. Wait, Magistrate Chandler, Col. Miller and Capt. Beemer, who was captured after the others, were considered dangerous men and no respite was ordered in their cases. The sentences of the others were commuted to transportation to Van Dieman's Land. Mrs. Wait subsequently procured a commutation of sentence for her husband, Cooley and Beemer from Lord Durham, and these three were afterwards sent to the same penal colony as their comrades. Maj. Wait, who now lives in Grand Rapids, Mich., had a remarkable after life. His adventure, and also that of his devoted wife, form a narrative of thrilling interest

seldom found outside of works of fiction, and a short chapter of it will be related at the end of this history.

Miller served seven years as a convict in Van Dieman's Land, his pardon being delayed on account of an unsuccessful attempt to escape. He was pardoned in 1845, when he returned to the paternal roof tree at Stockton, Chatauqua county, N. Y.

Among the patriots who escaped was Patriot Tuite, of St. Catharines, U. C., father of Thomas Tuite, the present city treasurer of Detroit. Tuite was an Irishman, a farmer and a man of great physical powers. He was very proficient in feats of strength and activity, and could lift a forty-five-gallon cask of whiskey and drink out of the bung hole. He was a patriot from the first, a devoted friend of Mackenzie and was present at Montgomery's tavern. Mackenzie lost his large fur hat in that engagement, but it was found by Tuite, who restored it to him at some place between Toronto and the Niagara river. Tuite was also on Navy island when the Caroline was cut out and went blazing over Niagara falls. Escaping across the line after the Short Hills affair, he took part in several other operations, and settled in Detroit. Here, in 1840, he married his wife, an Irish maiden whom he had known in Ireland when they were both children. After the amnesty act of 1840 he returned to his old home at St. Catharines, where he died in 1853. Treasurer Tuite was only six years old when his father died, and in his boyhood days the incidents of the patriot war formed the staple topic of conversation around the paternal fireside.

JAIL DELIVERIES

Brophy, Morden, Chase, Montgomery, and ten others were so fortunate as to escape from Fort Henry, at Kingston, on July 30, 1838. Two of the ten not named, one of whom was John G. Parker, father of T. A. Parker, of this city, were recaptured, the others made their way across the border, where they were received in several cities with open arms.

Theller and his companions in Quebec began in July to perfect a plan of escape from the citadel. Sutherland, who was confined with them, was cordially detested by his fellow prisoners. He complained to the officers of the prison that they would kill him, and twice attempted to stab Dodge with a knife, and was soundly thrashed by the latter on each occasion. Lord Durham sent his secretary, Charles Buller, who had previously been an English member of parliament, to inform Theller that he would be sent to England "to await Her Majesty's pleasure,"

which meant that he would be sent to Van Dieman's Land, and Sutherland was also informed that he would be set free after furnishing bail for future good behavior.

THELLER'S ESCAPE

On the dark night of October 16, 1838, after cutting the bars of their dungeon with saws that had been conveyed to them by a French sympathizer, Theller and Dodge, and two other patriot prisoners, named Culver and Hall, escaped to the edge of the fortifications and dropped one by one over the battlements, a distance of twenty-five feet. Theller sprained his foot, and Culver broke one of the small bones of his leg. The disabled men were helped by the other two through the dark and narrow streets of Quebec, and finally found shelter in the house of a French Canadian sympathizer. The whole city was searched by the soldiers, who ransacked every house in several quarters. An Ursuline convent was searched for the fugitives, and a funeral was stopped in the street and the coffin examined to see if it contained one of the escaped patriots. After Theller and Culver had partially recovered from their injuries, they made their way across the border in carriages and on horseback into Maine a distance of ninety miles. In this perilous journey Theller was part of the time disguised as a priest, and speaking French fluently was able to evade all suspicious officials or loyalists along the route. The four proceeded to New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington with Mackenzie, who was then publishing a newspaper in New York. At the capitol, despite the fact that President Van Buren discouraged and condemned the patriot movement, a Hunter's Lodge[1] was organized, at which four-fifths of the members were government clerks and officers. There were thousands of citizens who believe that Van Buren's defeat for the presidency in 1840 by General Harrison was caused by his action with regard to the patriot war.

NAPIERVILLE AND LACOLE

After the escape of Theller and his companions, and while they were firing the American heart with their recitals of the wrongs of Canada, a concerted plan for invading Canada at two different points near Rouse's Point, New York, was carried out by the patriot leaders. The first was in two columns from Lake Champlain, whose waters touch the shores of New York and Vermont, and whose northern extremity is in Lower Canada. The British base of operations for the protection of Montreal was at Ile aux Noix, an island in the Richelieu river, thir-

[1]See appendix.

teen miles north of the Vermont line, and about sixty miles southwest of Montreal. Dr. Robert Nelson, whose brother, Dr. Wolfred Nelson, had defeated the British troops under Col. Gore at St. Charles on the previous year, gathered a force of patriots, some of whom were unarmed, and took possession of Lacole, which is seven miles south of Ile aux Noix, and about the same distance north of the Vermont line. A British force from Ile aux Noix, under Maj. Skinner, defeated his advance guard with considerable loss. When he returned to the main body he found his men in a mutinous condition. The British troops followed and mowed them down with grape shot, and about fifty were left dead on the field.

Dr. Cote, who was one of the original Lower Canada patriots, took possession of Napierville, a village situated about twenty miles north of the New York line and about fifty miles southwest of Montreal. But his position was untenable, and he had to retreat.

Both of these forays were shorn of all chances of success, by the seizure of arms intended for their use, which had been sent on a schooner. The vessel was captured on Lake Champlain by the United States authorities. The steamer Burlington, of Burlington, Vt., commanded by Capt. R. W. Sherman, transported a body of Canadian troops across the lake and landed them in rear of the retreating patriots, many of whom were captured. All the above territory is in the neighborhood of Rouse's Point, N. Y.

Sir John Colborne, commander-in-chief of the Canadian forces, sent dispatches from Lacadie county, near Napierville, dated Nov. 12, 1838, announcing that all the rebels assembled in the Montreal district had been entirely dispersed by her Majesty's troops and volunteers.

After these engagements Colborne let loose the dogs of war in the rebellious district. During the balance of the month he burned seventy-four houses and twenty-two barns, valued at $49,760; six houses were destroyed and 335 houses pillaged, valued at $26,800; total, $76,560. There were 231 women and 243 children turned out of their homes during this winter month.

THE BATTLE OF PRESCOTT

The hopes of the patriots were not so bright as in the beginning of the year, but nevertheless the Hunter's lodges in and about Syracuse, Oswego, Sackett's Harbor, Watertown, Ogdensburg and other points at or near the Canadian border, resolved on another attempt to secure the independence of Canada. On the morning of Nov. 12, 1838, two armed

schooners, lashed on either side of the steamer United States, with about 250 patriots on board, appeared in the St. Lawrence river, between Ogdensburg, N. Y., on the one side, and Prescott, Canada, on the other. Both towns were thrown into confusion, the inhabitants of Ogdensburg generally cheering the patriot vessels. The patriots on board the steamer United States, were soon engaged with the Canadian steamer Experiment, both firing briskly at each other. The patriots landed at Windmill Point, on the Canadian shore, and fortified themselves in the windmill and several other stone buildings. The Experiment[1] and two other steamers, the Coburg and Traveler,[2] threw shells at the patriot forces. The latter returned the fire from several field pieces on the shore. About 500 Canadian troops landed at the windmill, behind which the patriots had thrown up some earthworks. After a short engagement the loyalists retreated with a loss of fifty killed and wounded, the patriots only having thirteen wounded. On the fourteenth both forces lay on their arms and the dead were buried. The request of Col. Dundas, the Canadian commander for leave to bury the dead was granted by the patriot leader. On the fifteenth the Canadians received reinforcements and kept up a continuous cannonade till evening, when the patriots surrendered. Their leader, Van Schoultz[3] Nils Schoblewiski, was a Polish exile, who had fought for the independence of his native country, and whose father was a major at Cracow.

Lieut. Col. Ogle R. Gowan, afterward grand master of the Orange organization of Canada, distinguished himself as a Canadian officer in this engagement. He received three wounds, including a bayonet stab in the hip. The British loss in this engagement was eight officers and sixty-two men. The patriots lost seventy-two killed and 167 prisoners. Gen. Van Schoultz was about thirty-one years of age, an educated, handsome, dashing gentleman. He had been living at Salina, N. Y. At his trial he was defended in a masterly and brilliant style by John A. Macdonald, then a young and struggling lawyer, now Premier of Canada. It was this trial that first brought young Macdonald into public notice. Van Schoultz was convicted and sentenced to death. In prison be bitterly blamed Gen. J. Ward Birge, who was his superior officer, and Commodore "Bill" Johnston for not bringing up reinforcements. He was executed December 8, 1838.

Gen. Birge subsequently retorted in a letter in Mackenzie's paper, then published in New York. He said, in effect, that Van Schoultz, by moving on Prescott with such a small force and without his (Birge's) advice or consent, had invited failure in advance.

[1]See appendix.
[2]MacMullen's History of Canada, p. 446 gives these vessels as the Coburg and Victoria.
[3]This name is variously spelled. McLeod, p. 254 gives it N. Von Shultz. He was a Pole from N. Y. He was made Col. for bravery and highly esteemed. He was soon to have married a young lady from Saline, N. Y.

THE PORT HURON PATRIOTS

In 1837-8 there was a Hunter's lodge at Port Huron, Mich., with 100 members, which was constantly being recruited from Sarnia, on the opposite Canadian shore. The leading members of the lodge were the late Granville F. Boynton, father of ex-Mayor Nathan S. Boynton; John Campbell, father of W. W. Campbell, now a prominent merchant; Stephen V. Thornton, founder of the village of Thornton, ten miles from Port Huron, who died about eight years ago; Charles Flugal, who died at an advanced age about 1885; John Robinson and James Armstrong. Boynton and Flugal were very active and influential in the cause. Flugal had formerly been a sergeant in the United States army. Just before the battle of Windsor, December 4, 1838, the Port Huron patriots made preparations to invade Canada at Sarnia, directly across the St. Clair river, and had a promise of reinforcements from Detroit, but their intentions were discovered and Gen. Brady warned the Canadian authorities.

Mr. Boynton's wife's father, Capt. Louis Rendt, was a native of Germany and a retired British officer, who had fought under Wellington in Spain and had commanded a company of redcoats in the war of 1812. He was living in Canada, near Sarnia, and commanded a body of men, whom he picketed along the river. He also placed several field pieces in position, ready to give the patriots, including his own son-in-law, a warm reception. The reinforcements from Detroit did not come, and the contemplated raid was abandoned. At 9 p. m. on the evening of the expected attack, a steamer was seen coming up the river, and the inhabitants of Sarnia, believing it was a patriot vessel, were filled with dismay. The men grasped their arms and the women and children fled to the woods. In the morning they discovered to their relief that the steamer was only the regular passenger boat from Detroit.

Several Port Huron patriots participated in the battle of Windsor, and one, Capt. James B. Armstrong, lost his arm, as will be afterward related.

GEN. BRADY'S TROUBLES

On November 21 the steamer Illinois, with Gen. Brady in command, captured a small schooner near Gibraltar, sixteen miles below Detroit. The vessel had about 250 stand of arms and a quantity of ammunition designed for the invasion of Canada. She was brought to Detroit the same evening, and the first thing that Gen. Brady learned when he

stepped on the wharf was that the patriots had stolen a number of muskets belonging to the Brady Guards. The arms had been stacked in the vestibule of the Detroit city hall, while the guards were keeping watch on the court room. An old citizen relates that the arms were stolen with the connivance of several members of the company. All arrangements had been made for taking them away and hiding them in a safe place. Just at this time Gen. Sutherland, who had been on a lecturing tour in the interior, speaking on the wrongs of Canada and collecting sums of money for the patriot cause, returned to town. He heard of the scheme and resolved to steal the guns and appropriate all the credit for himself. Several of his friends stole the guns, accordingly, but the theft was done in such a bungling manner that Gen. Brady was able to identify the participants and discover the hiding place of the arms. The latter were returned two days afterward.

THE MOVEMENT ON WINDSOR

The almost uninterrupted defeats which had overtaken the patriots did not seem to discourage the leaders on the Detroit river. Their persistence was rather remarkable on account of the perpetual interference of the United States authorities at all points along the border. Gen. Scott was kept continually on the move between the Niagara river and Detroit, and the militia in the northern portions of New York, Vermont, Ohio and Pennsylvania, and on the eastern border of Michigan, were under arms to prevent breaches of the neutrality laws. The Brady Guards, of Detroit, composed of the best citizens in this place, had been sworn into the service of the United States, and were kept busy patrolling the Detroit and St. Clair rivers, and also kept watch in the United States arsenal at Dearborn, ten miles from Detroit. The city government also maintained an armed patrol, which guarded the city at night. Still the attendance and membership of the Hunter's Lodges in Detroit and Port Huron and the other American cities on the border kept increasing. Seven-eighths of the population were in sympathy with their objects and aspirations. One of the largest was organized at Cleveland, and in November, 1838, a regiment of Ohio and Pennsylvania patriots under Brig. Gen. Salathiel S. Coffinberry,[1] a newspaper editor and publisher of Mansfield, Ohio, received orders from Gen. Handy to proceed to Detroit. A few days afterward over 300 men came to Detroit. One of the members of this regiment was the late John Harmon, afterwards customs house collector of the port and mayor of this city, and who died at the Michigan Exchange hotel in Detroit August 6, 1888.

[1] *Cf. supra*, p. 587.

Part of the troops were encamped in tents in a field on Bloody Run, now included in the city limits, where they were joined by others from above and below, including a number of Canadian refugees. The majority, however, were adventurous young men who were natives of the United States. At one time the camp contained about 600 men. The ranking officer in command was Brig. Gen. Lucius Verus Bierce,[1] a lawyer, and brigadier of state militia of Akron, Ohio. Those of the privates who had some means, like John Harmon, put up at the various hotels, taverns and boarding houses. They were mostly hot blooded young men who chafed at the discomforts of camp life and demanded to be led against the enemy at once. Several times the order to cross the river was given and countermanded, and the discontent became so great that over half of them left the ranks. The movement was on the point of going to pieces when the officers and men held a meeting at the camp on the evening of December 2, 1838. At the meeting Gen. A. T. McReynolds, now of Grand Rapids was present. Gen. Bierce strove to pacify them, and made a strong speech. He said that large reinforcements were daily arriving at Brest and would soon come to Detroit.

Brest, now called Stony Creek, is in Monroe county, thirty-five miles southeast of Detroit, on the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern railroad. It was then a place of great pretensions, and had a few hundred inhabitants and a wild cat bank.

Gen. Bierce added that with these recruits, and the force in Detroit, a strong invading army could be thrown into Canada at this point, with good prospects of success, as the inhabitants would join the army by the thousand. He also called their attention to the fact that the Brady guards were on the alert, and that the authorities on this side, although sympathizing with the cause, would suppress and disarm any small body of men who violated the neutrality act.

All this excellent advice, however, was thrown away. From the ranks of his listeners came the words "traitor" and "coward."

One person, said to be the patriot general, E. J. Roberts, of Detroit, who was a lawyer and justice of the peace and publisher of a masonic newspaper called the Craftsman, said:

"If you will follow me, I will lead you."

This naturally raised Bierce's pride, and he said impulsively: "Now, men, if you are bound to sacrifice yourselves, I will lead the way."

A number shouted their acquiescence, but many kept ominously silent. Next night the patriots crossed the river.

[1] *Cf. supra*, p. 585.

LETTER FROM DR. F. B. MC CORMICK

South Pelee P. O., Pelee Island, Ontario,
May 22, 1890.

To the Editor:

For the information of your readers I enclose a map on a small scale of Pelee island and a description of the localities and movements in the battle. The single dotted line shows the British advance from the main land to the island and southward to Mosquito bay. From that point the double dotted line shows the line of the patriot retreat to Kelly's island.

No. 1 is the old McCormick homestead. Within a few rods of this my father led the advance on shore, a little to the north, over some low limestone hills.

The single dotted line on the west of the island shows the route taken by the detachment of the Thirty-second British regiment (96 all told) to intercept the patriots on the ice on Mosquito bay. The patriots were in full retreat toward Ohio, when stopped by the ninety-six regulars and fourteen mounted Canadian militia.

No. 2 is the battle ground on Mosquito bay.

No. 3 is the old Fox house, where the rebels were stopping in considerable force until joined by the main body from the north end of the island.

The captain who lead the rebels was named Hoadly, a gallant southerner, who had his negro servants with him. He lies buried in the sand hills near which he fell. Mr. Peter Fox, of North Bass island, Ottawa county, O., who was a lad of fifteen at the time, told me, not over three weeks ago, that Hoadly led the charge and was always in command on the island. Mr. Fox says the battle was fought not over a mile from his home. Your western Michigan friend has been romancing.

F. B. McCormick.

THE YPSILANTI CANNON

The Ypsilanti Sentinel notices the fact of the Ypsilanti gun stolen from that city by the patriots. It appears that it was taken to Gibraltar, and not to Fighting island, as related in last week's issue. The following is the Sentinel's correction: "In the account of the patriot war, now running in the Detroit Sunday News, mention is made of a nine-pounder iron gun captured on the schooner Ann. That gun belonged to Ypsilanti. It was stolen by Charles Ellis, and some other sympa-

thizers, and carried to the patriots on a sleigh. It was used to arm the schooner and captured as related. One of the patriots from this place by the name of Barnum, was captured and sent to Van Dieman's Land, where he was held to hard labor for several years, but finally returned, and subsequently removed we know not where.

CHAPTER V.

BURNING OF THE WINDSOR BARRACKS AND FIRING OF THE STEAMER THAMES—DISASTROUS DEFEAT OF THE PATRIOTS, FOLLOWED BY THE MASSACRE OF SEVERAL PRISONERS—SHOOTING SOME IN COLD BLOOD AND GIVING OTHERS A CHANCE TO RUN FOR THEIR LIVES—THE CRUELTY OF COL. PRINCE—A SHREWD WOMAN WHO SAVED NATHAN H. TOLE'S LIFE.

On the evening of December 3, 1838, the steamer Champlain was anchored in the Detroit river at Detroit. She was boarded and seized by the patriots by a previous arrangement with the owner and captain. The engineer and crew were locked in their rooms, and the patriots then manned the steamer with a crew selected out of their own ranks. The word was passed around quietly to all the fighting patriots who were quartered at their several hotels and boarding houses. The boat came to the dock at the foot of Rivard street, and at 2 a. m. on the morning of the fourth, 135 armed patriots went on board. The river was full of floating ice, and it took a full hour to cross the river. The landing was made at the Pelitte farm, three and one-half miles above the present Windsor & Detroit ferry dock at Windsor. It was a dark night, but a light fall of snow on the ground made everything plainly discernible. The engineer and crew were set free, and the troop disembarked about 100 yards above a small creek that flows into the Detroit river, just opposite the center of Belle Isle (then called Hog island), where Richard Storrs Willis' country seat, Inselruhe, was afterward built. The point was doubtless chosen because the channel bank is only twenty feet distant from the beach. Some of the patriots wakened up old Farmer Pelitte, demanded something to eat and behaved rather rudely, but committed no violence.

MARCHING TO THEIR FATE

Gen. Bierce then ordered the engineer, officers and deck hands of the steamer to move her away, and said to his men, "We have no back doors now, boys; we must conquer or die!"

The little band then marched down the river on Sandwich street, which is the river road, to the town of Windsor, at that time a hamlet containing not more than 300 souls.

There was a building used as a barracks on the road facing the river on the present site of the town hall. It was a frame structure and was occupied by a guard of about twenty men. The bulk of the Canadian troops, about 500 men, were at Sandwich and there was a regiment of regular British troops at Amherstburg, two and sixteen miles below, respectively, on the river. Word had been brought from Detroit over the river of the invasion, by a Canadian sympathizer, and the detachment at the barracks fired on the patriots from the windows. The fire was returned, and Gen. Bierce ordered the barracks to be set on fire.

THE BARRACKS BURNED

This was soon done, and in a short time the flames illumined the country for miles around. The soldiers inside tried to escape, and some of them were shot down as they emerged from the building. Others were roasted to death.

When Bierce reached the center of the town he issued an address to his soldiers, and also a proclamation to the citizens of Canada. The latter was signed by William Lount, his military secretary, a son of the patriot Lount who was hanged in Toronto a few months previous.

DOUGALL'S PRESENCE OF MIND

The late James Dougall, a leading merchant of the town, who died about two years ago, was awakened by the discharge of firearms. Being apprehensive of the attack, he had kept his horse saddled in his stable all night. He dressed himself hastily and ran to his store, took some $30,000 in large bills from his safe, returned to the house for his gun, and started down to Sandwich on foot.

Meanwhile the patriots were not idle. The little army was divided into three detachments. One was under Col. Cornelius Cunningham, who was afterward hanged at London, U. C. Another was under Brig. Gen. William Putnam (already alluded to in connection with the killing of Sergt. Carey), and the reserve, consisting of twenty-five men, was under Col. Salathiel Coffinberry. They proceeded to what was then the

western extremity of the town, and took up positions on the Baby farm, a few rods back from the river.

THE BURNING OF THE THAMES

The steamer Thames,[1] owned by Duncan McGregor, of Chatham, was lying at John Van Allen's dock, which was 280 feet above the burning barracks. The dock and warehouse have since disappeared, the entire river bank at that place being now graded down and forms the lower yard of the Great Western division of the Grand Trunk railway.

The cry of "Remember the Caroline" was raised, and by Gen. Bierce's order the boat was fired. John Harmon, who was acting as aid to Bierce, with three others, brought down brands from the burning barracks and set the steamer on fire.

Gen. Bierce, with John Harmon and a few men who formed his body guard, then went down the river road about 600 yards to a point where Church street now intersects it. At that time the river road was the sole highway between Sandwich and Windsor. There was no highway leading south into the back county, except private farm roads, until the McDougall road, above the barracks, was reached.

DEATH OF SURGEON HUME

The first Canadian military arrivals in Windsor from Sandwich were two horsemen. They were Dr. John J. Hume, the assistant surgeon of the troops, and Mr. Morse the commissary. Surgeon Hume had been sitting up nearly all night at Col. Prince's house in Sandwich, attending a sick lady. Some accounts state that they came on an informal reconnoitering expedition of their own, although the sounds of firearms may have induced the doctor to come for the purpose of giving professional assistance to men who might have been wounded.

Dr. Hume was a large, fine looking man of middle age. He wore a sword at his side, and rode a fine horse. The small party of invaders who acted as a body guard to Gen. Bierce halted the pair and ordered them to surrender. The doctor was a high spirited man and he promptly answered:

"Who to?"

"To the patriots," was the reply.

"No, I won't surrender to d——d rebels," was the reckless rejoinder.

Two or three shots were fired at him. Morse, with his hat perforated by a bullet, retreated down the road. The doctor got off his horse, which immediately galloped after Morse. The doctor ran about

[1] *Cf. ante*, p. 366.

100 feet in the same direction. Several shots were fired at him, but he was not hit.

He turned into the house of Thomas Cole, an upholsterer, on the road, where he first tried to secrete himself in the cellar. He was followed and his retreat discovered, but he defended himself vigorously with his sword. He then ran to the back part of the lot and entered an outhouse, still fighting with his assailants. He was then shot in the right breast, and finally killed with an ax. His sword was handed to Gen. Bierce. The killing took place about 450 yards west of the burning barracks, and the body was partially devoured by hogs before being discovered. The Widow Cole, in after years, with the natural garrulity of age, often told the above account of Hume's terrible death. John Turk, the well-known Windsor real estate dealer, when a boy, has heard the story from the widow's lips.

THE NEWS AT SANDWICH

Lieut. Arthur Rankin, afterward colonel and M. P. P. from Essex county from 1854 to 1867, and father of McKee Rankin, the celebrated actor, and George Rankin, dramatic author, of Windsor, was officer of the night at the Sandwich barracks, two miles below. He had retired to his bed about 3 a. m. He was wakened up at his lodging by two mounted men belonging to Capt. Duncan Grant's cavalry regiment, who brought the news of the invasion at Windsor. He quickly mustered his company of sixty men together, and brought them to the house of the captain, John F. Sparks, at the upper end of the village. The captain, an English gentleman who had served in the East Indies, was very sick with ague, but answered the summons at his door. He was as pale as a ghost, and very feeble, but he promptly ordered Rankin to double quick his men to Windsor. "I will join you before you get there," he said. Sure enough, he joined his company on a horse before they had proceeded a mile. James Dougall had met the company before that time and turned back with them. Morse, the commissary, and Dr. Hume's horse passed them shortly afterward.

THE BATTLEFIELD

The Baby farm, in the town of Windsor, like all the old French farms in this region, fronts on the river. It is a strip of land 1,152 feet wide, and runs back about two miles. Its western line at the river is River street and the eastern line is Pellissier street. Church street, Dougall avenue and Victoria street run through the farm north and

south, within the corporate limits of the town. The Baby homestead was then occupied by Francoise Baby,[1] uncle of Lieut. W. L. Baby. It is a large, comfortable two-story brick residence and has recently been converted into a double dwelling house. It formerly fronted on Sandwich street, and stands back about 150 feet from that thoroughfare, and at that time commanded an unobstructed view of the river. It stands directly in rear of the Edmund Baby block, on Sandwich street. When Pitts street was opened across its rear, the front was changed to that street. The orchard where the fight took place was on the west side of the house and extended down the river to the west line of the farm on River street. The limits of the orchard may be generally described as bounded by Sandwich street, River street, Chatham street and Dougall avenue. It was about fifty acres in extent, and contained many hundred apple and French pear trees. It is now all covered by residence and business property.

PATRIOT AND LOYALIST MEET

Capt. Sparks arrived in Windsor about 7 a. m. His pickets penetrated the orchard and discovered the patriots drawn up in three bodies. The troops under Harvell and Putnam were in two lines, a short distance apart, near a fence under some pear trees. They opened an irregular fire at the advancing Canadians, but aimed too high, and the bullets passed overhead. Sparks ordered his men to fire, and a volley laid two or three patriots low. The rest immediately retreated. The red coats worn by the militia made the patriots think they were British regulars, and this doubtless added to their scare. The scene of this conflict was a little north of the intersection of Church and Pitt streets, about the line of the alley. The patriots faced to the north and the loyalists to the south.

HARVELL AND PUTNAM FALL

Col. Harvell, the "Big Kentuckian," as he was called, bore the standard of the Canadian provisional government. He was over six feet in height, of massive build and dark complexion, with a handsome countenance and resolute eye, and wore his hair long. He tried in vain to rally his troops.

James Dougall, who had used his shot gun effectively in the fray, cried out: "A hundred dollars to the man who shoots the standard bearer!"

Several men fired at Harvell, and Pierre Marantette of Sandwich, a

[1]For sketch Baby family see reprint, Vol. 15, p. 252, appendix.

member of Sharps company and a gunsmith by trade, hit him. At least Col. Prince's report to Col. Maitland gives him that credit.

At this moment Lieut. Rankin ran forward in advance of his own company, thereby exposing himself to being shot by his own men. Harvell was wounded and staggered, but still held aloft the flag. As Rankin approached, sword in hand, he fell, the folds of the flag being partly under him, and on it flowed streams of blood from two gaping wounds in his body. Rankin grasped the flag and tried to drag it out from under the wounded man, whose face expressed a variety of emotions, in which anger and disappointment strove for mastery. At this moment, before Rankin could interfere, two of his company ran up and thrust their bayonets into Harvell's body, who gave a convulsive start and then expired.

The story related by Theller in "Canada in 1837-8," and repeated by John Harmon, is that Harvell refused to surrender, wrapped himself up in the flag, drew a large bowie knife and defied his assailants. But Col. Rankin and Mr. Dougall prouounce this story untrue.

A DISASTROUS ROUT

Gen. Putnam retreated with the rest in a southeasterly direction several hundred yards, his men turning and firing as they went. Putnam climbed a fence and on reaching the ground on the other side was shot in the back of the head and fell dead. Coffinberry attempted to rally his men about what is now the corner of Chatham street and Victoria avenue, but the loyalists pressed them close, and at this place the majority of the patriots were killed. The bodies were buried afterward in several trenches where the Presbyterian church now stands.

Gen. Putnam was generally esteemed. He was well known in Detroit, where he organized a Hunters' Lodge and initiated hundreds of citizens. Ben Briscoe, Sr., of this city, was initiated by him as a full-fledged patriot. He was forty-five years of age and had a wife and eight children on his farm near Dorchester, Middlesex county, Upper Canada.

Some time afterward, when the relatives of Harvell and Putnam came to Windsor to find the bodies, no one remembered the place where they were buried, and they both fill unmarked and unknown graves.

CROSSING THE RIVER

Many of the fugitives fled southward into the interior. Others, including Gen. Bierce, Col. Coffinberry and John Harmon, fled to where the steamer had landed, over three miles above. Here they

released their eighteen prisoners, principally inhabitants of the town. A small body of volunteers from the interior of Essex county, under Major Fox, arrived on the scene and followed in pursuit of the fugitives. Lieut. Rankin and some of his men went to the burning steamer, and seeing that there was no hope of saving her, took on shore a small sideboard. It is still preserved at his residence, "Thornfield," on the river road, between Windsor and Sandwich, and is an interesting souvenir of the battle.

COL. JOHN PRINCE

who lived in Sandwich and was in immediate command of the troops, arrived on the scene about 9:30 a. m., after the patriots were routed. He joined the officers on the Baby farm, at a point about three-quarters of a mile south of the battlefield. He wore a wolfskin cap, a velveteen shooting coat, leather leggings and carried a shotgun in his hand. One of the prisoners, a German, who had his clothing spattered with lime and was believed to be a hod carrier or plasterer, was brought to him.

"Here, shoot this man," he cried.

The man fell on his knees and begged for mercy in broken English. He was riddled by a volley of bullets and fell a corpse.

Prince then said that he expected another attack at Sandwich, and ordered all troops to proceed there at once. Capt. Sparks, Col. James Askin and his son, Lieut. Charles D. Askin, Lieut. Rankin and Mr. Dougall advanced the opinion that the only force threatening that part of the frontier, was fleeing before them, but Prince would not listen, and the troops returned to Sandwich. He had evidently been deceived by false intelligence. Had they moved in pursuit it is altogether probable that every one of the patriots would have been captured.

Arrived at Sandwich, Lieut. Rankin and Mr. Dougall again accosted Prince and said they believed that the country east of Windsor was still in possession of the rebels. Rankin offered to take thirty men and go up and attack them, but his offer was declined.

REGULARS TO THE FRONT

The thirty-fourth British regiment, under Col. (afterwards Lord) Airey[1] was lying at Amherstburg. The news did not reach there for several hours. But about 1:30 p. m. a force from that regiment dashed into Sandwich. This consisted of a company under Capt. Broderick on wagons, a six-pound cannon and artillerymen under Lieut. Dionysius

[1]See appendix.

Airey, brother of the colonel, and twenty mounted Indians from the reservation near Amherstburg, under Capt. Ironsides, of the Indian department.

These troops did not stop at Sandwich, but drove through the village in hot haste to Windsor. Mr. Dougall got into the artillery wagon and went with them. Prince then proceeded toward Windsor with his command, about 400 volunteers and militia, including Capt. Sparks' company with Lieut. Rankin in command. Mr. Sparks was so feeble that he had to return to his bed.

The British troops under Broderick arrived in Windsor about 2 p. m. and proceeded past the town to where the Champlain had landed. Here another patriot was taken prisoner by Mr. White, father of Sol. White, M. P. P., who handed him over to Broderick. No other patriots could be seen. When Col. Prince saw the prisoner he had him stood up against a fence where he was riddled with bullets. Capt. Broderick remonstrated indignantly at this butchery, but Prince was obdurate. He also ordered a militia officer, named Charles Anderson, to go to Sandwich and have two prisoners shot which had been sent there by Broderick under guard.

THE POOR PATRIOTS

Gen. Bierce, Gen. Coffinberry, John Harmon, Col. George Washington Case and several more went up to the place where they landed and signaled to the steamer Erie, which had the Brady Guards on board and was patrolling the river. But the officers on the boat paid no attention to the appeal. They then looked for a means of escape. All the residents on the river banks, in those days, had skiffs or canoes in front of their farms, and they procured several and paddled across, some using the butts of their guns as paddles.

The troubles of the unfortunate remnant were, however, not over yet. Lieut. Airey came up, unlimbered his gun in the road and fired several round shot at the canoes and their occupants. One of the balls struck Capt. James B. Armstrong, of Port Huron, and nearly cut off his arm. While the cannon was playing, the steamer Erie steamed up the river, with the Brady Guards.

FIRED AT THE FUGITIVES

in the stream as they disembarked on Belle Isle. One bullet struck the gun held by John Harmon, who was standing on the ice about two yards from the bank. The discomfitted patriots were arrested and

taken on board the steamer. Maj. Payne, a U. S. officer, questioned Harmon closely, asking him who burned the barracks and the steamer; what he was doing in Canada, etc. But Harmon realized the danger of being too communicative at that moment and replied that he had been on Hog island, which being a part of the United States he had a perfect right to visit if he desired; and made other evasive answers.

HOME AGAIN

The patriot remnant were dismissed when the boat arrived at the dock. Capt. Ben. Woodworth, the landlord of the Steamboat hotel, grasped Harmon by the hand and invited him to be his guest at the hotel. That night a crowded meeting was held at the old city hall, and addresses were delivered by Col. James L. Giles, Gen. E. J. Roberts, Gen. Theller (who had returned home from captivity that day) and other Detroit patriots. There were some eloquent speeches and a series of resolutions were adopted, strongly denouncing the United States authorities for firing on the patriots.

Armstrong was taken to the basement office of Dr. E. Hurd, which then stood on the present site of McElroy's dry goods store, at the northwest corner of Woodward avenue and Congress street, where the mangled arm was amputated and the stump dressed. Chloroform was not used in those days, but Armstrong did not need any anæsthetic. He was a man of iron nerve and resolution. When his bleeding arm was cut off he raised it from the table with his other hand, swung it around his head, and exclaimed:

"Hurrah for the patriots! I am willing to lose another arm for the cause!"

He was afterwards deputy sheriff in St. Clair county and sheriff of Sanilac county, in this State, in 1855-6. His widow and two sons, Mott and George Armstrong, now live at Bad Axe, Mich., and his daughter, Mrs. Meddaugh, lives at Sand Beach. One of his brothers still lives near London, Ontaria.

MORE PATRIOTS SHOT

Over the river the curtain had not yet descended on the bloody drama. Col. Prince was maddened to frenzy when he saw the dead body of Surgeon Hume and the others who had fallen at the hands of the patriots. At one time he resolved to show no quarter to any prisoner.

A ghastly sight was the charred corpses of five militiamen which were brought out of the burned guard house and laid in front.

It is said that none of the Canadian troops were killed in the battle proper. A French Canadian named Nantais, who followed in pursuit of the retreating patriots, was shot and killed. A colored barber named Mills, from whose house the burning brands were taken by the patriots to fire the barracks, imprudently huzzaed for the British and was shot dead.

HORRID SCENES

Alexander H. Askin, of Strabane, a country seat on the bank of the river, opposite the foot of Belle Isle, was then seven years of age, and living with his relatives at Sandwich. He is a cousin of ex-Register John A. Askin, of that town. He witnessed a scene that afternoon which he will remember till he dies. A patriot who had been captured at Windsor was being taken through Sandwich to the barracks under guard of a file of men. The prisoner was a good looking young man, wearing a velvet coat. Lieut. Charles Anderson, who had been sent down by Col. Prince, rode up in hot haste and said:

"Stop! this man is to be shot by Col. Prince's orders."

The squad stopped. Anderson dismounted, seized the prisoner and pushed him backward.

The man held up both hands and exclaimed:

"For God's sake, let me speak!"

"No," said Anderson, "run for your life!"

The prisoner turned and ran across the field away from the river. The militiamen fired several shots at him but he was not hit. The fugitive then ran swiftly for about 100 yards, and sought shelter among some hay stacks. There he was followed and killed.

Another prisoner, guarded by another file of men, was ordered by Anderson to run for his life. He was followed and shot near the old burying ground, and his bleeding corpse thrown over the fence on the graves.

Anderson, who is still living, was afterward appointed deputy receiver general of Canada. He married a daughter of Col. Elliott, of Sandwich, an eloquent and able lawyer.

AFTER-CLAPS

Col. Prince's wrath was not appeased by the shooting of the four prisoners, and he ordered some seven captured prisoners, who were ranged in front of the mouldering barracks, to be shot also. A num-

ber of influential citizens, including Robert Mercer, magistrate; Charles Elliot, afterward judge; Joseph Woods, justice of the peace, and subsequently M. P. P.; Rev. Mr. Johnson, rector of Sandwich, and others, pleaded with Prince, some of them quite indignantly, that the prisoners' lives be spared. Prince, with great reluctance, and after much expostulation, acceded to their request. Afterward thirteen gentlemen published a circular, denouncing the shooting of the four persons without a trial as inhuman murders. Col. Prince resented this by challenging the whole thirteen. It was the fashion in those days for gentlemen, especially soldiers, to settle their differences by the code duello. Only one, Mr. Woods, accepted the challenge, and the principals met on the field of honor in a clump of woods half a mile back of Sandwich. Allen Cameron, an officer in the same company with Lieut. Rankin, was Woods' second, and Capt. Rudyard acted for Prince. At the first exchange of shots Mr. Woods was painfully wounded in the jaw.

A SICKENING NARRATIVE

These thirteen gentlemen also drew up a narrative of the shooting of the prisoners, which was published in the Detroit Journal, which latter paper was a strong anti-patriot sheet. The members of the committee were said to be all tories or conservatives, and some of them were present at the action in Windsor. The narrative relates:

"Before leaving the field Adjt. Cheeseman, of the Second Essex regiment brought up a prisoner whom he had taken. He surrendered him to Col. Prince, who ordered him to be immediately shot on the spot, and it was done accordingly.

"Another prisoner, who was wounded, was brought to Sandwich two hours after the engagement, and was ordered shot. It was afterward proposed to let him 'run for his life.' A dozen muskets were leveled for his execution. At this moment Col. William Elliot of the Second Essex regiment, exclained: 'D——n you, you cowardly rascals; are you going to murder your prisoner?' This exclamation for one instant retarded the fire of the party, but on the next the prisoner was brought to the ground. He sprang again to his feet and ran round the corner of the fence, where he was met and shot through the head. His name was Bennett, a Canadian, and resided in the London district. It is to be regretted that this painful affair took place in our most public street, and in the presence of several ladies and children.

"Another prisoner named Dennison, also wounded and unarmed, was brought in during the morning. Charles Elliott, Esq., who was pres-

ent when Col. Prince ordered this man to be shot, entreated that he might be reserved to be dealt with according to the laws of the country, but Col. Prince's reply was, 'D——n the rascal, shoot him!" and it was done.

"When Col. Prince reached Windsor he was informed that one of the brigands was lying wounded at the house of William Johnston. The man, whose leg was shattered by a musket ball, had been found by Francois Baby, Esq., the former representative of Essex, and by his order was removed to Mr. Johnston's house, saying he would send surgical assistance. Col. Prince gave the order for his execution, and he was dragged out of the house and shot accordingly.

"At this time the regulars and Indians under Capt. Broderick were two or three miles in advance of Col. Prince's forces, and the enemy had escaped from Windsor. A prisoner was taken, who, presuming that he had fallen into the hands of Prince or his troops, made an earnest appeal for mercy. Capt. Broderick, a regular officer, replied: 'You have fallen into the hands of a British officer.' Capt. Broderick with his regulars, finding that nothing further was to be done, commenced his return to Sandwich, leaving his prisoner in charge of a dragoon. Prince afterward fell in with this prisoner, ordered him taken from his guard and shot, which was done.

"The mounted Indians who were sent into the woods brought in seven prisoners. When they brought them out a cry was raised 'bayonet them!'

" 'What,' said Martin, one of the Indian braves, 'No, we are Christians; we will not murder them.'

"When these men were delivered to Col. Prince, he had them placed in a wagon, and when it reached an open spot opposite the barracks, he commanded the prisoners to be taken out of the wagon and shot.

"At this critical moment Charles Elliott, Robert Mercer, Rev. Mr. Johnson and Samuel James rushed forward and entreated Col. Prince not to commit murder by shooting the prisoners, but begged him to leave them to the laws of the country. In making this appeal Mr. James made use of this empathatic language:

" 'For God's sake, do not let a white man murder what an Indian has spared?'

"Col. Prince yielded, remarking that he would hold Mr. Elliott responsible for his interference, as his (Col. Prince's) orders were to destroy them all."

COL. PRINCE COURT MARTIALED

Mainly through Capt. Broderick's influence, a military court of inquiry was appointed to examine the conduct of Prince. The court consisted of three field officers, of the regular service and a lieutenant-colonel and two majors of the militia. After a protracted examination the court made a cautious report, practically exonerating Prince. The findings of the court became a subject of discussion in both houses of the British parliament. Lord Brougham[1] and Hume severely censured Prince, and he was defended by others.

In his answer to Lord Brougham the Duke of Wellington said: "My Lords, I have already drawn your attention to this subject. I stated the probability, the certainty, that we must come in Canada to a system of retaliation—that if the war in that country were not stopped, we must come to a system of warfare not only more barbarous than any occurring in modern times, but unequaled in the history of the world. [Hear.] I tell your lordships that there is such a system going on as I cannot conceal my opinion that it is a disgrace to this country to permit its continuance. [Hear, hear.] My lords, if her Majesty has not the power to protect loyal subjects on the Canadian frontier, we ought to abandon the colony altogether and withdraw from the country. There are, I know, persons who recommend our abandonment of the colony for far different reasons. I do not coincide in those opinions. I think it is desirable we should retain that colony. Measures are being taken by another nation to deprive us of Canada, and for that reason our honor is involved in preserving it. You must either have your operations carried on by the regular army or you must abandon the country. [Hear, hear.] If you do not employ regular troops the war will be carried on after the manner of a civil war, and the same horrors will be the consequence."

Lord Glenelg[2] said it would be impossible to protect so extensive a frontier with regular troops. The force in Canada was very large.

This ended the debate. The "Iron Duke," it will be seen, did not attempt to openly defend Prince's conduct, but deftly struck the cords of national pride and jealousy by saying that the United States wished to acquire Canada. He also touched the pocket nerve by alluding to the tremendous expense that would be entailed on the British treasury by protecting the Canadian border with regular troops.

[1]Henry (Peter) Brougham, Lord of Brougham and Vaux, born 1778, died 1868.
[2]See appendix.

These two considerations probably saved Col. Prince from a vote of censure by the British legislature.

"IT WAS DONE ACCORDINGLY"

In Prince's official report of the battle he says: "Of the brigands and pirates, twenty-one were killed, besides four who were brought in at the close and immediately after the engagement, all of whom I ordered shot upon the spot, and it was done accordingly."

"It is sufficient to say," says Lindsay,[1] the Canadian historian, and the author of the "Life and Times of William Lyon Mackenzie," "that the general verdict of mankind has not held Col. Prince excused for the slaughter of these men without even the form of trial."

One report states that sixty-five patriots were captured. Some of the fugitives escaped up the shores of Lake St. Clair, where they were hidden in the houses of sympathetic Irish farmers, who afterward aided them to escape on the ice to the American shore. A number of the captured were tried and transported to Van Dieman's Land, and a few to the Bermuda islands.

MASON'S MEMORY

William Mason, of Windsor, who was then aged sixteen, and living with his parents on Sandwich street, in a house where F. S. Stearns & Co.'s laboratory now stands, witnessed some of the fighting. He was around among a crowd of patriots who were gathered in front of his father's house. They had arrested a baker's apprentice named Hurst and were treating him roughly. "I sat on a fence with another boy," said Mason, last January. "The fighting was only a short distance away, not more than 150 yards, and the bullets whistled around us. I didn't mind it at the time, but after the fighting was over, I became scared almost to death. I saw Hume's body after the battle. He had a big bullet hole in his right breast, and his arm was terribly hacked with an ax."

SHELDON'S EXILE

In John Harmon's account of the battle of Windsor, published in the *Free Press* in 1884, he alludes to Chauncey Sheldon, a farmer residing in Macomb county, who came to Detroit with a load of wheat. Sheldon was a free and easy blade, and having indulged in stimulants around town, he joined the expedition for the fun of the thing and crossed the river on the steamer. He was taken prisoner after the battle, and with several prisoners was brought up to the barracks where

[1]Charles Lindsey, author also of "Makers of Canada."

Col. Prince ordered them all shot. He was placed in front of a file of soldiers and ordered to turn his back. "I shall turn my back to no redcoat," he said, at the same time giving a Masonic sign to the officer in charge of the firing squad. The expostulation of Mr. Wood and others began at this time, and the shooting was postponed. Sheldon was transported to Van Dieman's Land for seven years. At the expiration of the sentence he returned to Detroit. In Harmon's account it is stated that he found his wife married to another man, but this was a mistake, as his wife had died during his absence. Mr. Harmon procured him a situation as lighthouse keeper at Tawas bay. He afterwards went to live with his daughter, Mrs. Daniel Duncan, at Utica, Mich., and tended bar for Landlord Benjamin. He died at the house of Mr. Duncan's son, in Genesee county, Mich., about 1855.

"YOU OUGHT TO KNOW"

One of the prisoners shot is believed to have been a Canadian resident of Chatham. A few years after the battle Col. Prince visited Chatham and put up at a hotel kept by a buxom widow named Hamilton. With a soldier's eye for a handsome woman, he entered into conversation with her.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Hamilton," she replied, curtly.

"A good name," said Prince, politely. "Where is your husband?"

"You ought to know," answered the widow with compressed lips.

"How should I know, madam?" he inquired in surprise.

"I have been told you had him shot at Windsor."

The conversation ended at this point.

WAS HE LYING?

Maj. Fred Kuehle, a prominent German citizen of Detroit, afterward member of the board of public works and a Mexican veteran, kept at that time a grocery store on the north side of Atwater street, between Antoine and Hastings streets. His next door neighbors were a family named Grant, the head of which was a six-foot, powerfully built half-breed, with a swaggering, self-asserting manner. Grant fought with the patriots, and when he returned home he openly boasted that he had killed Surgeon Hume.

SAVED BY A WOMAN

One of the patriots who fought in the battle of Windsor was Nathan H. Toles, a young man from Buffalo, who was a member of the Brady

Guards and had lived in Detroit for several years previous to 1838. He was in partnership with Orville S. Allen, father of William and Orville Allen of this city. Toles & Allen had a painting and paper hanging shop on Woodward avenue, near the dock. When the patriots were whipped and scattered by the Canadian militia, Toles fled with the rest, but turned his steps into the back country south of Windsor. He ran through the woods for fifteen or twenty miles, and, night overtaking him, he slept a little under a tree. When the day broke he resumed his flight, and finally came to a road. He saw a two-wheeled wagon approaching and he hid himself at first, but seeing that its only occupant was a woman he stepped into the road.

"Will you be kind enough to tell me the way to Windsor, madam?" he said.

The woman stopped her cart and looked at him with a smile.

"You don't want to go to Windsor, sir."

"And why not?" said Toles.

"Because you are a patriot. You have run away from Windsor. And you have been sleeping in the woods. Your back is all covered with leaves."

Toles, in utter surprise and bewilderment at the woman's perspicuity, stammered an inarticulate denial.

"Never mind," said the farmer's wife, "its all right. I'm a patroit myself, and so is my husband, although he is a soldier and with the army down there. I'm going to Windsor to see whether he's dead or alive. I hear you patriots got beat as usual, didn't you?"

Toles "acknowledged the maize."

The woman then directed him to go southward to her house, which she described, and instructed him to go into the barn, cover himself in the hay, and never move till night, and she would then come to him and devise means of escape. Toles thankfully followed her instructions, and being cold, tired, and weary, went to sleep in the barn. About midnight he was awakened by a low, whispered inquiry, "Are you here?" He answered in the affirmative, and the woman then said:

"Here is something to eat. My husband has come home, and he brought some more soldiers with him. If they see you they will take you to Windsor and shoot you. Col. Prince shot a lot of the prisoners today. So you lie quiet, and don't move hand or foot, and I'll see what I can do for you."

Toles ate the food and thankfully followed her instructions. Three or four nights afterward she came to him at night, and handing over

a bundle of clothing, bade him dress himself. He did so, and found himself transmogrified into a farmer. She then drove him to Windsor, crossed over on the ferry, and bid him farewell about Jefferson avenue.

He learned from her that she had come to Detroit and procured the money for the clothes from E. J. Roberts, A. T. McReynolds and other friends of the patriot cause.

Toles never forgot the woman's kindness and gave testimonials of his gratitude in after years. He died in this city about 1870. His surviving children are Edward W. Toles and Mrs. Lucy L. Knapp, of this city; William W. Toles, of Plymouth, in this county, and Frank H. Toles, of Grand Rapids.

CHAPTER VI

CONCLUSION OF THE PATRIOT WAR—SURGEON HUME'S GRAVESTONE IN THE SANDWICH CHURCHYARD—MACKENZIE'S AFTER LIFE—REMARKABLE ADVENTURES OF BENJ. WAIT OF GRAND RAPIDS, AND THE HEROIC EFFORTS OF HIS DEVOTED WIFE IN HIS BEHALF—BIOGRAPHIES OF SOME OF THE ACTORS IN THE EFFORT TO LIGHTEN THE GOVERNMENTAL AND SOCIAL BURDENS OF THE PEOPLE OF CANADA

All the old citizens of Detroit now living witnessed the progress of the battle of Windsor. The river at this point is only 2,500 feet in width, and there being snow on the ground and few houses or buildings in Windsor to obstruct the view the results of the fight were known before the fugitives arrived to tell the tale.

Warham Brown, at that time a little boy, lived with his father, H. H. Brown, a well-known banker. His mother was a daughter of the late Judge John W. Strong, a prominent citizen. The Browns lived in what was then called the Wendell house, a two-story building, which still stands on the north side of Jefferson avenue, about 200 feet west of Shelby street, diagonally across from the Michigan Exchange.

On the morning of the fight Mrs. Brown, who was a very beautiful woman and a belle in society, and is still living in Detroit, and her little boy were calling at the house of her father, formerly the residence of Major John Biddle, which stood about the center of the Biddle House block. It was about 9 a. m. and the barracks and the steamer Thames were still burning, and the white puffs and reports of musketry showed that the loyalists and patriots were engaged in deadly strife. The back windows commanded an excel-

lent view of the scene, and Mrs. Brown lifted her boy up in her arms to look at it.

When the mother and son returned home they found the head of the house in a serious frame of mind.

"Warham," said Mr. Brown, "my brother, your uncle George, is up stairs. I don't know what to do with him. He has committed a crime. He will have to stay in your room for a few days and you must not say a word about it to anybody."

George Huntington Brown, the brother of Mr. Brown, was a fine-looking young man of a free and easy, adventurous character. The "crime" to which his conservative brother alluded consisted in his being a participator in the battle of Windsor. He had just escaped over the river in a canoe with John Harmon, Gen. Bierce, Col. Coffinberry and the rest, and in hiding from the United States authorities. He was smuggled out of town a few days afterward and in the spring engaged as second officer of a lake steamer. The vessel took a number of emigrants into Milwaukee that fall, and the landing was made in boats. A boat containing a number of emigrants was upset, and while they were struggling in the water George jumped out to rescue them. A drowning emigrant caught him and they both sank to the bottom. When the bodies were recovered they were both fastened together in the embrace of death. The pockets of the emigrant contained several thousand dollars in money.

HUME'S GRAVESTONE

The unfortunate surgeon was buried with military honors in the old churchyard at Sandwich. On his tombstone may be read the indignant epitaph written by Col. Prince:

SACRED
To the Memory of
JOHN JAMES HUME, ESQRE. M. D.
Staff Assistant Surgeon

Who was inhumanly murdered and his body afterwards brutally mangled by a gang of armed ruffians from the United States Styling themselves

"PATRIOTS,"

who committed this cowardly and shameful outrage on the morning of the 4th December, 1838: having intercepted the deceased while proceeding to render professional assistance to her Majesty's gallant Militia engaged at Windsor, U. C. in repelling the incursion of this rebel crew more properly styled

PIRATES.

"ON THAT DARK SCAFFOLD"

The battle of Windsor was the last engagement of the patriot war. There were some insignificant forays of patriots across the border during 1839, and several thousand Canadian troops were stationed along this frontier as late as 1844. The patriots kept up their military and political organization for several years. Maj. Wait, the hero of Point au Pelee island crossed the Niagara river several times after his return from Van Dieman's Land in 1842, to his old home on the Grand river, and organized several patriot societies. But the waning power of the Family Compact and the liberal concessions in the matter of constitutional government made by their political successors and the English government, caused the gradual extinction of the patriot cause and Canada then began to take her place among the free nations of the new world.

But the scaffold was kept busy during the remainder of 1839, and many of the patriots paid for their heroic temerity with their lives.

The following members of Van Schoultz's command at Prescott were hanged at Kingston: Col. Dorephus Abbey[1] of Watertown, N. Y.; Col. Martin Woodruff[2] of Salina, N. Y.; Daniel George and Sylvanus Swete of Northampton, N. H.; Jacob Peeler, of the same state; Christopher Buckley, Sylvester Lawton, Russell Phelps and Duncan Anderson.

At London Joshua Doun, Daniel Kennedy, Cornelius Cunningham, Hiram B. Lynn, Bedford Clark and ——Purley were executed. In Montreal perished on the scaffold Joseph Narcisse Cardinal and Joseph Duquette, who led the Caughnawaga fiasco, Theophile Decoigne, Ambrose Sanguinet, Charles Sanguinet, Francois X. Hamelin, Joseph Robert, Charles Hindenlang,[3] Chevalier De Lorimer, Pierre Remi Narbone, Amable Daunais and Francis Nudes.

TRANSPORTED

Hundreds were transported to Van Dieman's Land and some to Bermuda. A party of twenty-three prisoners, among whom was John G. Parker (who was retaken after his escape from Kingston with Brophy and the others and sentenced to Van Dieman's Land for fourteen years), made a successful effort for liberty when they reached Liverpool. They sent letters to Lords Brougham and Russell[4] and Mr. Roebuck, and the latter came to Liverpool and had them released by writ of

[1]A native of Conn. by profession a printer and eminent journalist.
[2]Sheriff Onondaga county.
[3]Brig-gen., born Paris Mch. 25, 1810, executed Feb. 15, 1839.
[4]Lord John Russell, born 1792, died 1878.

habeas corpus. They were subsequently tried in London at the Old Bailey, set free and returned to the United States.

John G. Parker was a native of Westchester, N. H. When a young man he was a general merchant at Sackett's Harbor, N. Y. He was subsequently an extensive merchant at Kingston and Hamilton, Upper Canada. He was a man of enlarged views, a liberal in politics, and was opposed to the principles and practices of the Family Compact. He was quite popular and had an extensive acquaintance with the leading reformers in both provinces, including Papineau and Mackenzie. While he was under the ban of suspicion he wrote several letters on the political situation from Hamilton to a friend in Kingston. This became known to the government, and it is said that the knowledge was obtained by opening his letters while they were in possession of the post-office. He was the first prominent person arrested in Upper Canada, his incarceration being several weeks before the uprising at Montgomery's tavern. After being imprisoned at Kingston he made his escape, but, as before related, was recaptured. When taken on the steamboat to Quebec, he was manacled hand and foot with Benjamin Wait. After his release in England he returned to Rochester, where he was a merchant till he died in 1879, aged eighty-three years. One of his sons, T. A. Parker, came to Detroit in 1845, and was a leading wholesale grocer till two years ago, when he retired and was succeeded by his son, Arthur M. Parker. Another son, Edward Parker, also resides in Detroit.

MACKENZIE'S AFTER LIFE

Mackenzie was indicted after the evacuation of Navy island by the United States grand jury at Rochester, N. Y. He was arrested and promptly gave bail, having many admirers and friends on this side of the border. He then proceeded on a stumping tour throughout the northern states. In May, 1838, he commenced the publication of Mackenzie's Gazette in New York. In February, 1839, he removed the paper to Rochester, and his trial took place at Canandaigua, N. Y., on June 20 and 21. The trial lasted a day and a half. He was his own counsel and made an able defense, but was convicted and sentenced to eighteen month's imprisonment and ten dollars fine. During his incarceration he edited his paper, the date line of which was "In the American Bastile." After being released he went to New York, where he was given a situation in the custom house. He was subsequently a

correspondent for the New York Tribune under Horace Greeley at Washington and Albany.

After being specially pardoned by the British government he returned to Canada in 1850. His return to Toronto was signalized by a riot of the tories. His popularity in the country, however, had increased, and he was shortly afterward elected to parliament from Haldimand county, defeating George Brown. He attached himself to no party, but was generally in the opposition. He resigned in 1858. Being very poor, a public subscription was raised to buy him a homestead, which realized $10,000. Owing to some misunderstanding, only $4,550 was given him. He died in Toronto on Aug. 28, 1861, in comparative poverty. Andrew Wanless, of this city, was very well acquainted with Mackenzie and admired his pugnacity and courage. Mackenzie was not a man to attract warm personal friendship. He was rather egotistic and intolerant of any opinions except his own. He was a little man, with sandy complexion, and had an inveterate habit of whistling on all occasions when not speaking.

His surviving children are Judge James Mackenzie, of Lima. Ohio; Mrs. Charles[1] Lindsey, whose husband is the register of York county, of which Toronto is the county seat, and who is the author of a biography of Mackenzie; Miss Libbie Mackenzie, who resides at Paris, France; and Mrs. John King, wife of a prominent lawyer at Berlin, Ont.

For several years before his death he published a paper in Toronto, entitled Mackenzie's Gazette.

Mrs. Wanless has also an interesting reminiscence of Mackenzie's escape across the border. Her father, Erastus Hill, at that time resided on a farm at Ancaster, near Hamilton, U. C. On December 9, 1838, at midnight, he was awakened by a neighbor, who asked the loan of a lantern "to let him see his way." The request was granted and the lantern was returned next day. Years afterward the neighbor recalled the loan of the lantern and revealed the fact that it was used to light Mackenzie through the dark woods on his way to the United States.

NOT IN VAIN

The war of 1837-8, although the patriots were defeated, was not fought in vain. It was a contest for freedom, which "though baffled oft, it ever won." The Family Compact and their immediate adherents, although partly composed of high-bred, educated and cultivated men, of personal integrity, were really tyrants. Liberty, in its last analysis,

[1]Charles Lindsey's *Life of Mackenzie*, published in 1908 says only one daughter is living, Mrs. John King, Toronto.

means that every man shall have the right to vote and to hold office. With these natural rights come a full measure of human freedom. The Family Compact and their compeers in the lower province restricted the first and practically annulled the second. Over the franchises of poor men they held, under the rude electoral system of those days, the power of the aristocrat and wealthy landowner to coerce and starve. Gifted and able men, who had legitimate aspirations for power and place, were repressed and crushed in favor of patricians of inconsiderable capacity, Lord Durham's able report to the British ministry exposed their methods and shook their power, and soon their political strength faded into decrepitude. The patriot war was the inevitable result of misgovernment, and Canada profited even by its failure.

In Governor General Lord Durham's letter to Lord Glenelg, September 25, 1838, occurs the following pregnant paragraph:

"Nor shall I regret that I have wielded these despotic powers in a manner which, as an Englishman, I am anxious to declare utterly inconsistent with the British constitution, until I learn what are the constitutional principles that remain in force when a whole constitution is suspended; what principles of the British constitution hold good in a country where the people's money is taken without the people's consent; where representative government is annihilated; where martial law has been the law of the land; and where the trial by jury exists only to defeat the ends of justice and to provoke the righteous scorn and indignation of the community. I should indeed regret the want of applicability in my own principles of government, or my own incapacity for applying them, had the precise course which I should think it imperative on me to pursue in a land of freedom and of law proved to be the only one that I could adopt in a country which *long misgovernment and sad dissensions* have brought to a condition that may fairly be described as one of *constituted anarchy.*"

THE PATRIOT CELEBRATION

On July 4, 1839, a patriot celebration was held in Ben Woodworth's Steamboat hotel, at the northwest corner of Randolph and Bates streets, Detroit, at which the officers were: President, John Biddle; vice-presedents, Andrew Mack, De Garmo Jones, D. C. McKinstry, James Summers, E. D. Ellis, Reynolds Gillet (Gillett) and A. T. McReynolds. After the usual patriotic toasts were given, the whole of the speaking was devoted to the wrongs of Canada. The toasts of Mackenzie and Theller were responded to eloquently by the latter, and the memories

of Van Schoultz, Lount, Matthews, Putnam and Harvell were drunk in solemn silence. Dr. Theller gave "The patriot mayor and aldermen of the city," which was drunk with enthusiasm. Ald. McReynolds responded in the absence of Mayor De Garmo Jones, who had retired. He made a neat and eloquent speech and concluded by saying that there were two things of which he was proud—one that he was an Irishman, and the other that he was now and always had been a Canadian patriot.

He was followed by Luther B. Willard, afterward poor director of Detroit for many years, who gave the following remarkable toast which is said to have been founded on an occurrence after the battle of Windsor: "True French hospitality, exemplified by the Canadian, after the affair at Windsor who, when the bloodhounds were in pursuit, put the hunted patriot in bed with his wife to save him."

This toast produced long and uproarous applause, and the celebration broke up at 1 a. m.

Appended are some biographies of actors in those stirring scenes of more than fifty years ago, which will be read with interest.

A ROMANTIC LIFE—THE REMARKABLE ADVENTURES OF BENJAMIN WAIT, OF GRAND RAPIDS

Maj. Benjamin Wait, the hero of Pelee Island, who now resides at Grand Rapids, Mich., was born at Markham, Upper Canada, on Sept. 7, 1813, and is now consequently in his seventy-seventh year. He is still in the full possession of all his mental faculties, and his memory is as yet undimmed by age. In the early thirties he was proprietor of a sawmill and other valuable property on Grand river, Haldimand county, Upper Canada. He embraced the patriot cause, and was for several years a secret organizer and drilled the Canadian patriots at night in barns and out of-the-way places. His exploits at the battle of Pelee Island and at the Short Hills have already been chronicled, and also his capture at the latter locality. With Magistrate Samuel Chandler, another Canadian, he was sentenced on August 11, 1838, to be executed on the 25th of the month, between the hours of 11 a. m. and 1 p. m. at the jail at the village of Niagara.

His wife, formerly Miss Maria Smith, although encumbered with an infant child, determined to save her husband's life. Setting out for Quebec, she reached there in a few days, and by her eloquent entreaties obtained a conditional pardon from Gov. Durham. The pardon had to be approved by Lieut.-Gov. Sir George Arthur. The latter had gone to

Cote de Lac on a hunting expedition, and it is said that he departed in order to evade her importunities. The devoted wife followed, and he unwillingly and ungraciously submitted to the wish of his superior and signed an order for a respite for her husband and Justice Chandler. But the respite had to be presented at the Niagara jail. There was no telegraph in those days, and the distance of some 500 miles had to be traversed by wagon, horseback, stage and steamboat. She traveled back as swiftly as she could, her distress and anxiety inducing all the drivers and other persons in charge of conveyances to make their utmost speed. At Kingston she secured the friendly services of the sheriff, who accompanied her to her destination and interested himself in her behalf. The captain of the steamboat sympathized with her in this terrible exigency, and had his boat driven through the water at great danger of bursting the boiler. The boat was on Lake Ontario on the 21st of the month, and her husband's life would end at 1 p. m. The boat was driven at an unprecedented speed, arrived at Niagara at 12:30 p. m. The sheriff sprang on the dock with the reprieve in his hand while Mrs. Wait watched his progress with a white face and clasped hands. The jail was a mile away. A colored groom riding a fine horse came up to the landing. The sheriff sprang at the negro, pulled him off the horse, mounted the animal and galloped at break-neck speed toward the jail. Mrs. Wait followed in a carriage.

The feelings of the poor lady in this awful suspense may be imagined, but can hardly be described. Had the execution taken place? Would she only arrive at the jail to see her husband's strangled corpse dangling from the fatal rope? Oh, heavens! Had the sheriff arrived in time? The carriage rolled rapidly to the jail and she sprang out, and the sheriff met her at the door. "It's all right, Mrs. Wait," he cried, triumphantly. "I got here in time.'

But the troubles of the Waits had only begun. The husband was transported to Van Dieman's Land. After he and Chandler and the others had gone there and were herded with the vile and vicious felons which England had been transporting there for many years, Mrs. Wait determined to secure his pardon.

She was poor and in bad health, but by her own exertions and the aid of kind friends she managed to make her way to London and laid the matter before the Queen's privy council. The case was considered, but the council determined not to grant any pardons as long as the disturbances existed in Canada. In the hope that the troubles over the water would soon end, she determined to stay in London. She supported herself as a companion to a wealthy lady, and also taught a

children's school, but nevertheless persevered in her efforts to obtain her husband's release. Her health grew worse, and she then determined to join her husband at the antipodes and had secured her passage.

But just as she was about to leave, the English ministry, moved by her entreaties, decided to pardon Wait and his six companions, if their pardon was indorsed by the Canadian governor. Her route was changed and she again crossed the Atlantic and arrived at Toronto. Laying her cause before the governor, it was refused.

The indomitable and devoted wife did not relax her efforts. She laid siege to the members of the provincial parliament, and after persistent work, extending over a year, obtained the signatures of fifty members of parliament to a resolution recommending the governor to request the Queen to pardon Wait and his associates. The governor, thus pressed, relented and signed the recommendation, and it was approved. In March, 1842, an order was issued by the home authorities for the absolute pardon and release of the Short Hill convicts. Wait, like the others, had been put to hard labor at Van Dieman's Land, but being an intelligent and educated man, had been allowed some privileges. His scope of liberty was confined to a certain district twelve miles square. At the time the British ministry had signed the order for his release, he had, with four others (including Chandler), perfected a plan of escape. The captain of an American whaler agreed to pick up the men at sea when the vessel was on the high seas outside of British jurisdiction. But the boat containing the fugitives was missed in the darkness, and for thirteen days they were tossed about on the stormy Indian ocean, without any food except raw fish. Sometimes they sighted a vessel and did their very best to reach it, but were as often disappointed. Finally, by a miraculous chance, they sighted the very whaler they had set out to join, and were taken on board.

The vessel was bound for North America but was caught in a tremendous hurricane and wrecked off the coast of Brazil. Fortunately the crew and passengers were all saved and made their way to Rio Janeiro. British influence was very strong in Brazil at that time, and the fugitives were careful to keep silent as to their antecedents, for fear of being arrested.

Seven months afterward Wait arrived in the United States and proceeded to Niagara Falls, N. Y., where his devoted wife was teaching school. His return had become known to the inhabitants and many old friends, and when he arrived in July, 1842, the railroad depot was crowded with thousands of people to welcome him. Many of the con-

course were affected to tears, but the majority were joyful and gave vent to their feelings in repeated huzzas.

The meeting between the husband and wife need not be described. The poor lady was worn out with sickness and anxiety. Next year she gave birth to twins and died on May 31, 1843. Their first child, Mrs. Maria Augusta Wait Campbell, is now a widow, and lives in Chicago. One of the twins died. The other, Randall B. Wait, is a lumberman at Fenton, Mich.

Mrs. Wait's surviving brothers are Mr. Edwin Smith of Port Colborne, Ont., and Mr. Thaddeus Smith of West Bay City, Mich.

Mr. Wait afterward married his present wife, Miss Rebecca H. Seeley, at Elmira, N. Y., in 1845. She was the daughter of Henry Seeley, one of the old settlers of Geneva Lake, N. Y., and is an estimable and cultured lady. Their only child, Elwood N. Wait, married Miss Mary Lincoln, at Waukegan, Ill., and died in 1886. His widow and family, consisting of two daughters and a posthumous son, live at Waukegan.

Since his return in 1842 Mr. Wait has been engaged in lumbering and real estate, and in editorial work. He founded the Northwestern Lumberman in Grand Rapids in 1873. It is now published in Chicago. He was also connected with the Lumberman's Gazette in Bay City in an editorial capacity. Business reverses have left him in straitened circumstances.

SUTHERLAND'S FORTUNES

Gen. Thomas J. Sutherland was attracted by Mackenzie's speeches at Buffalo, after the latter had escaped from Toronto across the border. On the strength of an implied agreement with Mackenzie, he immediately advertised publicly in Buffalo for recruits for the patriot army. This action Mackenzie immediately repudiated, as it was in direct violation of the neutrality laws of the United States, and calculated to do harm to the patriot issue. Sutherland, when superseded by Handy at Sugar island, after the capture of the Ann, constituted himself a missionary for the patriot issue. He issued a lot of vainglorious orders in Detroit, in which he called for troops and gave directions how they should be raised. He then visited Oakland, Washtenaw and Lenawee counties, collected several thousand dollars, enlisted several hundred men and brought them to Detroit, where he left them to starve. After the return of Handy and Roberts and the other leaders to Detroit he was stripped of his borrowed plumage. Theller says that he misrepresented facts to Dr. Dunscombe at the American hotel (now Biddle

house), and was thrashed by Col. Case, another patriot officer. The records of the United States courts show that he was first arrested at Detroit on January 13, 1838, for violating the neutrality laws by participating in the affair at Amherstburg, and was brought before Judge Ross Wilkins. The hearing took place in the old session room, adjoining the old Presbyterian church. The session room stood on the east side of Woodward avenue, between Larned and Congress streets, and adjoined the Presbyterian church, on the corner of Larned street.

Sutherland at that time was about thirty-five years of age, of large stature, weighing about 220 pounds, with dark hair and complexion, and was a very fine specimen of the genus homo. He was dressed in a blue blanket coat, under which he wore a Kentucky hunting shirt with two tawdry epaulettes on his shoulders.

He pleaded his own case. E. N. Wilcox, who was in the room tells how he acted. In one part of his harangue, which was delivered with much fervor and profuse gesticulation, he said to the judge:

"When you say that I committed an illegal act, I say that you lie—"

Here Judge Wilkins looked up indignantly, when Sutherland added after a pause, "under a mistake."

This was greeted with audible smiles by the audience, in which the judge joined, Sutherland added: "You may fine me, sir, but if you do the ladies of Detroit will sell their jewelry to pay it." The judge held that the evidence was insufficient to convict, and thereupon discharged him. Mr. Wilkins, as before related, himself held a commission as colonel in the patriot army at the time the Ann was captured.

Four days after the Ann was captured Sutherland was arrested in Detroit on a warrant issued by the United States court for the northern district of New York, for complicity in the Navy island affair, and Curtis Emerson,[1] a wealthy and eccentric land speculator and man about town, signed a $5,000 bail bond for his appearance before the New York court. A month later, when Sutherland was making arrangements to join the invasion from Fighting island, Emerson heard of it, and on February 17, eight days before the battle, surrendered him to the court. Sutherland, however, was not without friends, and Daniel B. Cole went on his bond the same day. On March 2, Cole in turn was also released from his bond, and Sutherland was captured by Col. Prince on the ice in the Detroit river the next day. In June next he was again indicted by the Detroit grand jury for his participation in the attack of the Ann on Amherstburg, but when the warrant for his arrest was issued he was a prisoner in Canada.

[1]For biography see Vol. III, p. 607 this series.

E. A. Theller, Donald McLeod, Stephen G. Brophy, William W. Dodge, and Thomas J. Sutherland, were indicted in Detroit on the same day, June 28, 1838. Theller, after his captivity in Quebec, was tried in June, 1839, and discharged. The cases of Brophy and Dodge were *nolle prossed* at that time. Sutherland was not found. The charge at the head of the warrants, which were printed, evidently because it was believed by the United States' authorities that a large number would be needed, was "Setting on foot and preparing for a military expedition." In all these cases U. S. District Attorney Goodwin appeared for the government.

In the spring of 1839 Sutherland was informally pardoned and released from prison at Quebec, and with other pardoned patriot prisoners, was escorted to the border and pushed into the United States. He afterwards published at Albion, N. Y., a paper called the Sublime Patroit, in 1842, in which he advocated governmental action by the United States government in regard to the patriot prisoners in Van Dieman's Land. He also published a 12mo volume at Albany, in 1841, entitled "A letter to her majesty the Queen, with letters to Lord Durham and Sir George Arthur."

Samuel Phelps of Detroit, uncle of county treasurer Ralph Phelps, jr., remembers Sutherland well. At that time Phelps and the late James I. Mead, afterward mayor of Lansing, were fellow clerks in the general store of Charles M. Bull, next door west of the Farmers and Mechanics' bank on Jefferson avenue. Sutherland frequently came to the store and deposited or took away money which had been raised for the patriot cause in Michigan, and which Mr. Bull allowed him to keep in his safe. Mr. E. N. Wilcox, of this city, says that Sutherland was a very vain man and destitute of dignity. At the least encouragement he would take a gun and go through the manual of arms when requested to do so, even in saloons.

COL. THOMAS RADCLIFF[1]

Col. the Hon. Thomas Radcliff, who, as before stated, was commander-in-chief of the Canadian forces on the western frontier during the troubles of 1837-8, was a man of distinguished military record. Physically he was a veritable son of Anak, being six feet, five inches in height and weighing 210 pounds. Few men of his size could endure the hardships and fatigue of a military campaign; but in his career as a soldier in Spain, France, the United States and Canada, he was able to march and endure extremes of heat and cold with the hardiest man in

[1]This is also spelled Radcliffe.

the army. He was also fond of dancing and was as light on his feet as the most agile practitioner of the art of Terpsichore. Born in Ireland in 1794, he was educated at Trinity college, Dublin, and joined the Twenty-seventh Enniskillen regiment as ensign at the age of seventeen. He served as lieutenant throughout the Peninsular war and fought in twelve pitched battles, including Salamanca, Vitoria, the Pyrenees, Nivelle, Orthes and Toulouse. He was also with his regiment and suffered all the terrors of the terrible retreat from Busaco to the lines of Torres Vedras. After the final defeat of the French armies, he was present at the battle of Plattsburg bay, in New York state. Returning to Europe, he arrived too late for the battle of Waterloo, but in time to enter Paris with the army of occupation. He was then only twenty-one years old.

In 1832 he bought a considerable estate in the county of Middlesex, Ont. There he founded the present village of Adelaide and wrote an extensive series of letters which, in 1837, were published in Ireland in book form, under the name "Authentic Letters From Canada."

In 1837 Mr. Radcliff was appointed by Sir John Colborne to the command of the county militia regiment. When trouble became imminent along the Detroit river, he was dispatched in command of all available troops to this section. At Chatham, the roads being almost impassable, he left his command and, with two attendants in an open boat, pressed to Sandwich through the ice filled waters of the River Thames, Lake St. Clair, and the Detroit river. He arrived in time to command the troops at the capture of the schooner Ann. The mild, courteous and gentleman-like spirit for which Col. Radcliff was noted stands out in the soldier-like protection which he extended to Gen. E. A. Theller[1] and the other prisoners from the cruelty of the raw militiamen, and forms a marked contrast to the vindictive conduct of Col. Prince on similar occasions. During the operations which followed, the 5,000 untrained militiamen under his command along the frontier were almost entirely dependent upon his foresight and ability for their provisions and accommodations, and to his energetic administration is to be attributed the suppression of the patriots.

For these services he received the public thanks of the Upper Canadian parliament, and was presented by the war department with one of the trophy guns of the Ann. At the close of the troubles he was summoned by royal writ to act as one of the legislative councilors of the province. He was afterwards much in the confidence of the government, and was, in 1841, offered the appointment of collector for

[1]Edward Alexander Theller *cf. supra,* 587.

the port of Toronto. He died[1] at Amherst island, Ont., before he could accept.

Col. Radcliff was a descendant of the ancient Saxon family of Radclyffe, of Waldstein Waters, which settled in England, A. D. 841. His father was the Rev. Thomas Radcliff, prebendary and sub-dean of St. Patrick's cathedral, Dublin, chaplain to the lord-lieutenant of Ireland, chaplain of the Richmond general penitentiary, rector of St. Paul's church, rector of the parish of Clonmethon, surrogate of the consistorial church, secretary of the farming society of Ireland, and the author of several works on agriculture. He was known as "the golden prebend," on account of the number of his livings. Col. Radcliff left several sons and two daughters. Of these Stephen Radcliff, who married a daughter of the Rev. Creane, left a son, Arthur Radcliff, who is now studying in Detroit for holy orders under the tutelage of the Rev. Dr. McCarroll, of Grace church. Richard married a daughter of Hon. William Warren, member of the legislative council, and has a daughter, Miss Charlotte Radcliff, known in Detroit. Florinda Anne married Edwin Annesley Burrowes, of Kingston, Ont., a son of Rev. James Annesley Burrowes, rector of Kilanley and Castle Connor, county Sligo, Ireland, and his wife, the eldest daughter of the Rt. Rev. Joseph Stock, D. D., bishop of Waterford. Their children are Miss Katherine Burrowes and Annesley Burrowes, of Windsor, now a member of the editorial staff of the Detroit Journal. Col. Radcliff had two cousins, Thomas, an officer in the royal marines, and John, commander in the royal navy. Thomas was the father of the late Thomas Radcliff, of Detroit, at one time president of the Detroit board of trade. A granddaughter of John, Miss Margaret Edwina Hume Radcliff, was married recently at Streatham, England, strange to say, to Mr. Preston Brady, of the firm of Brady & Co., No. 7, Woodward avenue, Detroit, whose grandfather, Gen. Hugh Brady, commanded the United States troops which materially assisted Col. Thomas Radcliff by embarassing the patriots in their several attempts to invade Canada in this section of the country.

U. S. JUDGE WILKINS

Ross Wilkins was a native of Pittsburg, Pa., and after graduating at Carlyle college, was prosecuting attorney in Pittsburg before he was twenty-one. He was appointed territorial judge by President Jackson, and came to Michigan in 1835. He was reappointed U. S. district judge in 1837, and served till 1870, when he resigned, and died two

[1]He died June 9, 1841, aged 45 years.

years afterwards, aged seventy-two. He was a man of high judicial capacity. He was the father of the late William D. Wilkins, clerk of the U. S. courts of Detroit for twenty years, and the grandfather of Charles T. Wilkins, of Detroit, ex-assistant U. S. district attorney for this district.

J. WILKIE MOORE

J. Wilkie Moore,[1] who still lives in this city, was one of the militia troops called out to preserve the peace during the patriot war. He was present on the mainland at the battle of Fighting island. Mr. Moore often tells how he tried to stop a British cannon ball on the morning of the battle. "The ball came along," he said, "and struck the upper part of my right foot, tearing off the leather and badly bruising the second toe. The torn leather also removed the nail of the toe. The wound healed up afterward, but the nail never grew again." Mr. Moore sympathized with the loyalists and was engaged by Gov. Mason as a detective on the patriots, to report any threatened movements on Canada. He was United States consul at Windsor under Buchanan's administration. His wife was a sister of Mrs. Robert M. Bouchette, whose husband was a Lower Canadian patriot, who was transported to Van Dieman's Land. Bouchette afterward came back home and held a prominent position in the Canadian customs department.

GEN. LUCIUS VERUS BIERCE

The following particulars of the life of Gen. Bierce have been kindly furnished by ex-Sheriff S. A. Lane, the accomplished historian of Summit county, Ohio:

Gen. Lucius Verus Bierce was born at Cornwall, Litchfield county, Conn., on August 4, 1801. At fifteen years of age he accompanied his father to Nelson, Portage county, Ohio. He attended the Ohio medical college at Athens, and studied law. He was admitted to practice in Ohio in 1824. He was an ambitious, popular young man, and served as prosecuting attorney of Portage county, Ohio, from 1826 to 1837. In 1836 he removed from Ravenna to Akron, the latter place being made the county seat of the new county of Summit in 1840. During this time he had paid a great deal of attention to military matters and had risen to the grade of brigadier general of the Ohio militia. When the Canadian troubles broke out in 1837 he became an enthusiastic supporter of the patriot cause. Mr. Lane, the historian of Summit county, Ohio, is authority for the statement that he was appointed commander-

[1]See appendix.

in-chief of the patriot forces at Cleveland, in the early part of 1838, but this is not borne out by satisfactory proof. He was certainly the ranking officer and commanded the patriot forces at the battle of Windsor. On his return home he was idolized by the citizens of Summit county, and was elected mayor of Akron in 1839, 1841, 1844, 1849, 1867 and 1868. He represented Summit and Portage counties in the Ohio state senate in 1862-3. In May, 1863, he was appointed by President Lincoln as assistant adjutant general of United States volunteers with the rank of major, and assigned to duty at Columbus, O., as chief of staff in the provost marshal's office. In 1865 he was sent to Madison, Wis., to muster out troops, and later in the year was commander of Camp Washburne, at Milwaukee. He was mustered out of service on Nov. 17, 1865.

Gen. Bierce was very prominent in the Masonic fraternity, filling every office in the order, and was elected grand master of the State lodge in 1853. He was first married in 1836 to Miss Frances C. Peck, a teacher, who died in 1839. His second wife was Miss Sophronia Ladd, an Akron teacher, who survived him and died in 1882. A child by each wife died in early youth. The general himself departed this life November 11, 1876, in his 76th year.

After his return home from Michigan he was twice indicted in the United States courts at Columbus. He responded to the indictments, but the matter was dropped, and he resumed his law practice at Akron.

It is said that the Canadian government offered a reward of $2,000 for his capture, and this made Gen. Bierce very cautious when visiting any of the lake cities, as it was possible that an attempt might be made to kidnap him.

In a letter to Mr. Lane, the late John Harmon of this city said: "In regard to Gen. Bierce, justice has never been done his case. He was in command throughout the short campaign. There was jealousy on the part of Cols. Harvell and Putnam, and they did not lose a chance to prejudice the officers and men. They were both killed at the orchard battle. I was Gen. Bierce's aide, and knew all the difficulties. Gen. Bierce saw before leaving this side the outcome and tried to persuade me to remain on the Detroit side. I resolved to go where he went and did so. He behaved nobly and protected the men who followed him. Gen. Bierce did not sail under false colors. In crossing from the island we changed clothing to save him from arrest by the United States authorities. He did avoid

arrest, and I was taken by the United States military, but released when my identity was discovered."

The sword which belonged to Surgeon Hume was handed to Gen. Bierce, who retained it during his life. This sword was, by his will, bequeathed with other relics to Buchtel college, Ohio, in the following words: "My sword, captured from Major J. J. Hume of the British army, in the battle of Windsor, Canada West, December 4, 1838, and by me carried through the War of the Rebellion from May, 1863, to November, 1865, as assistant adjutant-general of United States volunteers."

It is proper to state that Gen. Bierce never smelt powder in the War of the Rebellion. His services were all routine work in Ohio and Wisconsin.

COL. SALATHIEL C. COFFINBERRY

Col. Coffinberry participated in the battle of Windsor and commanded the reserve corps on the patriot side. The colonel was born in Ohio, and was editor and proprietor of a newspaper published at Mansfield, Ohio, when the Canadian troubles commenced. As before related, he was appointed to the command of a regiment of about 300 men, which was raised in Cleveland and arrived in Detroit in November, 1838. After the battle he returned to Ohio, but soon after came to Michigan and settled at Constantine, where he practiced law till his death in 1889.

Col. Coffinberry was an active and fearless soldier and a kind and worthy citizen. Just before the battle at Windsor some rude patriots were about forcing an entrance into several houses in the town, but he stopped them and protected the gentler sex from intrusion and insult.

In this State he was a very prominent member of the Masonic fraternity, having held the office of grand high priest of the grand chapter, and also grand master of the grand lodge of Michigan for many years. His daughter, Maria E. Coffinberry, a very superior lady, succeeded him as a practicing lawyer at Constantine. He was a brother of the late Wright L. Coffinberry, of Grand Rapids, city surveyor and civil engineer, who was a captain in the Michigan regiment of mechanics and engineers during the War of the Rebellion, and who carried a rebel bullet in his body till the day of his death.

DR. EDWARD ALEXANDER THELLER

Dr. Edward Alexander Theller, who commanded the patriot schooner Ann when she was captured by the Canadian troops at Amherstburg, was plump, full-figured, black-haired, with blue eyes, straight, well formed nose and high forehead, and about five feet six inches in height.

He was born in Colerain, county Kerry, Ireland, on January 13, 1804, of a good family, and was educated in an English college, where he distinguished himself as a linguist, and acquired Latin, Greek, Spanish and French, all of which he could speak fluently. He was a good tempered and jovial, but earnest and self-sacrificing man, a warm friend and a bitter enemy. He came to Montreal in 1824 and studied and practiced medicine there for several years. Like many young Irishmen, he imbibed a bitter enmity to British rule at an early age, and this was only intensified by his residence in Canada. When the cholera spread all over America in 1832, he came to Detroit and did good service as a physician in abating the plague. In 1834, when the dreaded scourge again visited Detroit, he was one of the most active physicians in the town. He prospered in worldly affairs, and in 1837 was proprietor of a wholesale grocery store, in Abbott's building, at 27 Atwater street, where Pingree & Smith's shoe factory now stands. Theller was also a practicing physician, in partnership with Dr. Lewis F. Starkey, father of the late Henry Starkey, secretary of the Detroit water board. He was also proprietor of a drug store at 119 Jefferson avenue, a wooden building, which then occupied the present site of James Nall & Co.'s store, between Woodward avenue and Griswold street. The Michigan eye infirmary was also located in the drug store, and was under the direction of Dr. Starkey.

Theller attended several patients at the Michigan Exchange, but the atmosphere of that aristocratic hotel was not congenial to his sentiments or tastes. He was a confidant in the intrigues of Mackenzie and Papineau, and was early commissioned as brigadier-general of the patriot forces of the west, whose headquarters were in Detroit.

When James Dougall, the leading merchant in Windsor, purchased in Detroit and shipped across a quantity of provisions for the use of the Canadian troops, Theller learned of it and unsuccessfully endeavored to prevent the transfer. His capture at Amherstburg on January 9, 1838; subsequent trial in Toronto, where he was sentenced to death; respite and escape from prison at Quebec, and return to Detroit on the day when the patriots were defeated at Windsor, on December 4, 1838, have already been chronicled in this article.

In August, after his return to Detroit, he started a small daily paper named, "The Spirit of '76, or Theller's Daily Republican Advocate." It was published in the rear wing of Wales' hotel, on Randolph street, on the present site of the Biddle house. Among its contributors was D. Bethune Duffield, now a leading Detroit lawyer. The latter saw his first literary effort in Theller's paper. The Spirit of '76 existed about

two years, after which the doctor removed to Buffalo, where the cholera was raging, and resumed the practice of medicine. He obeyed his humanitarian instincts, in 1849, by proceeding to Panama, where there was an epidemic of yellow fever. After the plague abated he went to San Francisco. Here he started and edited the Public Ledger and afterward the Evening Argus. He died at Hornitos, Mariposa county, Cal., on May 30, 1859, in his fifty-sixth year.

The San Francisco Herald, in Theller's obituary, said: "As a physician, scholar, soldier, author or editor, the deceased evinced marked ability. For the unfortunate there was always a heart-felt grasp of the hand and a seat at his table, whilst to the purse-proud and overbearing he held up the finger of scorn, and with his native pride held aloof from their companionship."

The maiden name of his wife was Ann Pratt, daughter of an English gentleman. Her first husband was named Willson, who was Dr. Theller's partner in the drug business in Montreal. After Dr. Willson died, she married Theller. When she visited her husband in prison in Canada she pleaded with Lord Durham for a commutation of her husband's death sentence, and this was granted.

Dr. Theller's son, Capt. Edward R. Theller, U. S. A., was killed in Idaho by the Nez Perces Indians, June 14, 1877, while serving under Gen. O. O. Howard. His surviving sons are Samuel Lount Theller, named after his father's fellow prisoner, who was hung in Toronto, retired capitalist; and George Platt Theller, agent for the Revere rubber company, who both live in San Francisco. The doctor's daughter, Elizabeth, married in 1848 Francis X. Cicott,[1] of this city, who went to Buffalo for that purpose. Mr. Cicott and his wife both died in 1865, during his incumbency as sheriff of this county, and was succeeded by his brother E. V. Cicott.

The children of Francis X. Cicott and his wife Elizabeth are (1) Frank X. Cicott, coiner of the United States mint at San Francisco from 1874 to 1881, and now promoting a cable railway in this city; (Detroit;) (2) Mrs. Annie Elliot, wife of Clifford Elliott, of the firm of Sinclair, Evans & Elliot, wholesale grocers, Detroit; (3) Mrs. Emma Campbell, wife of Louis D. Campbell, lawyer of Tacoma, Washington Territory, son of the late Congressman and Gen. Campbell of Johnstown, Pa.; (4) Mrs. Frances Theller Hunt, wife of William B. Hunt, tea merchant, San Francisco.

COL. JOHN PRINCE

Col. Prince was an Englishman, a lawyer by profession, and in Gloucester, his native city, had been the legal counsel of the powerful

[1]Also spelled Cicotte.

Berkeley family. He was a tall, heavily built man, with a very handsome face, hazel eyes and a martial air. He had all the tastes of the average wealthy Englishman, lived in sumptuous style and was quite hospitable and a *bon vivant*. He was the first person on the Detroit river who imported blooded cattle from England. He was a popular man, of magnetic temperament, with occasional violent fits of temper, but was also possessed of estimable traits of character, and was a very able lawyer. After the patriotic war he represented Essex county, in which Windsor, Sandwich and Amherstburg are situated, for twenty-five years in the provincial parliament. In 1859 he was appointed judge of the district of Algoma, Ont., and stayed at Sault Ste. Marie till he died on Nov. 30, 1870, aged seventy-five years. His remains were interred on an islet in the Sault Ste Marie river, which he designated as his burial place while on his deathbed.

He left six sons and one daughter. Miss Bella Prince and her unmarried brother Charles still live at the old homestead at Sandwich. The other five sons are dead. William Stratton Prince was an officer in the British army, afterwards chief of police at Toronto, and later register of deeds at Guelph, Ont., where he died. Septimus and Albert Prince died at Petite Cote, Ont.; Harry Prince died at Chicago, and Octavius Prince died in Harper hospital, Detroit. Neither the father nor mother nor the five sons died at home. Some of Col. Prince's grandchildren live in these parts.

RENSSELAER VAN RENSSELAER

Rensselaer Van Rensselaer was a member of the Cherry Hill branch of the historic Van Rensselaer family of Albany, N. Y. The founder of the Van Rensselaers in America was De Heer Killian Van Rensselaer, the pearl and diamond merchant of Amsterdam in Holland, who was a director in the Dutch West Indian company. Killian selected in 1630, a princely tract of land at Fort Orange, consisting of forty-eight miles broad and twenty-four miles long, and his title to this was confirmed by the states general of Holland after he had purchased from the Indians their native right to the soil. The family are identified with the early history of the Republic. Philip Van Rensselaer was a colonel in the Revolutionary war of 1776, and Solomon Van Rensselaer was one of the heroes of the war of 1812, and was a colonel under his uncle, Maj. Gen. Stephen Van Rensselaer, the fifth patroon of Albany. Solomon was appointed postmaster of Albany in 1822, and held that position for many years. His son, Rensselaer Van Rensselaer, was appointed

attache of the diplomatic staff of Gen. William Henry Harrison, minister to the Republic of Colombia, in South America.

The future patriot general went to Colombo and wrote an interesting series of letters, describing the scenes of Colombia and habits of the natives, which were afterward published in the "Legacy of Historical Gleanings" by Mrs. C. V. R. Bonney, his sister. He returned home a few years later, and at the time of the commencement of the Canadian troubles was proprietor of the *Albany Evening Advertiser*. Young and of an ardent disposition, he deeply sympathized with the aspirations of the struggling Canadians. On December 11, 1838, he was at Buffalo on business. He was approached by Thomas Jefferson Sutherland, who, probably without any authority, offered to resign in his favor the position of commander-in-chief of the patriot army. Sutherland said it required a person better known than himself to impart "a proper tone to the enterprise." Van Rensselaer, at the request of Mackenzie, accepted the position. The rest of his military fortunes have been detailed. He was sentenced in 1839 by the United States court at Syracuse to six months' imprisonment and pay a fine of $250 for breach of the neutrality laws. While in prison he was visited by William H. Seward and other notabilities. His fine was subsequently remitted by President Harrison.

After his death at Syracuse, N. Y., on January 1, 1850, a coroner's inquest was held, and, although the testimony was about conclusive that he had committed suicide, the coroner's jury returned a verdict that he "had come to his death by the accidental inhalation of the fumes of burning charcoal."

Mrs. Lydia B. Sill (Detroit) of Detroit, is a Van Rensselaer and is a cousin of the late Solomon Van Rensselaer, the father of the unfortunate commander of the patriot army. The late Jeremiah Van Rensselaer of this city was also a cousin. Jerry was master of chancery in 1841, clerk of Wayne county in 1852, city clerk of Detroit in 1851, and United States commissioner in 1853. His widow still lives in this city.

CONRAD ("COON") TEN EYCK

U. S. Marshal Ten Eyck was a well-known citizen and politician in those days. He was about five feet, eight inches in height and weighed about 150 pounds, light complexion with twinkling bluish-grey eyes, smooth face, wore his hair long, and was hustling, humorous and fond of practical jokes. He was a native of Albany, N. Y., and came of an

old New York Dutch family. Born in 1782, he came to Detroit in 1801, when he was nineteen years of age, and went into business as a general merchant on the south side of Jefferson avenue, about where the store of Allan Sheldon & Co. now stands. The great fire of 1805 wiped out his store and nearly all his earthly possessions.

Mr. Ten Eyck was one of the thirty or more leading American citizens who were ordered to leave Detroit by Henry Proctor,[1] the British general, in 1813, and who signed the protest against this order, characterizing it as a violation of the conditions of the surrender of the town in 1812. He had to leave the city, however, but returned after Perry's victory later in the year.

Mr. Ten Eyck was treasurer of Wayne county from 1817 to 1825, and one of the five trustees of Detroit in 1818, his associates on the board being John R. Williams, L. Dequindre, Richard Smyth and Joseph Campau. He was also supervisor of Dearborn township from 1833 to 1839.

Being an active Democrat, he was appointed United States marshal for the territory of Michigan, and held that office from 1837 to 1841.

He was a great friend and associate of Horace Heath, the landlord of the Eagle hotel, on Woodbridge street, which stood on the present site of Major & Isham's store, between Griswold and Shelby streets. In all the councils of the patriot leaders these two men were always ready to give their means and assistance to the cause.

Although a jovial and popular man, Ten Eyck did not forget his personal interests, and early in the thirties he purchased some 1,500 acres of farming land in Dearborn township, in this county, a mile and a half from the river Rouge. The home farm comprises 700 acres. Here he died on August 23, 1847, aged 65 years. His surviving children are William and Charles B. Ten Eyck, who live on the paternal farm in summer and at 164 Howard street, Detroit, in winter; Miss Catherine Ten Eyck, who lives with her brothers; Mrs. Jane Fisher, of Grosse Pointe township; Mrs. Maria Schloss and Mrs. Sarah Tompkins, of Dearborn, in Wayne county, and Mrs. Helen Roberts, of Grand Rapids, Michigan.

GEN. A. T. MC REYNOLDS

Gen. A. T. McReynolds, of Grand Rapids, a leading citizen and pioneer of this State, and a soldier of national reputation, was a citizen of Detroit during the patriot war, and was a brigadier-general of the patriot army.

The general has preserved his commission and shows it to curious

[1]For biography by C. M. Burton see Vol. XXXVI, p. 255 this series.

friends with pardonable pride. At the time of the Canadian troubles the general was a practicing lawyer in Detroit, and had made several hundreds of thousands of dollars in land speculations. He never participated with the patriot army as a combatant for good and sufficient reasons. He was at that time a colonel of the first regiment of Michigan militia, and one of the four organizers of the Brady Guards, which was included in his command. When President Van Buren issued his proclamation branding any citizen of the United States as an outlaw who crossed the border with the patriot troops, and declaring that any American participators in the war would forfeit their citizenship, Mr. McReynolds felt constrained to obey the law of the land. He was an alderman of Detroit in 1838-9, and just before the battle of Fighting island sent at his own expense, $1,000 worth of blankets to the shivering patriots on the island. When Gens. Bierce and Coffinberry escaped in canoes across the river after the battle of Windsor they were his secret guests at his house on the northeast corner of Hastings street and Jefferson avenue. Gen. Bierce there exhibited the sword that had been taken from Surgeon Hume's dead body. Mr. McReynolds was disgusted at his preserving such a trophy, but said nothing as Bierce was his guest. Afterward, when Bierce sent him a long communication from Ohio, he returned it to him unopened. McReynolds was senator from Detroit in 1847 and led the opposition in the upper house against the bill for the removal of the State capital to Lansing, which only triumphed by one vote in the senate. As colonel of the United States dragoons he made a distinguished record in the Mexican war and has been president of the Mexican veterans' association of this State for fourteen years past. In Ray's history of the Mexican War occurs the following paragraph:

"Future generations may praise the martyrs of Thermopolæ, the gallantry of the immortal 600, the boldness of Zygom at Springfield; but history, ancient and modern, has no parallel for the bravery, dash and daring of the chivalrous Kearney and McReynolds in the celebrated charge of the 100 led by them upon 500 Mexicans at the zureta of San Antonia. They earned and received their brevets."

In the War of the Rebellion he commanded first a regiment, subsequently a brigade and afterward a division in the Union army. He has held many positions of honor and profit in the public service since that time. His name and fame are not confined to this State, and he will long be honored by the country at large, not only for his bravery in war, but for the fine ability with which he performed every duty in civil life to which he has been assigned. He was a Whig till 1841, when he cast his political fortunes with the Demo-

crats, and has always adhered to that party with the exception of supporting the re-election of Lincoln.

He has been very prominent in the G. A. R., and was commander of that order in this State. He was also prominent in the Boys in Blue. He is the only survivor of the charter members of Detroit Commandery of Knights Templar.

At the ripe age of eighty-two years, he still practices occasionally at the courts of Kent county, where his trained legal mind and fine powers of reasoning generally place his clients on the successful side.

His daughter Mary afterward married Fred A. Nims of Muskegon, Mich. After her death Mr. Nims married her youngest sister, Helen. They now live at Muskegon. Gen. McReynolds' son, Frank McReynolds, has been the secretary of the Grand Rapids fire and police commission for seven years past.

Gen. McReynolds[1] has kindly loaned the Sunday News his commission as brigadier-general of the patriot army. It is printed on linen paper and measures about 7x9 inches. On the right side is a picture of an eagle in mid-air grasping a lion by the head. A crown, which had evidently been worn by the lion, is falling to the ground. Above is a representation of Canada's maple leaf, with a star in each of the upper corners. On the upper and lower right and left corners are small cuts of the American eagle and the arms of New York respectively. The following is the reading matter:

HEADQUARTERS, WINDSOR, U. C.,
Sept. 26, 1839.

To Andrew T. McReynolds:

SIR—By authority of the Grand Council, the Western Canadian Association, the Great Grand Eagle Chapter, and the Grand Eagle Chapter of Upper Canada, in Patriot Executive duty—You are hereby commissioned to the rank in line of a Brigadier General in Command of the Second Brigade of the Second Division on Patriot Service in Upper Canada. Yours with respect,

H. S. HANDY, [SEAL]
Commander-in-Chief of the Northwestern Army on Patriot service in Upper Canada.

E. J. ROBERTS, Adjt. Gen'l N. W. A. P.

On the back appears the following countersignments:

JOHN MONTGOMERY,
President of the Grand Eagle Chapter of Upper Canada on Patriot executive duty.

Windsor, Upper Canada, Sept. 26, 1839.

ROBERT ROBERTSON, Secy. [SEAL]

[1]See Vol. XXXVI, p. 622, this series for illustration of Oren Marsh's commission as Captain Patriot army. He was Michigan's first State Librarian.

The dating of this document at Windsor was of course done for political effect. The patriot flag[1] was hoisted at Windsor a few days before the capture of the Ann, in January, 1838, but it promptly disappeared when Col. Radcliff's forces occupied the town. It would have fared very ill with any of the men whose signatures appear above, had they set foot in Windsor on the day Mr. McReynolds received this commission.

THE NELSONS

The memory of the Nelson brothers, who were patriot leaders in the lower province, has always been held in high esteem. Dr. Wolfred Nelson,[2] was the only commander of the insurgents who won a fight, but his victory over the British troops at St. Denis was followed by dire disaster. He was arrested, tried and transported to Bermuda. He returned to Montreal, his native city, in 1842, and was triumphantly elected to parliament in 1845. While in his seat he was taunted by the tories, when he rose and said: "Those who call me and my friends rebels," said he, "I tell them they lie in their throats. * * * It is their vile acts that madden people and drive them to desperation." He was afterward inspector of Canadian prisons for the two provinces, and occupied a very high social and political position.

His brother Robert was an eminent physician and represented Montreal in parliament in 1827. After the defeat at Lacadie, in November, 1838, he escaped across the border to St. Albans, Vt., where he practiced medicine. His office was in a building owned by the father of William P. Wells of Detroit. The latter, when a boy, remembers seeing the doctor, who was a very skillful surgeon, removing a piece of glass from a man's neck. Dr. Nelson went to California, made a fortune and lost it by the knavery of an agent. He afterward removed to New York, where he attained much fame as a physician and medical writer, and died there about twenty years ago.

JUDGE DANIEL GOODWIN

Judge Daniel Goodwin was born in Geneva, N. Y., in 1799, and graduated at Union college in 1819. William H. Seward and Bishops Potter[3] and Doane were among his fellow students. He came to Detroit in 1825, where he served as United States district attorney during the administrations of Jackson and Van Buren. While the patriot war was in progress he prosecuted the Americans who vio-

[1] *Cf. supra*, p. 599.
[2] *Cf. ante*, p. 417.
[3] Bishop Alonzo Potter, born 1800, died 1865.

lated the neutrality laws within the jurisdiction of the United States district, of which he was attorney. His life was frequently threatened, and he was sometimes guarded on the streets of Detroit by Gen. Brady, Robert Stuart and other personal friends. He served as justice of the supreme court of Michigan from 1843 to 1846. In 1850 he was elected president of the Michigan constitutional convention. He served as circuit judge of the Lake Superior peninsula for many years and died on August 25, 1887. He was an able, upright judge, and an honest man.

BENJAMIN WOODWORTH

Capt. Ben Woodworth of Detroit was an ardent sympathizer with the patriot cause, and expended much of his time and money in the movement. He was a noted citizen of Detroit, where he commanded an artillery company in the war of 1812. The long room at the Steamboat hotel, at the northwest corner of Randolph and Woodbridge streets, of which he was the landlord, was the scene of many patriotic meetings, and he boarded many of the troops and officers at his own expense. After the Steamboat hotel burned down in 1848, he removed to St. Clair, where he resumed his profession as a builder. His brother, Samuel Woodworth was the author of the "Old Oaken Bucket." He died in St. Clair, Mich., in 1874, aged nearly ninety-one years. His only surviving child is Mrs. A. J. Cummings of this city.

BATTLE OF PELEE ISLAND

In the account of the battle of Pelee island given in the *Sunday News* two descriptions were given. One was by Maj. Benj. Wait, of Grand Rapids, who was present, and the other by Dr. McCormick, of Pelee island, whose father and two uncles were participators. In the interest of history the *Sunday News* procured, through Senator James McMillan, of this State, and by the courtesy of Gen. Julian Pauncefort, British minister to the United States at Washington, the official account by Col. John Maitland, who commanded the British forces at that engagement. It was obtained from the records of the English war office in London. It is here given entire:

Amherstburg, Upper Canada,
March 4, 1838.

SIR—When I wrote you on Sunday last, announcing the defeat of the pirates at Fighting island, I did not think I should have to report

to you another instance of a British island being taken possession of in that quarter.

Early in the week I received information from different quarters that Point Pelee island had been taken possession of by the patriots from Sandusky bay. This island is of considerable magnitude, being from seven to nine miles in length, and from four to five in breadth; it is situated in Lake Erie, about forty miles from Amherstburg, and twenty miles from the shore. I sent three or four local officers to ascertain the fact of their being there; they went close to the shore and were fired upon. This, together with the circumstance of several people who had gone over to the island, to look after their property, and who were detained by the patriots, confirmed me that the report was true. I, therefore, on Thursday afternoon, dispatched Capt. Glasgow, of the royal artillery, to inspect the strength of the ice and report his opinion to me as to the practicability of moving guns and troops to that place. He returned the following day at twelve o'clock, and reported that the ice was practicable and strong enough to pass. I therefore determined, without loss of time to attack them by daybreak the following morning. Accordingly, with two guns (six-pounders), the four companies of the Thirty-second regiment, one company of the Eighty-third regiment, a small detachment of thirty belonging to the Sandwich troop of cavalry and St. Thomas troop of cavalry, one company of the Essex volunteer militia and a small party of Indians, moved that evening under my own immediate command, eighteen miles along the lake shore, where I halted for some time to rest the horses, and at two o'clock in the morning commenced my march on the lake ice, arriving at the island just at break of day.

I had previously arranged my plan of attack, which was as follows: I directed Capt. Brown, with the first and second companies of the Thirty-second regiment, to proceed round the south end of the island and take up a position on the ice to intercept any attempting at escape by that direction. He was accompanied by a detachment of about twenty-five men of the Sandwich and St. Thomas cavalry. Having made this arrangement, I landed myself, with the remainder of the force and the two guns, at the north end. The rebels fled on my approach and escaped into the woods. I was here informed by some of the loyalists who had been made prisoners by the patriots on the island, that they were in force to the amount of about 500. The troops moved on in extended order, and pursued them through the island; but as the wood was thick, and the snow

extremely deep and heavy, the men were much retarded in their progress.

The rebels finding themselves hemmed in on every side, moved out at the south end of the island, the only place by which they could escape to the American shore, and advanced in line, upwards of 300 men, well armed and organized, upon Capt. Brown's detachment where they met with the greatest resistance; a brisk fire being kept up on both sides for some time, and several of Capt. Brown's detachment having fallen, he determined to charge them, which he did, and forced them back to the wood where they retreated in great confusion at the point of the bayonet. I particularly beg to recommend this circumstance to the notice of his excellency, the lieutenant-general commanding.

On the road, inside of the wood, the rebels had a number of sleighs, by which means they succeeded in carrying away about forty of their wounded men, the others succeeded in escaping at the southern-most point of the island and got over to the American coast, leaving killed on the spot their commanding officer, a Col. Bradley, a Maj. Howdley,[1] and Capts. Van Rensselaer and McKeon, and several others; some prisoners were taken, several of whom were severely wounded.

I regret to say that the taking of this island has not been gained without considerable loss on our part; and I have to request that you will report for his excellency's information, that thirty soldiers of the Thirty-second regiment fell in this affair, two of whom were killed, and others, some dangerously, some severely, wounded. I sincerely regret the loss of so many brave soldiers and feel it the more when I reflect they did not fall before an honorable enemy, but under the fire of a desperate gang of murderers and marauders. A list of the killed and wounded I have the honor herewith to inclose.

Having scoured the woods and satisfied myself that the island was cleared, I reformed the troops and about five o'clock in the evening proceeded back, and the soldiers returned to their quarters at Amherstburg that night.

When you take a view of the circumstances of this affair, I need hardly detail to you the arduous duties the soldiers have had to perform, from the time they left this until their return, traveling as they did forty miles in an excessively cold night, twenty of which were across the lake; accomplishing the object I had in view, namely, liberating the loyalists detained on the island, gaining possession of the place, restoring it to the proprietors, defeating, with considerable loss, the enemy, and returning again to their barracks within thirty hours.

My warmest thanks are due to the whole of the officers who sup-

[1]Spelled also Hoadley.

ported me in this undertaking, and it is impossible for me in words to do justice to the gallant soldiers of her majesty's royal artillery, Thirty-second regiment, Eighty-third regiment, and the loyal volunteers of cavalry, infantry, and the few Indians who constituted the force under my command.

I have to regret that Mr. Thomas Parish, a private in the St. Thomas troop of volunteer cavalry, was killed in the rear of the Thirty-second regiment by a musket shot. Col. Prince, of Sandwich, Mr. Sheriff Lachlan, Capt. Gritty (Girty) and several other gentlemen asked my permission to accompany me, which they did, and gallantly acted with their rifles, with our soldiers, against the rebels in the wood. I found them very useful from their knowledge of the locality of the place.

I trust this second repulse on this frontier of the American banditti —let it be understood that I have it from satisfactory authority that the whole of the gang driven from Pelee island are American citizens —will be a lesson to them, that they are not with impunity to hold British territory.

A large tri-colored flag with two stars and the word "liberty" worked upon it and eleven prisoners were also taken, some of whom state that they were formerly on Navy island; about forty American muskets, some ammunition, swords, etc., were also taken.

I am informed by the prisoners that it was the decided intention of these people to land on the Canadian shore last night and march upon Amherstburg, destroying by fire on their way all the houses, etc., they had to pass, and for which six sleigh loads of American citizens from Sandusky bay had joined them the night previous to my attack, and made their escape back again immediately on my appearance in the front of the island.

I have the honor to request that you will lay the substance of this letter before his excellency, the lieutenant governor, and forward it to Montreal for information of his excellency, the lieutenant-general commanding. I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant.

JOHN MAITLAND,

Lieutenant-colonel commanding 32d regiment and colonel commanding western frontier.

Col. Forster, commanding forces in upper Canada, etc., etc.

COMPARING THE ACCOUNTS

To aid searchers after historical accuracy, consideration of the points at variance are herewith given:

THE PATRIOT COMMANDER

Dr. F. B. McCormick at first claimed that the patriots were led by Gen. George Van Rensselaer, a relative of the Navy island commander, and Gen. T. J. Sutherland. In a subsequent letter, however, he says that Hoadley was the commander, and that the latter was killed and buried on the island.

Maj. Wait claims that the commander of the expedition was Col. Seward, of Buffalo, but that he resigned, and that he (Wait) commanded the patriots during the engagement.

Col. John Maitland, the British commander, says in his official report that the commanding officer was Col. Bradley, and that he and Maj. Howdley were killed.

NUMBER OF BRITISH TROOPS

Dr. McCormick says that the number engaged was ninety-six regular soldiers of the Thirty-second regiment and fourteen mounted Canadian militia.

Maj. Wait says that the British force consisted of at least 2,000 men of whom 800 were engaged.

Col. Maitland reports that his force consisted of two six pounder guns, four companies of the Thirty-second regiment, one company of the Eighty-third regiment, thirty mounted militia, a company of the Essex county militia and a few Indians. The force engaged was under Capt. Brown and consisted of two companies of Thirty-second regiment and a detachment of about twenty-five militia cavalry.

NUMBER OF PATRIOT TROOPS

Dr. McCormick says that the force was said to be 2,000 strong, and the number engaged were between 300 and 400 men.

Maj. Wait says there were 1,300 patriots, but that less than 150 were armed.

Col. Maitland says the patriots numbered more than 300 men, well armed and organized.

NUMBER OF BRITISH KILLED AND WOUNDED

Dr. McCormick says it was eight killed and fourteen wounded.

Maj. Wait says that Maitland's report acknowledged a loss of 630 *hors du combat,* of whom sixty-five were killed.

Col. Maitland reports two killed and thirty wounded.

NUMBER OF PATRIOTS KILLED AND WOUNDED

Dr. McCormick claims that fourteen patriots were killed; number of wounded unknown.

Maj. Wait says that Capts. Van Rensselaer and McKeon and five privates were killed, and that twenty-five were wounded and taken prisoners, some of whom died.

Col. Maitland reports that the commander, Col. Bradley, Major Howdley and Capt. Van Rensselaer were killed, "and several others; some prisoners were taken, several of whom were severely wounded."

The writer does not feel it incumbent on him to pronounce in favor of one or the other account, where they differ radically, except that, in his opinion, Col. Maitland's report of the British forces engaged and the number of killed and wounded on both sides, must be accepted by the future historian of the patriot war. But even Col. Maitland does not give the number of troops under his own command. In other particulars Maitland was as liable to be mistaken as the other authorities.

"A VALUABLE CONTRIBUTION"—RUSH R. SLOANE GIVES HIS OPINION OF "THE PATRIOT WAR" ARTICLES

To the Editor:

I have read the different articles in "The Patriot War," and I cannot but congratulate the author on his success. It is a valuable contribution to the subject. In regard to the whole subject it is more correct than anything I have seen.

In regard to Point Pelee, I think too much credit is given to Major Wait and not enough to some others. He may be right, but he differs so much from the notes I have that I have determined, at least for the present, not to have mine published. I have a means of confirming or disproving the statements, and I am now trying to do so.

Some more attention should be given to Gen. McLeod and the assemblage of the patriots along the south shore of Lake Erie and at Sandusky before and after the battle of Pelee island. The British loss was over sixty at the battle, and others died soon after, as was claimed at the time, by "balls" poisoned by the patriots; but this was not so, and the poison was merely the coating of a dampness produced on the lead balls, thus forming an imitation of nitrate of lead, which, of course, was poisonous. Col. Bradley and Major Howdley more than any others, gave character to the Pelee fight.

When I have made a re-examination of data on which I base my article on the Pelee island fight, I will be glad to give it to you. I with pleasure testify to the interest the articles have excited, and to the generally correct matter, making a most valuation addition to the history of the northwest. It could be made a readable and salable pamphlet.

RUSH R. SLOANE.

Sandusky, Ohio, June 23, 1890.

BATTLE OF WINDSOR—GEN. A. T. MC REYNOLDS SCORES GEN. BIERCE SEVERELY

To the Editor:

I read the accounts of the battle of Windsor and the biography of Gen. Bierce. The general was my guest "in cog," and was the nominal commander at the battle of Windsor. He proved to be a complete abortion, and was denounced by the late Col. Coffinberry and other officers of the expedition. After the battle, he recrossed the Detroit, reaching my house under the cover of darkness, carrying with him the sword of the murdered British officer, who, under a flag of truce, sought a parley with the insurgents. He was inhumanly shot down, and the sword which Bierce brought to my house as a trophy had been taken from the murdered officer's side. It was a small sword, such as surgeons wear merely as a badge of office; supposed to be that of an assistant surgeon. Gen. Bierce left for Ohio at the most convenient opportunity in disguise to avoid the officers who were on the lookout for him. When he arrived at his home at Akron, O., he addressed to me a letter of several pages, exculpating himself, etc., etc. I was so disgusted with the man that I did not read it through, nor did I condescend to reply to it. You say he bequeathed the sword at his death in 1876 to Buchtel college. I have only this to say, that I congratulate the legatees for being the possessors of this emblem of the donor's shame and disgrace. The college, I doubt not, is totally ignorant of the foul source and circumstances through which the general received it. You ask for the date of my commission as brigadier-general of the patriot forces. I inclose the document itself, as more satisfactory, with the injunction that you will promptly return it to me.

Sincerely yours,

ANDREWS T. MCREYNOLDS.

Grand Rapids, June 17, 1890.

George J. Smith, of Mount Morris, Genesee county, Mich., writes that his name has been omitted from the list of Mrs. Benjamin Wait's

surviving brothers, of whom he is the youngest. He became a member of the Order of Hunters in 1838, and in 1840 received a lieutenant's commission from Maj. Gen. Handy at Niagara Falls. He also accompanied Theller in a number of hazardous expeditions. Mr. Smith was born in 1824, so that he was only fourteen years old when he joined the patriots.

Miss M. Wren, 220 Howard street, Detroit, writes, expressing satisfaction with the history of "the patriot war." Her father was one of the militia at that time, and the family still retain possession of the gun, sword, etc., used by him during that period.

R. B. Ross.

LETTERS FROM CITIZENS ABOUT THE PATRIOT WAR ARTICLE

To the Editor:

I have been very much interested in *The Sunday News'* history of "The Patriot War." It is the most correct account of the stirring times of 1837-8 on this border that I have ever read. I was a town guard at the time, and shouldered a musket to "preserve the peace," as did Mr. Joy. I took no stock in the patriot cause, and thought they were a parcel of scamps. I told a group of them one day that if I was a Canadian and caught them on the other side I would hang every one of them. They didn't like what I said, but did not resent it. I was a guard over the steamer Erie when she lay at the Griswold street wharf. The engineer of the boat told me he had removed some part of the machinery, so that the patriots could not take her away even if they captured her, but towards morning the boat moved away from the wharf and went down the river to the patriot camp. The engineer was a patriot and had been fooling us. I crossed over to Windsor the second day after the battle and went to the trenches where they buried the dead patriots. I saw the arm of a man sticking out of the ground. It was one of the largest arms I ever saw and must have belonged to a very large and muscular man. I was in Algonac on business a few days afterwards and saw some of the patriots who had escaped from the battle of Windsor and had crossed over at that part of the St. Clair. They were a hard looking lot, and I thought to myself as I saw them, "the way of the transgressor is hard." Most of the leaders of the Democratic party, including the governor, United States marshal and deputies, were encouraging the desperadoes from this side to cross to Canada as Canadian patriots. It seemed to me for no other object than to commit depredation on the inoffensive Canadians, who were satisfied with the home govern-

ment and did not wish any relief from this side. When taken prisoners by the Canadians I think they were treated with great leniency, and with much more than we would have shown the Canadians had they come here for a like purpose of giving us a new government.

A. SHELEY.

Detroit, July 2, 1890.

MR. ROSS CONGRATULATED ON HIS VALUABLE HISTORY

To the Editor:

It is a fair inference, from the meagerness of historical reference to "The Patriot War," and from the paucity of literature upon that subject, that by common consent of both sides it was thought best to allay the irritation along the border—not unshared by the people at large—by pursuing the policy of "saying nothing more about it."

Nevertheless, it was a most interesting and romantic incident in our history, and it has been a matter of regret that its story was not told when the details were fresh, when material was abundant and when witnesses were plentiful.

Aside from those who, like myself, have a personal interest in the subject, the admirable papers of Mr. Ross have been received, within my observation, with general attention and appreciation by the public. I trust that the evidence of this general interest may, in some measure, compensate the writer for the labor and research which he has evidently bestowed upon the articles.

The movement, from our side of the border, was, as to individuals, for the most part born of the old revolutionary sentiment implanted in the breasts of their children and grandchildren by the fathers and mothers of '76; the result of the ill-starred venture taught the lesson of how widely an invisible boundary line might separate two peoples of the same race, in national feeling, in sentiment, in conviction, and in aspiration.

I beg to congratulate you on the success of your effort to rescue "The Patriot War" from oblivion, and to express the hope that the papers of Mr. Ross may be reprinted in more enduring form.

Very truly yours,

DON M. DICKINSON.

Detroit, June 30, 1890.

MR. DUFFIELD'S RECOLLECTIONS

To the Editor:

It is hardly necessary for me to say that I, like many other older residents, have been greatly interested in the efforts of

the *News* to gather up and preserve the incidents of what is known as the patriot border war of 1837-8. My residence in Detroit dates from 1839, after the compaign was ended; but the air was full of the stories and sufferings of the men who were then inspired with a desire to rescue the Canadas from British sway and annex them to the United States. Many of the characters revived and whose appearances are portrayed were familiar acquaintances to the young men of Detroit at that time. I distinctly remember Dr. Theller, as we were wont to call him, with his military cut coat, his cane and hat. It was said he fancied himself in form and figure a second Napoleon. His paper, "The Spirit of '76," was published in a building adjacent to the old American hotel on Jefferson avenue. It was a favorite medium of many of us young men for the airing of our youthful lucubrations, and the doctor was always very ready to receive and publish them, barren, doubtless, as many of them were in ideas and merit. Col. Prince, with whom I early became acquainted, was a very ogre with sympathizers of the patriot cause and was prohibited for a long time from the privileges of Detroit's free streets, in consequence of the bloody record he made against the patriots of '38. I have no special instances worthy of record and write this note only to say that the Sunday News has done a good work in gathering up these materials for the history of those times, many of which would have been otherwise lost. I have been written to by several acquaintances outside of the city to procure copies of the Sunday News containing these articles, and was disappointed in my last application to find that none of them were to be had.

Yours, etc.

D. Bethune Duffield.

THEY FAILED TO RESCUE THE PATRIOTS

To the Editor:

In common with the myriad readers of the Sunday News, I have followed with increasing interest "the 'scapes by flood and field" so graphically depicted by the author of "The Patriot War" in your columns. The painful, sometimes atrocious, incidents of that hopeless struggle are set forth with a terseness and succinctness, aside from their admirable grouping, that recall the memories associated with academic days and the classical Sallust.

Although for lack of a genuine *raison d'etre*, I could not participate in that rather desultory warfare, I wandered over the historic

ground covered by it, not many years after its cessation, and the usual written and unwritten traditions were found in abundance.

Perhaps you will permit me to contribute a well authenticated fact touching the fight at the windmill, below Prescott, in Canada, so well told in Mr. Ross' story, as it reflects credit upon the humane spirit of the British officers in command at that point, though they revive some unpleasant recollections of one who afterwards occupied a conspicuous place in the councils of our country.

It will be remembered that when Van Schoultz and his hapless comrades were driven into the windmill as a last refuge, the British troops sat down before it with the determination to starve them into a surrender. The issue was certain death to the poor fellows in the old mill, which I have often visited in other days, and as this was clearly understood on the American side, most serious efforts were made to secure their release. But it was possible to succeed in this kindly purpose only through diplomacy, for the United States forces had been dispatched to the immediate frontier, as was done in long years subsequent, to prevent further national complications. Both the American and British officers exchanged civilities in the fashion recognized amongst soldiers and gentlemen, and the officer in command of the American contingent took occasion one night at dinner with the commanding officer of the British soldiers at Prescott to plead earnestly for the foredoomed wretches in the windmill, and it was tacitly agreed by the generous soul to allow them a chance for their lives if it could be done without compromising his honor.

The detail of the measures has never, I believe, been revealed, but the plan for the rescue was at once concocted by the American officer, and a tug was employed at Ogdensburg to proceed at an hour fixed between midnight and three in the morning to a small dock at the Windmill point and quietly remove the besieged outlaws. The command of this tug was given to the Hon. Preston King, of New York state, and it started on its prescribed mission of mercy at the moment indicated. For some mysterious reason just as the steamer was approaching its destination, it suddenly reversed its engines, turned about and returned to Ogdensburg, leaving the prisoners to their fate.

Several explanations of this strange conduct were given, but no satisfactory one was ever vouchsafed.

The deplorable death by suicide of Preston King in after years has been ascribed to the remorse that always haunted him for his

inability, through cowardice or otherwise, to effect the rescue of Van Schoultz and his deluded followers.

FLANEUR.

Detroit, July 1, 1890.

BENJAMIN LETT

To the Editor:

I have read the patriot war articles in your paper very closely, and can vouch that in the particulars with which I am conversant it is a very correct and interesting account of the Canadian troubles.

Ben Lett was not my uncle, as you stated, but a cousin of my aunt's and was a frequent visitor at my father's house, on the Niagara river, near Lewiston. The Letts were of Holland extraction, and emigrated to Ireland during the reign of William III. At Wexford, during the rebellion of 1798 Ben Lett's mother, who was then only eleven years of age, was twice imprisoned for loyalty to the British government. Her brother, Benjamin Warren, then twenty years old, was dragged out of his father's house and barbarously murdered by the rebels.

In 1819 Samuel Lett, with his wife and four sons, including Ben and two daughters emigrated to Canada and settled on the Ottawa river near Montreal.

Here Samuel Lett died and in 1833 the widow and her family removed to Darlington, on Lake Ontario, Upper Canada. The family were orangemen and protestants.

In 1837 a party of orangemen fired at Ben near his mother's house because he would not join them in hunting down the patriots. Ben was furious at the injustice, and crossed over into the United States and joined the patriot army. Ben fought with the patriot army at Fighting island and Pelee island, and carried wounded men off both battlefields. He also did his part at the battle of Prescott. After the battle of Windsor he swore eternal vengeance against the Family Compact.

To the patriot cause he was a counterpart of O'Donovan Rossa in the Irish struggle, except that Rossa was theoretical and Lett was practical. He helped to blow up Gen. Brock's monument at Lewiston; he blew up the locks of the Welland canal, drowning the country and greatly damaging the works; he killed Capt. Usher, one of the expedition that cut out the Caroline, at his own door at Chippewa, U. C., and he came very near firing the whole British fleet, lying in Kingston harbor, in January, 1839.

His last exploit was an unsuccessful attempt to fire the Canadian

steamer Great Britain, at Oswego, N. Y., on June 25, 1840. His confederate, David Dafoe, turned state's evidence and Lett was arrested, tried and convicted of arson. He was sentenced to seven years in the New York state prison. While on a train en route to Auburn prison, shackled and handcuffed and under guard of two deputy sheriffs, he jumped off the train near Oswego down an embankment twenty feet high, slipped off the handcuffs and cut the shackles off his legs. He then went to Illinois, but returned in 1841 to New York, where he was arrested in Buffalo by a company of armed policemen. He was imprisoned in Auburn, but was pardoned by Gov. Silas Wright in 1845. He then went to Illinois and settled on a farm at Northville, La Salle county.

On Oct. 15, 1858, he left his home for Lake Michigan, having been induced by some persons interested in his destruction to engage in a trading expedition between the lake ports. He was taken ill in the bark Morgan, Capt. Brenton, on Dec. 1, 1858, and was carried on a propeller to Milwaukee, where he expired on the 9th. An autopsy showed that he had been poisoned by strychnine. Who the guilty parties were was never known. Two monuments on one burial lot in La Salle county mark his last resting place; on the stone is the following queer inscription:

"The records of American partnership in the case of Benjamin Lett. They are like a Christian hell without a Jesus Christ. No escape."

E. J. PIERCE.

Detroit, July 1, 1890.

MR. WILCOX'S RECOLLECTIONS

To the Editor:

As a spectator, at a safe distance, of the battle of Windsor, and to some extent a participator in some of the events of the campaign on our borders, I beg to add my mite to the commendation so generally expressed orally and in print of Historian Ross' exhaustive narrative of the Canadian rebellion of 1837-8. With what patient toil and unyielding purpose that man must have worked. No mine was ever delved more thoroughly, none ever yielded a higher percentage of the genuine ore of information. Judging from my personal acquaintance with most of the principal characters connected therewith in Windsor and Detroit, and a somewhat familiar knowledge of the goings on hereabouts, I must say that Mr. Ross's work is a marvelous production. Indeed, the word work fitly expresses it. Where did this "Man of Ross" get all these facts, so concisely told, yet woven so beautifully

into his interesting story? How much midnight oil did he consume, how many Fabers used up in his almost fabulous specimens of industrial art? Where in the name of all the saints did he get all those pictures? I feel at times almost inclined to think some of them imaginary, and yet how familiar some of them appear in the full glory of the sear and yellow leaf. And those pedigrees. How many might consult in vain their family bible for such an extended account of their relations. Two suggestions. Put that history into book form. Write the life of Col. John Prince now while the matter is accessible. His speeches in favor of the annexation of the Canadas to the United States would be particularly good reading just now, and quite apropos to the discussion of the subject in the *News*.

E. N. Willcox.

Detroit, July 3, 1890.

THE BATTLE OF PRESCOTT

[The following account taken from the Pictorial History of the State of New York, by John W. Barber, 1846, is principally drawn from a work published by E. A. Theller, entitled "Canada in 1837-8"]

Early in November, 1838, the patriots, so called, who had secretly rallied in clubs in and about Syracuse, Oswego, Sackett's Harbor, Watertown, Ogdensburg, French creek, and at other points on or near the American line, began to exhibit an intention of making a fresh demonstration at some point in Upper Canada. About the 10th, two schooners were noticed as being freighted from canal boats, which had come up the Oswego canal under suspicious circumstances, and to sail out of the harbor in a northern direction. On the 12th, the steamboat United States, which had been detained in port by a heavy gale, sailed for Sacketts Harbor. Here she took aboard about 250 patriots. The two schooners spoken of were next discovered by the United States lying in the river St. Lawrence; when Capt. Van Cleve complied with the request of a passenger of respectable appearance, to take them in tow; saying they were loaded with merchandise for Ogdensburg, which

he was desirous of getting into port the next morning. Accordingly the schooners were lashed one each side of the steamer. The boxes and barrels on their decks, with just men enough in sight to navigate them, exhibited no evidence of their being other than represented by the passenger. The captain was soon undeceived, by armed men climbing from the schooners on to his boat, to the number of some 200, and he determined to lay at Morristown, ten miles above Ogdensburg, and give notice to the authorities. On arriving at that neighborhood the patriots, after transferring about 100 of the boat's passengers, unfastened their vessels, and were found the next morning at anchor in the river, between Ogdensburg and Prescott, filled with armed men. Both towns were now the scene of excitement; for it was evident that Fort Wellington was the point of attack, and both shores were soon thronged with citizens. The Experiment, a British armed steamboat, was lying at the Prescott wharf, and by this time the United States had arrived at Ogdensburg. On her arrival the people, with loud cheers, rushed on board and went to the relief of one of the schooners which by accident had got aground on the shoal in the river. Not succeeding in reaching her, they returned to the boat for a longer hawser. As she went out again, the Experiment came out and fired two shots, but without effect; and she passed down the river about a mile to Windmill Point, to the other schooner, which had succeeded in landing her forces, and was returning to take off the men from the grounded vessel. The Experiment followed her, and when the United States was covering her on her way up, kept up an irregular fire upon both, without effect. The United States having seen the schooner she was protecting anchored under the Ogdensburg shore, returned again to Windmill Point, where William Johnson with small boats landed 110 men. Meantime, the American steam ferry-boat, Paul Pry, ran over to the stranded vessel and hauled her off under a brisk fire from the Experiment, which the former returned with small arms, killing seven of the Experiment's men, but losing none. The United States was now returning, and again encountered the fire of the Experiment, breaking glass lights and doing other damage. Those who had remained after the disembarkation, about twenty-five in number, stood upon the promenade deck and cheered the discharges as they came. During this, a shot passing through the wheel-house killed Mr. Solomon Foster, a young man, the helmsman of the boat. As the United States now went into port, she was surrendered to her owners, and immediately seized by the United States authorities, which completed the forenoon's operations.

"Commodore 'Bill Johnson,' who had come on to Ogdensburg on the return of the United States, addressed the 'patriots' present, urging and beseeching them to go with him and join those who had crossed. He succeeded in crossing with some, in one of the schooners, at two or three different times; whilst most of the afternoon and evening was occupied at Windmill Point, by the patriots, fortifying their position and preparing for the contest. They had taken possession of the windmill, and other large stone buildings, to the number of about 200, which were increased by accessions from the small boats crossing over in the evening. It was seen that at Fort Wellington the British were also engaged in making preparations; but towards night there was scarcely a living soul seen in the streets of Prescott. There was no fighting that night. During the evening the steamboat Telegraph, with Col. Worth, of the United States army, had arrived, accompanied by two companies of United States troops, and by Mr. Garrow, a United States marshal, who immediately took into custody all the craft which had been employed by the patriots, including the United States, the two schooners, and the Paul Pry; and made effectual arrangements to cut off all further supplies of men, arms, or provisions from the patriot camp; after which all remained quiet during the night, except the report of cannon at long intervals. Early on the morning of the 13th, the British armed steamers Cobourg and Traveler had arrived at Prescott with troops; and at about 7 o'clock they, together with the Experiment, opened a discharge of cannon and commenced throwing bombs at the patriots at the windmill, who discharged field pieces from their battery on shore in return. At about 8 o'clock a line of fire blazed along the summit of the hill, in the rear of the windmill, for about eighty or one hundred rods, and the crack of the rifles and muskets made one continuous roar. It appears that by the time the firing commenced in the morning there were but 180 of those who had crossed left at Windmill Point; and that when they were attacked by land, in rear of their position, some fifty-two of these fled, leaving only 128 to face from 600 to 800 British regulars and volunteers. After a fight of about an hour, according to Theller's account, the British were driven back into their fort with a loss, it is supposed, of about 100 killed and many wounded. The patriots lost five men and thirteen wounded. On the morning of the 14th little was done, and the British having sent a flag of truce for permission to bury the dead, the request was granted. Afterward, when the patriots sent a flag, the bearer was shot. On the 15th, the British received a reinforcement of 400 regulars, with cannon and gun boats, by steamboats from Kingston, and

volunteers numbering in all about 2,000, who surrounded the mill by their gun boats and steamers on the river, and by stationing cannon and troops on land; and keeping up a continual cannonading until Friday evening, when the patriots surrendered. At 5 o'clock the same afternoon a white flag was displayed from the mill, but no attention being paid to it, it was finally fastened on the outside; then three or four flags were sent out, and the bearers shot down as soon as seen. Immediately after the surrender, the British burnt four dwellings and two barns in the vicinity of the Windmill. According to the account of Theller, thirty-six patriots were killed, two escaped, and ninety were made prisoners; and of the British about 150 men were killed and twenty officers, among whom was Capt. Drummond. The patriots were commanded by Van Schoultz, a Polander, who had fought for the freedom of his native land, and witnessed her expiring agonies at ill-fated Warsaw. When driven to desperation, he opposed the offering to the enemy the flag of truce, and besought his men to rush upon the enemy and die in the contest; but their ammunition and provisions were exhausted, and a five days' fatigue in active night and day defense had worn them out and made them indifferent to their fate. At the trials, Van Schultz pleaded guilty and was sentenced to death, and was executed December 9, 1838, aged 31. Col. Dorephus Abbey, of Watertown, Jefferson county; Col. Martin Woodruff, of Salina, Onondaga county, and Daniel George, and others, suffered the same fate with Van Schoultz. A number of others were finally released, while the others were sentenced to transportation, and, with those in a like situation who had been respited after their trials, and with Messrs. John G. Parker, Watson, and others, to the number of twenty-three, were sent to England, and from thence, in company with eleven convicted felons, were transported to Van Dieman's Land."

PONTIAC, OR THE SIEGE OF DETROIT

BY J. T. HEADLEY

[The following sketch, a valuable contribution to the history of Detroit, was first published in Harper's Magazine, in 1861, and was reproduced in the Detroit Free Press of January 9, 1892]

The elevated belt of inland seas which stretches from the St. Lawrence to the tenth parallel of west longitude has always formed one of the most striking and important features of this continent. At the outset, when an unbroken forest extended in the southern section, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, through which the settler must hew his difficult way with an ax, he could by these great inland seas, penetrate to its very center. The French who claimed the Canadas by right of discovery, extended their explorations to Michilimackinac, and thence south to the mouth of the Mississippi. But the English colonies, pushing in from the Atlantic seaboard south of the St. Lawrence, forced them back, till the lakes and the river became the boundary line between the two, and the scene of bloody conflicts. So in the revolution a fiercer struggle took place along this belt of water. In the war of 1812 it became the great battle ground between the two countries; and if so great a misfortune as a third war between England and America should ever occur, it would be the scene of the most sanguinary battles the world has ever seen. The importance of this water belt, in a commercial point of view, may be seen in the fleets that cover it and the vast amount of wealth that floats on its bosom.

The French early saw that the Detroit river was a miniature straits of Gibraltar to all the water that lay beyond, and as far back as 1701, established there its most important western station. It was composed of a military colony, extending for twelve or sixteen miles up and down the west bank of the river, in the center

of which stood the fort, a quadrilateral structure embracing about 100 houses. Numerous white dwellings lay scattered along the banks, each surrounded with a picket fence, while orchards and gardens and outhouses exhibited the thrift of the Canadian settlers. It altogether formed a beautiful and sunny opening to the gloomy wilderness; and to the trader and soldier, weary with their long marches and solitary bivouacks in the forest, it was ever a most welcome sight. Three large Indian villages were embraced in the limits of the settlement. A little below the fort, and on the same side of the river, were the lodges of the Potawatomies; nearly opposite them those of the Wyandots; while two miles further up lay sprinkled over the green meadows the wigwams of the Ottawas.

The French and English struggled long and stubbornly for the control of the western continent, but at last the decisive conflict came, when the Canadas were put up and battled for on the Plains of Abraham. With the fall of Montcalm the French power was forever broken; and the surrender of Montreal, which soon followed, virtually closed the war. The St. Lawrence and the lakes now being in possession of the English, nothing remained for the weak western posts but to submit quietly to their new masters.

The news of the overthrow of the colonial government had reached them, but having received no formal summons to surrender, they still kept the flag of France flying; and Capt. Rogers,[1] a native of New Hampshire, was sent with 200 rangers, in fifteen whale-boats to take possession of them. On the 7th of November he encamped on the present site of Cleveland—a point never before reached by British troops. Here a deputation of Indians met him, in the name of Pontiac,[1] the savage lord of this wilderness. Before night the chief himself arrived and demanded the reason of Rogers' visit. The latter told him that the French had ceded all Canada to the British, who now had undisputed sway, and he was on his way to take possession of Detroit. Pontiac staid till morning, and in another interview with the ranger professed a desire for peace. Rogers then kept on, and at length reached Detroit, over which the lilies of France were still waving. The British colors at once supplanted them, and the surrounding Canadians swore allegiance to the British crown.

The Indians, who had been on the most friendly terms with the French, soon had cause to regret their change of masters. The English always practiced a cruel policy toward the Indians, which soon showed its legitimate fruits among the tribes in the neighborhood of Detroit. There was one chief among them who held undisputed sway by the

[1]See appendix.

force of his genius and the loftiness of his character. Like Tecumseh[1] and Red Jacket, he was one of those few savage monarchs that seemed made for a nobler destiny than to be the acknowledged leader of a few thousand naked barbarians. He saw, with great forecast of thought, the humiliation of the Indians if the British were allowed undisputed sway; for, with the French no longer allies, he could not resist successfully their aggressions. He resolved, therefore, before the British got firmer foothold, to overwhelm them with savage forces, trusting to French aid to complete the work. So, in May, 1762, he sent messengers to the various surrounding tribes, summoning them to assemble for consultation on the banks of Ecorce river, a short distance from Detroit.

Pontiac was chief only of the Ottawas, though the other tribes acknowledged his authority. He was at this time about fifty years of age, and, though not above the middle height, bore himself with wonderful dignity. No monarch ever trod the floor of his palace with a haughtier step than did this swarthy chieftain the green sward where the council sat. His features were not regular, but there was a boldness and sternness in their expression which awed the beholder; and the dark eye had a strange fascination in its glances.

Detroit[1] and its environs at this time presented a picturesque appearance. The fort, with its little garrison of 120 men, surrounded with palisades twenty-five feet high and a bastion at each corner, formed the central figure. The bright river, here only half a mile wide, flowed past it, almost washing its foundations. Above and below, fringing the stream as far as the eye could reach, gleamed the white farm houses, rising from green orchards, while the pastures were alive with cattle. Within sight of the ramparts lay the villages of the Indians, their wigwams sprinkling the meadows, over which the listless warrior lounged, and the dusky maiden, shining in beads and vermillion, gayly tripped; while, skinny, shriveled hags, roamed along the outskirts of the forest, and troops of naked children rolled and shouted in the sun. The great solemn wilderness encompassed all, inclosing a scene of great contrast—of great wilderness and beauty combined. The red uniform of the soldier and the swarthy naked form of the savage; the sweet and stirring strains of the band, and the hoarse beat of the Indian's drum and his discordant yells; the rude wigwam with its dusky group beneath and the farmhouse with its well-set table; the stately schooner riding at anchor in the stream, and birch bark canoes glancing over the water; the smoke of the chimney and the smoke of the camp fire all mingled together on this oasis in the wilderness in strange harmony.

[1]See appendix.

The tribes responded to Pontiac's call. Soon the fierce Ojibwas and Wyandots[1] assembled at the place of rendezvous, and took their seats on the grass in a circle. For a long time not a word was spoken in the council. At last Pontiac strode into its midst, plumed and painted for war. Casting his fierce glance around on the waiting group, he commenced denouncing the English, and calling on the chiefs to arise in defense of their rights. His voice at times pealed like a bugle, and his gestures were sudden and violent. After arousing the chiefs by his eloquence he unfolded his plans.

He proposed that on the 2d of May they should visit the fort, under pretense of interchanging friendly and peaceful greetings; and then, when the garrison was suspecting no treachery, suddenly fall on them and massacre the whole. They all readily assented to his scheme.

Gladwyn, commander of the fort, had seen nothing to rouse his suspicions, and everything betokened a quite summer, until, just before this premeditated massacre, when a Canadian woman, who had visited the Ottawa village to buy some venison and maple sugar, reported that as she was passing among the wigwams, she observed the warriors busily engaged in filing off their gun-barrels. A blacksmith, hearing of it, said that for some days the Indians had been borrowing files and saws of him, which struck him as singular. This excited suspicion, and report was made to Gladwyn. He only laughed at the fears created by it; for nothing had occurred to break the harmony that had now lasted for nearly two years.

Among the Ojibwas was a young Indian girl[1] of rare beauty and exquisite form. Large, dark, and dreamy eyes lighted up her nut-brown complexion, revealing a loving and passionate nature, while her moccasined foot pressed the green sward light and gracefully as a young fawn's. Struck with her exquisite loveliness, Gladwyn had become enamoured of her; and his passion being returned, she had become his mistress. The next day after the report of the woman was made this girl came into the fort bringing some elk-skin moccasins, which she had worked with porcupine quills, as a present for Gladwyn. He noticed that she looked pensive and sad; but made no remark upon it, and she left him without saying anything to alarm his suspicions. She did not go away, however, but lingered outside the door as if unwilling to leave. A sentinel having watched her strange and apparently distressed manner for some time reported it to Gladwyn, hinting that he had better question her. Gladwyn called her in, and catching the earnest expression of her eye, saw at once there was something more than common on her mind, and began to interrogate

[1]See appendix.

her. But she only shook her head and would make no answer. Her pertinacity and the melancholy manner in which she resisted his importunities convinced him that she held a secret of serious import, and he pressed her still more earnestly. At last her firmness gave way before his warm pleadings, and the loving heart triumphed over its fears. She no longer saw her angry tribe and the vengeful chieftains demanding her death as the betrayer of her race. She saw only the adored form of her lover before her, and her lips broke their painful silence.

Making him promise not to betray her secret, she told him that the Indians had sawed off their gun-barrels so that they could carry them concealed under their blankets; and Pontiac, with his chiefs thus armed, was about to visit the fort to hold a council. He would make a speech, and at its close present to Gladwyn a peace-belt of wampum. When he reversed it in his hands it was to be the signal for a general massacre of all but the Canadians. Gladwyn warmly thanked the trembling beauty for this proof of her devotion, and bade her return to the village and neither do nor say anything to awaken suspicion.

The next morning a pouring rain set in and continued all day, and the Indians did not make their appearance, though the garrison was kept under arms and every precaution made to prevent a surprise. Toward evening it cleared up; the broken clouds drifted away before the brisk west wind, and the sun sunk in a blaze of glory behind the western forest, its last beams glancing on the British colors that fluttered from the flagstaff. Twilight soon deepened into the full shadows of night and darkness fell on the forest and stream. Gladwyn, whose fears had now become thoroughly aroused would not retire to his quarters but walked the ramparts all night. The scene, the time and the imminent danger combined to render him sad and thoughtful. War was evidently determined upon by Pontiac and he was unprepared for it. He was there in the heart of the wilderness, far removed from succor, with only 120 men in a fort presenting but feeble defences to a determined foe. He contrasted the quiet scene before him with the aspect it would present in a few days. Now all was serene. The river flowed by with a low, monotonous sound, reflecting the stars in its bosom; and the great forest slept black and motionless against the sky. Before morning that stream might swarm with hostile boats, and those silent woods resound with maddened yells and fierce shouts of vengeance. But the night passed on without disturbance, save now and then there arose the roll of the Indian drum in the distance, accompanied by bursts of

yells as the Indians danced around their camp fires that reddened the heavens far and near with their glow.

When the welcome light of morning broke over the forest all was bustle and commotion within the fort. The sun rose bright and clear; but a heavy mist lay along the river, entirely shrouding it from view. At length the heavy folds began to move and lift, and finally parted and floated gracefully away on the morning air, revealing the water covered with bark canoes moving steadily across the river. Only two or three warriors appeared in each, the others lying flat on their faces on the bottom to avoid being seen. Pontiac had ordered this to be done so as not to awaken any suspicions in the garrison that his mission was not what he represented it to be—a peaceful one. He could not leave them behind, for he would need them in the approaching conflict. There was a large common behind the fort; this was soon filled with a crowd of Indian squaws, children and warriors mingled together, some dressed in fantastic costumes or gaudily painted, and all apparently preparing for a game of ball. Pontiac slowly approached the fort with sixty chiefs at his back, marching in Indian file. Each was wrapped to the chin in his blanket, underneath which, grasped with his right hand, lay concealed his trusty rifle. From the heads of some waved the hawk, the eagle, and raven plume. Others showed only the scalp lock, while a few wore their hair naturally, the long, dark locks hanging wildly about their malignant faces.

As Pontiac passed through the gate of the fort he uttered a low ejaculation of surprise. Well might he do so, for the unexpected sight that met his gaze would have startled a greater stoic even than he. Instead of beholding the garrison lulled into security, and entirely off its guard, he found himself between two lines of glittering steel drawn up on each side of the gate to receive him. The houses of the traders and those employed by the garrison were all closed, and the occupants armed to the teeth, standing on guard upon the corners of the streets, while the tap of the drum, heard at intervals, told in language that Pontiac could not mistake that the garrison, which he expected to find careless and insecure, was in a state of the keenest vigilance and apparent alarm. Casting a dark and moody glance around on these hostile preparations, he strode haughtily through the principal street of the place and advanced direct to the council house, followed by his chiefs.

Passing through the door he saw Gladwyn and the other officers seated at the further end, each with a sword by his side and a brace of pistols in his belt. Pontiac's brow darkened at this additional proof that his treacherous and bloody plot had been discovered. Controlling

himself, however, by a strong effort he rallied; and addressing Gladwyn said, in a somewhat reproachful tone: "Why do I see so many of my father's young men standing in the streets with their guns?" Gladwyn replied carelessly that he had just been drilling them to keep up proper discipline. Pontiac knew this to be false; but he could not do otherwise than appear to believe it, and the chiefs sat down. Pontiac then arose and began his address, holding in the meantime the fatal wampum belt in his hand. Gladwyn paid indifferent attention to his speech, but kept his eye glued to that belt of wampum; for when the deadly signal should be given, no time must be lost. Pontiac spoke with all that plausibility and deep dissimulation so characteristic of the Indian when plotting treachery. His mind was evidently divided between the speech he was making and the course which under this unexpected aspect of affairs, he ought to pursue. He could not tell whether rumors of his treachery had reached the fort, causing the garrison to be suspicious and watchful, or whether his entire plot, in all its details—even to the signal of attack—was known; and his countenance wore a disturbed, doubtful expression. Beyond the wrathful gleam of his fierce eye there was a troubled look, revealing the intense working of his fierce soul under that calm exterior. He had read the human countenance too long and carefully not to see that the faces of the soldiers wore not so much an expression of anxiety and suspicion as of calm, grim determination—of certain knowledge and a fixed purpose. Still the thought of abandoning his plan entirely roused all the deep passions of his savage nature; and before he did this he determined to test the accuracy of Gladwyn's knowledge to the uttermost.

At length his speech was finished, and he paused a moment irresolute. The profoundest silence followed, so deep and awful that the suppressed breathing of the excited actors in this strange scene could be distinctly heard. Gladwyn, who knew that the decisive moment had come, never for a moment turned his eye from that suspended belt of wampum. A single movement and the wild warwhoop would burst on the startled ear, and the clash of weapons and the fierce death grapple come. Never was there a scene of more thrilling, absorbing interest. There stood Pontiac—motionless, silent—the arm half extended, on which were fixed the glaring eyes of his chiefs, while the officers before him sat with compressed lips and bent brows, sternly awaiting the next movement.

Pontiac slowly reached forth his hand and began to reverse the wampum. Gladwyn saw it and, quick as lightning, made a light rapid gesture—a signal before agreed upon. In an instant every hand sought

the sword hilt, and the quick clank of arms through the open door smote ominously on the ear. The next moment the rolling sound of the drum, beating the charge, echoed afar through the streets. The effect was electrical. Pontiac paused, confounded. He now knew that his dark plot had been discovered. The look of baffled rage and undying hate which he threw around him was followed by an uncertain, disturbed look. He dared not make the signal agreed upon for a girdle of steel surrounded him. The lion was caged; the haughty lord of the forest caught in his own trap. But beating back his swelling rage, smothering with a strong effort the fires ready to burst into conflagration, he resumed his composure and sat down. Gladwyn rose to reply. Indulging in no suspicions, he received the belt of wampum as if it had been offered in the true spirit of conciliation and kindness. Pontiac was compelled to swallow his fierce passions and listen calmly, nay, outwardly with meekness, to the hypocritical harangue. The farce was the more striking for its being the finale of such an intended tragedy. These two men, burning with hatred against each other yet wearing the outward guise of friendship and expressing mutual trust and confidence, while such an unsprung mine of death and slaughter lay at their feet, presented a scene not soon to be forgotten by the spectators. At length the council broke up, and Pontiac, casting haughty and fierce glances on the ranks as he passed out, strode through the gate of the fort and returned, silent and moody, to his wigwam.

Determined not to be baffled so, he next morning returned to the fort, with but three chiefs, to smoke the calumet of peace, and another farce was enacted in which each endeavored to outdo the other in dissimulation.

To keep up this show of friendly relations, Pontiac, after the interview was over, retired to the field and, calling his young warriors together, had one of their wild, grotesque, indescribable games of ball. The next Monday, early in the morning the garrison found the common behind the fort thronged with the Indians of four tribes. Soon after Pontiac was seen advancing toward the fort accompanied by his chiefs. Arriving at the gate he demanded admittance. Gladwyn replied that he might enter alone, but that none of his riotous crew should accompany him. Pontiac, in a rage, turned away and repeated Gladwyn's reply to the Indians who lay hidden in the grass. In an instant the field was in an uproar. They leaped up, yelling and shouting, and finding nothing else to wreak their vengeance upon, went to the house of an old English woman and, dragging her forth, murdered

her. They also mangled and butchered a man by the name of Fisher.[1] Pontiac, scorning such revenge, hastened to the shore and launched his boat, sprang in, and turned its prow up the stream. With strong and steady strokes he urged it against the current till he came opposite the village of his tribe, when he halted, and shouted to the women to immediately remove to the other side of the river from that on which the fort stood. Pontiac then retired to his cabin and spent the day pondering future schemes of revenge. By night the removal was effected; and the warriors having returned from the fort, all were assembled on the grass. Suddenly Pontiac, in full war costume and swinging his tomahawk above his head, leaped into their midst and began a fierce and exciting harangue. When he had closed a deep murmur of assent followed and open war was resolved upon.

Gladwyn, now thoroughly alive to the danger that threatened him, kept the garrison under arms all night. Toward dawn the air was suddenly filled with yells, and the next moment the fort and surrounding landscape were lit up by the flash of muskets. The bullets struck the palisades like hail, and it was one incessant scattering fire from the unseen foe. At length the sun rose over the wilderness; but the light failed to reveal the lurking assailants. The garrison expected every moment to see their dusky forms pour in one fierce torrent over the frail works. But the Indians could not make up their minds to come in such close and deadly conflict with the soldiers, fully prepared to receive them. They lay hid in the grass and hollows, behind bushes, fences and barns, while all along a low ridge were incessant puffs of smoke from the invisible foe.

Within close shot of the fort stood a cluster of outbuildings, behind which the Indians collected in great numbers and picked off every man that dared show his head or expose a limb. The fire was especially galling from this spot. Finding it impossible to dislodge the savages with grape shot, Gladwyn ordered a quantity of spikes to be heated and fired instead. These were thrown red hot in handfuls down the cannon and hurled into the outbuildings. The heated metal, lodged in the beams and boards, set them on fire. Igniting in so many places simultaneously, the smoke had scarcely begun to ascend before they were wrapped in conflagration, the flames hissing and roaring through the entire mass with incredible velocity. The Indians, driven out by the heat, broke cover and ran leaping and yelling over the fields in such grotesque terror that the garrison burst into loud and derisive laughter.

This random, scattering fire was kept up for six hours, when the Indians withdrew. Gladwyn immediately sent La Butte,[2] an interpreter,

[1]Parkman says he was an Englishman living on what is now Belle Isle and had been a sergeant in the Regulars.
[2]A French interpreter to Gladwin.

to Pontiac to demand the reason of this attack. The chieftain received him kindly, but said he wished to consult with the English fathers, meaning the officers. Maj. Campbell, second in command, proposed to go, accompanied by Lieut. McDougal. Many suspected treachery, and advised them not to trust themselves in the hands of the Indians. They, however, persisted. The moment their red uniforms were seen in the distance the savages set up loud yells, brandishing sticks and assuming hostile attitudes while the dogs swelled the clamor with their furious barking. Pontiac calmed the tumult, received them courteously and called a council in one of the lodges. Campbell made a conciliatory speech, to which Pontiac deigned no reply whatever; and they sat there a whole hour in silence. This was ominous, and feeling ill at ease, Campbell arose to return to the fort, but Pontiac stopped him and retained both him and the lieutenant as prisoners. They never saw the fort again.

On the 12th of May the Indians again surrounded the place and laid regular siege to it, investing it night and day, evidently with the determination of starving the garrison out. Not a head could expose itself at a loophole or above the parapets but it instantly became the target of a hundred guns. The garrison were now kept constantly on the alert. No one took off his clothes or snatched a moment's repose except with his weapons by his side. They gradually cleared away by bold sallies all the outbuildings, fences and orchards in the vicinity of the fort, which furnished a covering for their assailants, so that the cannon could sweep the entire space. In the meantime two schooners that lay in the river brought their broadsides to bear, so as to sweep the northern and southern curtains, thus relieving the feeble garrison from the care of those two sides. The Indians, by crawling through the grass, endeavored to set the thatched roofs of the houses on fire with burning tow, but Gladwyn, anticipating this, had provided tanks and cisterns, so that the fire was extinguished as fast as it caught.

While these events, possessing such fearful interest to the beleaguered garrison, were transpiring the advancing spring had come in all its glory. The sparkling meadows had put on their robes of richest green, the bending tree tops swayed to the passing breeze, the forest spread its sea of verdure as far as the eye could reach, flowers dotted the winding river banks, the birds filled the air with their melody, and all nature seemed rejoicing in its own beauty and brightness.

The Canadian settlers were unmolested by the Indians and continued their peaceful pursuits. The farmer drove his team afield, the herds roamed the pastures, or reclined under the trees, untroubled by the

conflict raging so near them. It was a sweet, lovely spot in the bosom of the wilderness.

But what a contrast did that little fort present! Provisions were getting low; grease, tallow, and everything that could support life was hoarded with scrupulous care and distributed in parsimonious morsels. The streets were deserted and silent, for the soldiers lived on the ramparts. Occasionally a lazy Canadian, or weary sentinel, or an Indian girl in her gaudy trappings—mistress of some officer—would saunter along, breaking the otherwise sad monotony of the scene.

At this time Gladwyn heard that a detachment with provisions was on its way to Detroit. He immediately dispatched the smallest of the two schooners to hurry up the convoy. The Indians kept up their scourging fire every day, compelling the garrison to incessant watchfulness, which at length began to tell fearfully upon them. The news of the approaching convoy kept up their courage, and day after day the weary eye was strained along the river to catch the first sight of its coming. With the light of every morning many an anxious watcher turned his gaze down the river and looked till the fading twilight shut out his view. But not a word could be heard from the convoy or the schooner sent to hasten its advance. As the time passed by for its appearance the gravest fears began to be entertained for its safety, and men looked sadly in each other's faces.

At length one morning, the 30th of May, a shout was heard from the sentinel on the east bastion, announcing that the convoy was in sight. The news spread like wild-fire through the garrison. Soldiers rushed out of the gate that was protected by the guns of the schooners and, crowding the banks of the river, saw with unbounded delight, far away around a distant point, the fleet of boats slowly sweeping into view—the oars flashing in the sun, and the English flag fluttering in the breeze. Every heart bounded with excitement and joy, and three rousing cheers were sent over the water; while the guns fired a salute, shaking the banks with their stern welcome. But no answering cheers came back; and the fleet kept on in dead silence.

Suddenly swarthy figures arose in the boats, and, with wild gestures, sent back savage yells in response to the cheers. The soldiers looked on each other in blank dismay and silent terror. The fearful tidings needed no lips to give them utterance. Those yells and wild gestures told the whole melancholy story. The effect on the overtasked garrison was frightful. From the very summit of hope and joy they had fallen, without a moment's warning, to the lowest abyss of despair. Gloomy

and sad, they watched the approach of the boats—eighteen in number—till the occupants could be distinctly seen.

They were filled with Indians, in the midst of whom were placed English soldiers as rowers. In the leading boat were four soldiers and only three Indians. As this drew near the schooner one of the soldiers determined to make an attempt to escape. He made known his plans to his companions; and, under pretense of changing places with one of the oarsmen, threw himself on the most powerful of the three Indians and leaped overboard. The savage, taken off his guard, was easily overturned, but with the quickness of his race he seized the soldier as he was going under and plunged his knife into his side. Then followed a fearful struggle. Both were powerful men and they rolled over and over, the Indian locked in an embrace that only death could sunder. They came again and again to the surface. Sometimes the dripping scalp-lock and distorted, fiendish face of the savage uppermost, and then the pale, resolute countenance of the soldier gleaming a moment above the surface and as quickly disappearing in the boiling water. At last they sank together, and the eddying stream closed smoothly above them. The two remaining Indians, frightened at the onset that had precipitated their companion overboard, leaped into the river and swam for the shore. The soldiers then turned and pulled for the schooner. Some Indians, seeing this, put off in their light canoe and gave chase, firing as they approached, and wounding one of the soldiers. The others could make but slow headway with their heavy boat, and their pursuers rapidly gained on them. At length the schooner got her guns to bear and a round shot, skimming close to the English boat and plowing up the water among the light canoes of the Indians, sent them in consternation to the shore.

The convoy had been captured while making a landing on Lake Erie. The Indians, seeing the boats approach the shore lay in ambush, and falling on the troops while in confusion on the beach, took prisoners or killed more than two-thirds of the whole. The commander and forty others succeeded in making their escape, and finally reached Niagara—the first to announce the fearful fate that had overtaken the detachment. The Indians had brought with them over ninety prisoners to meet a more terrible doom than the one which had befallen their comrades who perished in the fight.

With their appetite for the blood whetted by their long abortive attempts to capture the fort, the Indians entered on the massacre of these men with unusual relish and refinement of cruelty that was fiendish. Some were compelled to run the gauntlet,[1] slashed at every

[1]See appendix.

step by knives in the hands of women, till they were literally hacked to pieces. Others were roasted before a slow fire; while others still were chopped up piece-meal. This barbarous mutilation and protracted torture were not the work of one or two days; and the survivors were compelled to witness agonies which they knew must soon be their own. The morning and evening gun of the fort broke sadly on their ears; reminding them of friends and home; but no succor could reach them, and they one after another fell under the fagot and knife of the savage. Those in the garrison could hear the yells of the savages and knew what they betokened, but could make no attempt at a rescue. Day after day the stream was cumbered with the charred and mutilated corpses with dissevered head and limbs; and as they came floating past the fort and the schooners at anchor abreast of it—the "fish nibbling at the clotted blood of faces and limbs"—many turned away weeping from the sad spectacle, while gloomy forebodings filled all hearts, for it told what their own fate would be should famine compel them to surrender or a successful surprise place the fort in the hands of the savages. But the stern-hearted looked on with flashing eyes and clenched teeth, while deep and fearful oaths were sworn to avenge their slaughtered comrades. All cursed the hour that Pontiac was allowed to leave the fort with his chieftains after his murderous purpose was known.

The clouds were now gathering dark and threatening around the brave little garrison, but a gloomier prospect awaited it. Shortly after this terrible overthrow of their hopes of relief, a party of savages appeared toward evening in the pastures behind the fort with scalps elevated on poles. They were the scalps of the garrison at Sandusky, which had fallen into the hands of the Indians.

A few days later word was brought in by some Canadians that the warlike Ojibwas had joined Pontiac, swelling the number of his warriors to 820. These with their squaws and children, amounted to 3,000, scattered about and encamped in the meadows.

The odds were heavy against the garrison, and their prospects of relief were growing less every day; but the gallant officer in command surveyed the danger that surrounded him with a cool courage, and determined that the flag floating above him should never be struck while there was one arm left to wield a sword. Meanwhile the disastrous news kept arriving of the fall of one post after another, till Detroit alone remained in the hands of the English. The cross of St. George had disappeared from the western waters, and the only symbol of Eng-

land's power beyond Lake Erie was that solitary flag that still, morning and evening was reflected in the stream that flowed by Detroit. One hundred and twenty men, grouped beneath it, stood sole representatives of her dominions throughout that vast territory.

At length, on the nineteenth of June, a rumor reached the fort that the schooner Gladwyn, that had been dispatched to hasten up the ill-fated convoy, was on its way back, bringing with it the survivors. She had nearly arrived in sight of the garrison when the wind failed and she dropped down the stream. Before her approach could be seen from the fort she would be compelled to pass a narrow part of the channel where 800 Indians were lying in ambush to attack her. The garrison, knowing that those on board could not be aware of the premeditated attack, were kept in a state of intense anxiety and painful suspense. The sentinels on watch turned their eyes incessantly down the river, hoping to catch a glimpse of the white canvas as it drifted around the distant point; but in vain. Morning dawned and night came, and still naught but the fish-hawk lazily wheeling above the tranquil stream, met the anxious gaze.

Thus day after day passed by without any appearance of the vessel or any report of her fate. So long a time had passed since she was seen only a few miles below that the garrison would have given up all hope of ever seeing her, believing she had shared the fate of the convoy, had it not been that the weather had continued unusually calm. They knew the schooner would not attempt to stem the current in that narrow channel without a favorable wind, and there had been none since the first announcement of her arrival. Day after day the stream lay like glass shimmering in the sun. The morning brought no breeze strong enough to ripple the surface of the river, and the deep red sun went down each night in the fiery west, leaving forest and stream calm and slumberous as before.

At length late in the afternoon of the twenty-third, a great commotion was observed among the Indians, and it was soon ascertained that the vessel had got under way. Gladwyn immediately ordered two cannons to be fired, to let those on board know that the fort still held out. The heavy reports were sent back by the surrounding forest, echoed away on the summer evening air, but no answering echo came back. As soon as the gallant little schooner felt the strength of the southern breeze, she weighed anchor, and spreading her sails to the wind, moved steadily up the channel between the main shore and Fighting island.

There were sixty men on board, though only a few were visible, in order to tempt the Indians to make an attack. These lay hid in the

tall grass, watching her movements with flashing eyes, and waiting till she should reach the narrowest part of the stream. This she had now done, and they were just ready to pour in a volley of musketry, when the wind suddenly dies away. The sails flapped idly against the mast, and the vessel, losing her headway, yielded to the force of the current, and began to drift slowly back. Thinking the breeze might soon spring up again and enable them to pass up the channel, an anchor was dropped, and she held there in the narrow part of the stream. But no breeze arose. The flaming sun went down in the glittering west, lighting up forest and river like a great conflagration, and painting that vessel with her sails still standing, against the green background of forest. But not a leaf rustled, nor the shadow of a passing breeze crept over the water. Unwilling to lose the ground she had won, the schooner still lay where she had anchored. At length the glorious sunset faded from the heaven, and the browner shadows of the summer evening stole over the landscape.

The savages, in their green hiding-place, saw with glittering eyes the vessel holding her place in the narrow channel; and restraining their wild impulse to make an immediate attack, plotted her surprise when deep midnight would conceal their approach.

The crew had seen no indications of Indians, but suspicious that the schooner's movements had all been watched, kept a strict look-out. After sunset a watch was set, while the men below lay upon their arms. Night settled slowly on the shore, until only its dim outline, and that of the dark forest could be seen. The schooner lay stripped of her canvas, and in the deep shadows of that moonless night her slender spars and rigging could not be traced against the sky. Only her dark hull loomed up in the gloom, like some black monster sleeping on the tide. Not a sound was heard on board; not a sound crept along the shore. A deep silence rested on everything, broken only by the piping frogs along the edges of the river, and the low steady rush of the water around the bows and along the sides of the vessel. The watch was ordered the moment they saw any signs of moving objects shoreward to give the alarm. But hour after hour passed on, and the warm summer night remained tranquil and serene; and that black, silent monster lay apparently deserted under the shadows of the overhanging forest.

At length the sentinel—whose eye by long and intent watching, had become accustomed to the darkness—detected moving shadows on the water, within gunshot of the vessel. Word was immediately passed below, and the men rapidly but silently took their appointed stations.

It had been arranged that the tap of a hammer on the mast should be the signal to fire. On came the gliding shadows, without a sound, moving slowly but steadily, so as to make no ripple—crowding closer and closer on the dark object looming up before them, little dreaming of the keen eyes that measured the steady advance.

At length, when within a few rods, the quick, sharp blow of the hammer on the mast rung out with startling clearness on the night air. In an instant that huge monster gaped and shot forth flame. The whole heavens were illuminated. From deck and sides, from cannon and musketry, the devastating storm fell. The surrounding shores, the dark forest, the vessel—masts and crew—and the crowd of naked and painted savages huddled together on the stream, were revealed as by a sudden flash of lightning. The schooner had allowed the Indians to approach so near before she opened her fire that the guns seemed to burst among the boats, blowing them out of the water. The effect was terrific. The roar and flames of such a volcano, opening in their very midst and scattering such ruin around, for a moment utterly paralyzed the Indians. The next moment they were flying in every direction, yelping and screeching, and never stopping till they had hid their swarthy bodies in the tall grass on shore. In this short time they had nearly thirty killed and wounded.

After a while they commenced firing from their place of concealment; when the schooner, giving them a parting broadside, lifted her anchor and dropped quietly down the river.

A few days after, taking advantage of a steady breeze, she again stood up the stream, passing the channel in safety. Steering close to the shore, when she came opposite the Wyandot village she poured in a shower of grape which sent them leaping and yelling to the woods for shelter. Keeping gallantly on her way, while cheer after cheer arose from the garrison, she moved to the side of her old consort, furled her white sails, and dropping her anchor, swung once more abreast of the fort. Her arrival was most welcome, and the greetings which the newcomers received came from warm and overflowing hearts. She brought, besides an accession of strength, munitions of war and provisions, of which they stood in most pressing need.

Pontiac was enraged that the vessel had got through safely. One convoy had been captured, and he believed that if he could keep men and provisions away a little while longer the fort would be compelled to surrender. He now had the long siege to go over again. This was discouraging; and as a last, desperate resort, he sent word to Gladwyn that 800 Ojibwas were on their way to reinforce him, and if the com-

mander did not surrender the fort he would take it by storm. To this imperious summons Gladwyn returned a contemptuous reply. Pontiac then called a council of war, to which he invited the Canadians, and made a long speech to induce them to join with him in reducing the fort. But his stirring appeals, and repeated declarations that theirs was a common cause, could not prevail on them to change their attitude of neutrality. Neither would they accede to his request to teach him the European method of making regular approaches against a fort.

Baffled in this scheme, the proud chieftain turned away, mortified but not humbled. He dared not come in open collision with them, for he had always placed his chief hopes of final success on the co-operation of France.

The two schooners had from the first been objects of great fear and dread. Not only did they keep the communication open with Niagara, which Pontiac was especially anxious to close, but their power of locomotion, by which they were enabled to take up new positions to counteract his movements, annoyed him excessively. Gladwyn, seeing this, resolved to make them still more effective. A large encampment having been formed on the shore above, beyond reach of the cannon in the fort, he resolved to break it up. So one day, taking with him some officers, he went on board the Gladwyn and weighing anchor and hoisting sail, he stood boldly up stream. There was a strong wind blowing almost dead ahead and he was compelled to tack from side to side to make progress. Crowding all sail, the schooner swept backward and forward up the river, to the great amazement of the Indians on shore, who stood wondering at this extraordinary movement. Right in the teeth of the wind she worked her way up stream, each tack causing fresh surprise to the savages. At length she made a long tack and came straight toward the Indian camp. Heeled over by the force of the wind, she lay on her side till the muzzles of her guns almost dipped into the water. The foam rolled away from her bows as, with bellying sails and leaning masts, she came gallantly on, driving, as the Indians fondly believed, straight on the shore. But when nearly aground the helm was jammed hard down, the bow swung gracefully into the wind, the sails fluttered and rattled in the gale the next moment, and bowing gracefully as she swung over, she lay on the other side and moved off on the opposite tack. A few rods brought her directly abreast of the encampment, when the anchor dropped with a sudden splash into the water. The cable ran sharply out, the sails came down on a run to the deck, and she lay motionless broadside to shore. While the Indians stood wondering what all this meant her guns suddenly

opened and round shot and grape went hurling and rattling among their wigwams, and crashed into the forest beyond, the loud explosion shaking the shore. The effect was indescribably ludicrous. The warriors, giving a terrified yell, turned and fled; the women snatched up their children, followed by the shriveled hags, yelping and screeching like whipped hounds, scuttled away for the woods as fast as their legs could carry them.

This experiment was afterwards repeated as often as the Indians pitched their tents near the shore. Constantly harassed by these flying batteries, and enraged at their immunity from vengeance, Pontiac invented a new method to compass their destruction, which was new to him, though old in maritime warfare. This was no less than the construction of fire ships, to be floated down upon the schooner. From the outset this savage chieftain had shown a fertility of resource which, if it had been joined to a little more scientific and practical knowledge, would have reduced the fort long before. The first raft was too small, and its time of greatest conflagration was miscalculated, as well as the course it would take when left to the current, and it miserably failed of the object. The second, planned with greater care and on a grander scale, was well calculated to produce the designed effect. The crews of the vessels were ignorant of the preparations going on for their destruction. But suspecting that the first attempt would be repeated, they kept a sharp lookout. One night, a little after dark, they saw, far up the river, a small, bright flame, not larger than a fisherman's torch, and apparently resting on the water. They watched it narrowly, as it began to broaden and brighten, till the whole channel was illumined by its glare. The owl flew hooting from his perch as the fiery apparition passed. The dogs set up a furious barking on shore, while the garrison crowded the ramparts to watch the progress.

It was an immense fire raft; and as the huge pile of combustible materials that loaded it became thoroughly ignited, and it drifted nearer, it illuminated the whole atmosphere like a burning ship. The leaping, crackling flames swayed to and fro in the night air, and a baneful light was cast on the shores and the neighboring forests, as the burning mass slowly floated down the current. When almost abreast the ships the light was so intense that the neighboring farm houses, the crowded ramparts of the fort and the crews of the two vessels at anchor stood revealed as in the clear light of day. By the same lurid gleam a vast crowd of naked, painted savages could be seen on shore watching the effect of their scheme. One of the schooners observing them suddenly threw a shower of grape into their midst, when they quickly vanished.

By good fortune, the blazing raft drifted too far inland, and passed between the vessels and the fort, just out of harm's way. The towering mass presented a sublime spectacle, as it moved majestically by, the burning logs and fragments breaking loose and tumbling down its sides, while showers of sparks and flames shot upward in the still air. The garrison and crews could see each other's faces in the red light, and each spar and rope of the two vessels was traced in lines of fire against the dark sky. When those in the fort saw that the fearful messenger had failed in its mission, and all danger was past, they sent up three cheers, which were answered with a will from those on board the vessels, and they breathed free again. The flaming, crumbling structure drifted slowly away, growing dimmer and dimmer as it receded, till it disappeared altogether and darkness and quiet once more settled on the landscape. This was too narrow an escape to let the experiment be tried again; and so boats were anchored up stream across the channel to arrest any raft that should hereafter be sent against them. The Indians commenced another, but seeing the precautions that had been taken abandoned it.

The siege had now lasted between two and three months and both parties were suffering severely from want of provisions. Pontiac was afraid to permit his warriors to seize them from the Canadians by force, and, bankrupt in his treasury, was compelled to issue promissory notes, written on birch bark, with which to buy them. To his credit it must be said, that he afterwards faithfully redeemed these notes. In this state of affairs negotiations were again opened, and the Wyandots and Potawatomies came forward to make peace. When the deputation from these tribes first visited the fort it was their intention to murder Gladwyn; but the commander noticing an Ottawa among them, called in the guard to arrest him. This intimidated them, and they subsequently ratified a treaty of peace. The Ottawas and Ojibwas, however, continued the seige and every day there were more or less firing and casualties.

Meantime unbeknown to the garrison, an expedition had been fitted out at Niagara for the relief of Detroit. It was placed under the command of Maj. Rogers, and consisted of twenty-two barges, loaded with cannon, provisions and munitions, and accompanied by 280 men. On the twenty-eighth of July it reached the mouth of the Detroit river not many miles below the fort. That night a dense fog settled on the water, and under cover of it Rogers began slowly to stem the stream. His progress was tedious and difficult, but the same dense curtain that hid the shores from his view, also effectually concealed his movements from the Indians. Next morning as the sentinel looked

from the ramparts, an impenetrable fog met his gaze on every side, shutting out the sky itself. But as the sun mounted the heavens the increasing heat began to act on the massive folds of mist, and parting one after another, they let down shafts of sunlight on the earth and water. At length the irradiated mass began to lift and move upward, and finally, gently breaking into fragments, sailed gracefully away on the freshening breeze. Through the dim vapory mist that still floated in spiral wreathes along the steaming surface of the river, the sentinel could detect a group of dark objects moving up toward the fort. The alarm was given, and soon eager eyes were bent on the suspicious apparition. The next moment a sudden puff of air swept the stream, and there on its glittering bosom lay the fleet of barges sweeping steadily toward the fort. No sudden joy followed the announcement, for the garrison did not know whether they were friends or foes. They had not heard a word of this expedition being sent to their relief, and they remembered their former bitter disappointment. They watched the approach of the barges for a while in silence; but as they drew nearer hope began to take the place of doubt, and Gladwyn ordered a salute to be fired. Before the echoes had died away in the forest a puff of smoke was seen to issue from the leading barge, and the next moment the answering report rung over the shores. All doubt was now at an end, and cheer after cheer went up from rejoicing, thankful hearts. The news flew through the town, and the hitherto deserted, silent streets were thronged with eager questioners. Their friends had come at last; they had not been forgotten, after all; and visions of plenty and final deliverance rose before them.

When the Indians from their lodges on shore saw this large convoy they could scarcely believe their eyes. It seemed impossible that it could be so near its destination and no rumor of its approach have reached them. Even the two tribes who had recently made peace could not conceal their annoyance and opened a sharp fire upon the fleet. The barges returned it, and for a long time two parallel lines of smoke, slowly advancing, alone told the progress of the expedition. The garrison watched the contest with intense interest; but at length the Indians, in following along the banks, came within range of the guns of the schooners, when they suddenly retired.

So sharp had been the contest that the English had fifteen killed, besides many wounded. As barge after barge came to shore it was received with frantic cheers. Friends rushed into each other's arms; strangers met as old familiar friends. After the debarkation the troops were drawn up and marched into the town, with colors flying and

drums beating—the inhabitants welcoming them with long and continued cheers. There was no room for them, however, in the barracks and they had to be quartered with the inhabitants outside. That was a day of feasting and joy in Detroit. The gloomy streets looked gay and cheerful again and a brighter sun never went down on this oasis in the wilderness than that night flooded the heavens with glory. The mournful death-march and the parting volley over the graves of those who had fallen in their efforts to reach them, was the only sad interruption to the abounding gladness and joy.

Capt. Dalzell, who had won great renown as a partisan warrior with Putnam, proposed next day a night surprise of Pontiac's encampment. This had been fixed just beyond Parent's creek—since called Bloody river[1]—which was about a mile and a half from the fort. A narrow bridge crossed the creek at this point, which was only a few rods from its entrance into the Detroit river. Gladwyn opposed Dazell's project for he had seen enough of Pontiac to doubt the success of any scheme based on taking that chieftain by surprise. He had much rather measure strength with him in the open field. Dalzell, however, persisted, and Gladwyn, knowing his skill and bravery, finally gave a reluctant consent.

The night of July 31 was fixed upon for the enterprise. What the result might have been had the premeditated attack been kept a profound secret it is impossible to say, but some Canadians gave information of it to Pontiac, who took his measures to defeat it with that sagacity which distinguished him.

At 2 o'clock in the morning the gates of the fort were thrown open, and Dalzell, at the head of 250 men, moved silently out, and filed two deep along the road. Two batteaux kept abreast of them in the river. The night was close and sultry, but the soldiers, in their light undress, moved confidently forward. Past waving cornfields, orchards laden with fruit, and quiet farm houses, the little column kept silently on. But the dogs, aroused by the unwonted spectacle, barked furiously, and the inhabitants, awakened by the clamor, leaped from their beds and gazed wildly out upon the gleaming bayonets, and listened with beating hearts to the muffled tread till it died away in the distance. Lieut. Brown commanded the advance guard of twenty-five men, Capt. Gray the center, and Capt. Grant the rear. The utmost precaution had been taken to prevent any noise that might alarm the enemy. But it was useless, for all this time dusky forms were flitting from barn to barn and cornfield to cornfield, noting each movement and

[1]Also known as Bloody Run. This stream was about one and one-half miles east of the fort.

reporting them to Pontiac. This chief had already broken up his camp and was on his way to surprise Dalzell.

The advance guard had just crossed the bridge, and the main body was on it, when there arose a yell out of the ground at their very feet, followed by a volley that stretched half their number on the earth. In an instant all was confusion; for no foe could be seen, while infernal yells filled the air, and fierce volleys flashed in their faces. Dalzell, whom no surprise could confuse, raised his voice above the clamor and, rallying his men to his side, charged on a run over the bridge. Pushing sternly on up the ridge on which Pontiac's entrenchments stood, to his dismay he found no foe, though behind, around, and on every side the deadly volleys flashed and the yells arose. At length he became completely entangled in a net-work of entrenchments and buildings, and not knowing which way to turn in the darkness, gave orders to retreat and wait for daylight. Capt. Grant was able to secure the bridge, when the dead and wounded were placed on board the batteaux and the crippled column began to fall back toward the fort. It had proceeded only about half a mile when it came to some outhouses and a new cellar, behind and in which the Indians lay packed, waiting for their enemy to arrive. Suddenly a yell arose and a wasting volley was poured in their very faces. The men, panic stricken, rushed together in confusion, only to fall a more easy prey to their foes. Dalzell, although bleeding from two wounds, rushed among them, sending his voice over the tumult, and endeavoring, by his own brave example and reckless exposure of his life, to reanimate their courage. He mingled threats with commands, and even smote with the flat of his sword those who refused obedience. By his great personal exertions he at length succeeded in restoring partial order, and the retreat recommenced.

It was not yet daylight and the invisible foe hung on the rear, revealing their presence only by the flashes of their guns. At length the day dawned dimly through the fog, but the work of destruction went on. Where the shot fell thickest there was Dalzell, steadying his men. At length a sergeant fell wounded, and seeing his comrades about to leave him, turned such a piteous look on Dalzell that the brave and generous warrior could not resist it and rushing back to his rescue fell dead by his side. Maj. Rogers threw himself with his detachment into the house of a Canadian farmer named Campau[1] and held it. Grant, a half mile ahead, made a stand in an orchard and some inclosures and kept the savages at bay, until he effected a communication with the fort. The women in Campau's house were fastened below, and for a

[1]See appendix.

while the fight was close and sanguinary there, and shots, and yells, and oaths mingled in wild confusion. The soldiers dared not break cover and fall back on the fort for the road swarmed with savages. At length, however, the batteau, having discharged their load of wounded and dead in the garrison, returned, and opening their swivels on the Indians scattered them into the forest. Under their protection the detachment emerged from their cover and fell back on the fort. No sooner had they left than the Indians rushed in to scalp the dead. One squaw slashed open the dead body of a soldier, and scooping up the warm blood in her hands, drank it. At eight o'clock the last of the column, limping and bleeding, staggered through the gates, and the struggle was over. For six hours this disorderly conflict had raged, in which fifty-nine soldiers had been either killed or wounded. The Indians had suffered comparatively little, and were wild with joy at their astonishing victory. Runners were dispatched in every direction with the exciting news, which was followed everywhere by war dances and gathering of the tribes to battle, till the wilderness swarmed with the inpouring reinforcements.

But that was a sad day for the garrison. In one short morning all their bright prospects had vanished. One-quarter of those sent to succor them had already fallen, and their enemies, instead of being disheartened by the increased strength they had received, were more elated than ever. The streets presented a funereal aspect, and the hearts that had throbbed high with expectation now beat mournful time to the music of the muffled drum, as it accompanied rows of dead to their graves. The bodies of many could not be recovered; and the Canadians as they went to their harvest fields in the morning, stumbled over many a stalwart soldier stretched on the green sward. It was a gloomy day, and the boom of the evening gun at sunset that night awoke mournful memories and sad forebodings in the hearts of the garrison. The Indians now grew bolder, and reinforcements coming in, the country was covered with their encampments.

Previous to the attack on Pontiac's camp, the schooner Gladwyn had been sent to Niagara with letters and dispatches. Her return was narrowly watched by the Indians, who determined that she should not escape them the second time. She had a crew of only ten men, with six friendly Iroquois on board. The schooner entered the river on the night of the 3d, and next morning foolishly let the Indians go ashore. They gave information of the schooner's weakness in force to the hostile tribes. Three hundred and fifty immediately started in pursuit.

The vessel kept on till nightfall, when the wind dying away she came to anchor within nine miles of the fort.

The sky was heavily overcast, so that when night had fully set in the darkness was almost total. Remembering her former experience in the same locality, a strict watch was kept; but the darkness was so impenetrable that no object could be seen a few yards from the vessel. This was favorable to the Indians, who knew that if they could once reach the schooner without being swept by grape-shot, they could soon overpower the feeble crew. Dropping noiselessly down the current in their bark canoes, those three hundred and fifty Indians were almost against the vessel before they were discovered. The alarm was instantly given, and the next instant the whole scene was lit up by her broadsides. Before a second one could be given, however, the Indians, with knives in their teeth, were climbing thick as ants up the sides of the schooner, yelling and shouting like demons. The crew had only time to give one volley of musketry when the Indians began to pour over the bulwarks and it became a fierce hand-to-hand fight. The whites saw at once that the struggle was a hopeless one; but they resolved to sell their lives as dearly as possible. At this critical moment the mate called out to blow up the schooner. The order rang out clear and distinct over the din of the conflict, and some of the Wyandots, understanding its import, gave the alarm. The sudden broadside of a frigate within pistol-shot would not have created such a panic. The frightened wretches did not stand on the order of their going, but with unearthly yells plunged overboard and dropped like rats from the rigging on which they were hanging, and swam for shore, ducking their heads like otters, as if they expected every moment to see the air filled with the blazing fragments of the shattered vessel. They were so thoroughly frightened that they did not venture to return, and the remainder of the night passed quietly.

The fight lasted but a few moments, yet so fierce and deadly had it been that twenty-seven Indians were killed or wounded, while of the crew of ten only four remained untouched. The next morning the schooner hoisted sail, and soon her answering salute told the anxious garrison that she had escaped the clutches of the savages. Her single broadside of the night before had alarmed the garrison and not hearing it repeated, they had been filled with the gravest fears. She brought provisions sufficient to last only a short time, and all were put on short allowance.

The long and weary summer at length wore away, and the frosty nights and chilling winds of autumn reminded them of the approach of

winter, when they would be blocked in beyond all hope of succor. The Indians had neglected their crops, and they, too, began to look anxiously forward to the winter, for which they were poorly provided. At the end of September several of the tribes broke up their camps and left. Pontiac, however, remained, and though he dared not attack the fort, he kept the garrison as closely confined as they would have been if besieged by an army of 10,000 men. The beautiful month of October passed like the sultry summer. The farmers had gathered in their harvests; the forests had put on the glorious hues of autumn, till the wilderness was one immense carpet of purple and gold and green. The placid river reflected if possible, in still brighter colors, the gorgeous foliage that overhung its banks. And when the mellow breeze ruffled its surface, broke up the rich flooring into ten thousand fragments and forms, till it looked like a vast kaleidoscope. The dreamy haze of the Indian summer overspread the landscape; the forest rustled with falling leaves, the wild fowl gathered in the stream, or swept in clouds overhead, winging their way to the distant ocean; and all was wild and beautiful in that far-off island of that wilderness. But all this beauty passed unnoticed by the little beleaguered garrison.

At length the cold storms swept the wilderness filling the heavens with leaves and scattering them thick as snow flakes over the bosom of the stream, until the gaily decorated forest stood naked and brown against the sky. Still Pontiac lingered, determined to starve his enemies out. But as November approached he received a message from Fort Chartres on the Mississippi, which, at the same time it filled his daring spirit with rage, crushed his fondest hopes. It was a dispatch from the French commander at that post, telling him that he must no longer look for help from that quarter, as the French and English had made peace. Enraged and mortified he broke up his camp and retired with his warriors to the Maumee.

Soon after Pontiac left, word arrived from Maj. Wilkins who was on his way with a detachment to relieve the fort, that he had been overtaken by a storm, his boats wrecked with all the ammunition and stores, and seventy of his company had perished. This was gloomy tidings with which to commence the winter. At last the river was bridged with ice, the drifting snow piled up around the fort, and the rigors of a winter in that high latitude were upon them. Though no longer fearing an attack, the soldiers could not stray beyond cannon range or hunt in the woods, without danger of being shot, as scattering Indians still lingered in the vicinity. Much suffering was experienced during the winter and the cold months passed wearily away. The first

flight of wind fowl from the south, heralding the spring, was hailed with joy; but the mild weather soon brought back also tribes of Indians, who again commenced their attacks on the fort. This was kept up till mid-summer, when Bradstreet arrived with a large force and relieved the garrison from its fifteen month's close confinement.

The posts that had fallen into the hands of the Indians were soon regained, and Capt. Morris was sent to Pontiac to offer terms of peace. The haughty chieftain received him on the outskirts of his camp, and refusing to give him his hand, bent his flashing eye on him and exclaimed, "The English are liars!" He indignantly spurned all proposals, and taking with him his 400 warriors, broke up his camp at Maumee, and crossing the Wabash, passed from village to village among the tribes, calling on them to arm in a common cause. Finding them timorous from the repeated chastisements they had received from the English, he threatened them, saying, "If you hesitate, I will consume your tribes as the fire consumes the dry grass on your prairies." Terrified at his menaces, they consented to rally to his support.

Keeping on his fiery way, Pontiac reached Fort Chartres on the Mississippi. St. Ange,[1] the commander, who had been troubled enough by the discontented tribes, was completely disheartened when Pontiac, with his 400 warriors at his back, stalked into the fort. He made all sorts of explanations and excuses when the chieftain claimed his assistance in exterminating the English. But Pontiac would listen to none of them. He had not been borne up by a lofty purpose so long to abandon it now, and still clinging to the hopes of French aid, he turned to the countless tribes that swarmed the western wilderness and endeavored to band them in one great united crusade against the English. Haughtily leaving the fort he encamped without and immediately dispatched messengers down both sides of the Mississippi to enlist the tribes along its banks in his grand scheme. They were everywhere successful, and the western wilderness was filled with ominous murmurings that betokened a rising storm. It was no common mind that planned this comprehensive scheme, which was not based on mere desire for war or plunder, but adopted as the only means of saving the red man from extermination. Years afterward Tecumseh conceived the same bold undertaking.

Pontiac's messengers continued down the Mississippi till they reached New Orleans, where they had an interview with the French governor. He threw cold water on the whole project, saying that Pontiac must not expect any help from the French, as they had made peace with

[1]See appendix.

the English. This report, brought back to the chief, discouraged him. All his appeals to the various tribes had been backed by the promise of aid from the French, and only on the fulfillment of this promise could he hold them. He felt that his long cherished scheme must be abandoned. Baffled and mortified, yet filled with rage, he knew not which way to turn. At last, yielding to inevitable fate, he bowed his haughty spirit and returned to Detroit and accepted the offers of peace.

Pontiac appears no more on the scene till 1769, when he visited Fort St. Louis, then commanded by his old acquaintance, St. Ange. While here he heard that there was a great frolic among the Illinois Indians across the river; and though urged by St. Ange not to go, he went over. One day, excited by the fumes of liquor, he entered the forest to perform some incantation, when he was followed stealthily by an Indian, who had been bribed with a barrel of whisky by an English trader to assassinate him. Creeping behind the unsuspecting chieftain he buried his tomahawk in his head. The Illinois defended the act, and a terrible war followed. The warriors who had listened to Pontiac's eloquence gathered together from far and near, and torrents of blood flowed to avenge his ignominious death. The Illinois never recovered from the terrible punishment they received for this dastardly act of one of their tribe.

Thus passed away this barbaric chieftain, who, had he occupied the same relative position in civilized life, with all its advantages of education, would have been one of the great men of the world. His body lay upon the spot where it had fallen until St. Ange sent to claim it and buried it with martial honors near his fort. No mound or tablet[1] marked his burial place; but above it has since arisen St. Louis, the Queen City of the Northwest, and the palefaces, whom he hated so intensely, tread in thousands over the forgotten grave of the forest hero.

[1] *Cf. ante,* p. 614 appendix.

HISTORY OF THE ORGANIZATION OF THE MUSKEGON COUNTY PIONEER AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The seeds of a pioneer organization were sown many years since, and their growth began to show signs of life in 1879 when the social reunion of old settlers took place at the residence of Mrs. Adeline Eldred and her father, John Ruddiman,[1] on Terrace street, city of Muskegon. This gathering brought together many of those associated in the earlier days of the settlements on and around Muskegon lake.

THE FIRST PICNIC

In the summer of 1882 an effort was made toward organization by Peter Everett, of Norton, and its result was a picnic of old settlers held at Mona Lake,[1] Station on the 10th day of September, 1882. The late Samuel B. Peck[1] was present and read a paper to the goodly number who enjoyed the occasion. The officers chosen at that time for the ensuing year were: Henry Beach, president; James H. Whitney, secretary; and a business committee of F. F. Bowles, William Churchill and J. O. Antisdale, all of these living in the vicinity of the place of meeting.

SECOND PIONEER PICNIC

Under the direction of the above named officers, arrangements were made for, and the second annual picnic was held at Mona Lake Station on the 9th day of September, 1883. A large number were present and enjoyed the occasion. Addresses were made by Major Chauncey Davis,[1] Hon. Henry H. Holt, and others, telling of their varied experiences in the days when they were pioneers, long years before in Muskegon county. The officers chosen at this time for the coming year were: F. F. Bowles, president; James H. Whitney, secretary; and William Churchill, Peter Everett, Joseph E. Randall, J. O. Antisdale, and Charles Butterworth, business committee.

[1]See appendix.

PICNIC OF 1884

August 13, 1884, was chosen for the third annual gathering of pioneers at Mona Lake, and for this better preparations had been made than for the preceding meetings. A special train ran from the city of Muskegon to accommodate such of those as wished to go. The result of this was a larger attendance than at any of the previous picnics. A good time was had by all. Talks upon pioneer experiences were made by Peter Everett, Hon. Henry H. Holt, Hon. Daniel Upton, Sr., Samuel H. Stevens, Maj. Chauncey Davis, Benjamin Brist, Rev. George Forshee, F. F. Bowles and Henry Beach, each recalling some half-forgotten scenes of the early days and awakening memories of still other events linked with pioneer life. Peter Everett exhibited his pioneer knapsack, with a mortar for cracking corn, and other useful implements of border life. The president and secretary of last year were re-elected and Henry Beach was chosen vice-president, a new office, and William Churchill was selected as treasurer, though there is no record of his ever having had enough society money to keep him awake nights nor to worry his bondsmen about his being faithful.

FOURTH ANNUAL PICNIC

September 26, 1885, was the date of the fourth gathering of old-timers at Mona Lake Station. Addresses were made by Messrs. Holt, Everett and Upton who had appeared upon former occasions, also by George T. Clark, G. F. Outhwaite, R. S. Thomson (since deceased), Elias E. Campeney, Hugh Park, W. F. Wiselogel and others.

The dinner on this occasion was quite a feature under the direction of the table committee as follows: Mr. and Mrs. William Churchill, Mr. and Mrs. David M. Roy, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Randall, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Whitney and Mr. and Mrs. William Everett. The day, though late in the season, was an enjoyable one and a large number were present. The officers elected were: Peter Everett, president; Hugh Park, vice-president; Daniel Upton, sr., Secretary; Riley Clemens, treasurer.

FIFTH MONA LAKE PICNIC

A cold, damp day greeted the few who came to Mona Lake station on the eleventh of September, 1886, to picnic and gather reminiscences of the past. The dinner was the great event and was discussed at length; then came speeches by Messrs. Holt, Upton, Stevens, Campeney and Everett, also from P. J. Connell, Prof. C. L. Whitney, E. N.

Van Baalen and others, who took the stump in succession. The election of officers which followed resulted in the choice of Henry H. Holt, president; C. L. Whitney, vice president; Daniel Upton, sr., secretary, and Peter Everett, treasurer. Up to this time no formal organization had existed and it seemed to many present that a broader field should be occupied and a legal and formal organization effected to improve the same and obtain more abundant fruit. On motion of C. L. Whitney supported by S. H. Stevens, it was duly ordered that a meeting should be formerly called at the office of the president during the month of January, 1887, to organize and incorporate a county pioneer society for Muskegon county under the statutes of the State. Owing to the protracted absence from home of both the president and vice president during the winter months, no call was issued and no meeting held as provided in the above resolution. Hence the former informal organization was utilized in preparing for the

GREAT PIONEER PICNIC OF 1887

The year 1887 was the seventy-fifth anniversary of the first settlement in the county, when the "trading post" was established at the mouth of Muskegon lake, and it was agreed by all that the picnic of this year would not only be a fitting celebration of this event but also of the semi-centennial of the organization of the township of Muskegon which, at its organization, embraced nearly all of the present county of Muskegon.

The trading post and little township had now been succeeded by a great, busy, thriving city, which with other new forces was fast developing the interests and promoting the growth of the county. The Muskegon, Grand Rapids & Indiana railroad company had recently laid its iron bands across the county, chaining its southeasterly limits to the lake, and it was being rapidly followed by the Toledo, Saginaw & Muskegon railroad binding the northeastern frontier to the metropolis of the shore of Lake Michigan. Opposite the city upon the peninsula between Muskegon and Bear lakes the former corporation had bought a tract of land reaching across the peninsula and were fitting up at great expense most commodious and delightful pleasure and picnic grounds in full view of the "City of Saw Mills." As early as June the officers of this railroad had hinted to us that the grounds, called Interlake park, would be at our disposal to use for the pioneer picnic and semi-centennial celebration. Later, as the work of preparation and building progressed we were invited to visit the park and inspect its

conveniences and see if they were available, which we did, accepting the courtesies of Capt. Majo of the pleasure steamer "George P. Savidge." We found the picnic grounds all that had been claimed for them, for there were two of them. Interlake park being grandly fitted up by the M., G. R. & I. Co. and the Peninsular park owned by Capt. Majo of the "Savidge." The parks were especially well fitted by nature for the purposes for which they were used and the enterprise and good taste of the owners had added much to their convenience and beauty. Both parks were freely placed at the disposal of the committee having the pioneer picnic of 1887 in charge. Three or more weeks before the time for the picnic a meeting of officers and those interested in the coming reunion was called at the city hall building. A few only responded to the call, but the few went to work. Committees were appointed, and Tuesday the thirtieth day of August, was set for the grand reunion, at which time the grounds and the pavilion were to be in readiness for use.

As the day of the gathering drew near, large forces of men were put to work on the grounds and on the docks adjacent to have them in readiness. The very air seemed to carry the infection of preparation, for while the arrangements were being perfected by the committee in charge of the arrangements here, the people all over the county were arranging to test these preparations to the utmost. The committee in charge advised with Capt. Majo regarding the arrangements for the transportation of the people to and from the parks. More and better facilities were deemed necessary and Messrs. Majo and Brown at once sent for and secured the double deck steamer, Macatawa, to aid in the transfer of the people to and from the parks.

August 30th came and was all that could be wished for by those interested. At an early hour the officers were in attendance upon the grounds directing the placing of the many long tables and seats and the building of more.

The pavilion was finely decorated with flags and across the entire end back of the speakers' stand was a streamer with the word "Muskegon" and underneath the word the three very important dates, "1812, 1837, 1887." Before the appointed hour the grounds were well filled with people who had come by team or boat, each and all bringing well-filled baskets and a plenty of hearty good wishes.

At 11 a. m. the parks were both well-filled and every table and bench pre-empted, and even the standing room was well occupied by groups of people. All were quiet and orderly, glad to see each other, to renew acquaintances long since begun, to refresh the memory of

by-gone days and to add new friends to those already acquired. All seemed happy and to enjoy the day, the occasion and everything connected with it. A little after the hour set, the meeting was called to order and work upon the program was carried out with such changes as the proceedings published herewith will show. During the time of the speaking and before and after, an opportunity was afforded all present to register their names in a handsome volume provided for the occasion, showing the name and address of each person registering, place and date of settlement in the county, place and date of nativity, and other data, thus giving a record of much valuable information for future use.

When the program had been finished the floor in the pavilion was cleared and all who desired had an opportunity to show themselves "light of foot" as well as "light of heart."

The best of days have an end and night came all too soon on this occasion and the people reluctantly sought their homes, and all of the 5,000 or 7,000 people who gathered at Interlake and Peninsular parks that day will long remember the pioneer picnic and semi-centennial celebration of 1887 and their enjoyment of it.

At 10:30 a. m., Henry H. Holt, president of the Muskegon County Pioneer Society, called the meeting to order and spoke as follows:

You are all aware that we have several objects in view in our gathering here today. In the first place we are here for a picnic and an enjoyable season. In the second place it is for the purpose of observing in a proper manner the semi-centennial anniversary of the organization of the township of Muskegon. In addition to these objects we are to take action as regards the opening of this beautiful park to the public by the Muskegon, Grand Rapids & Indiana Railroad Company.

So far as we can learn this locality was first inhabited in 1812, seventy-five years ago, by Indian traders, and that an Indian trading post was established at that time near the mouth of Bear Lake.[1]

Fifty years ago this town was organized as a township by the legislature of the new State of Michigan—what was then the new State of Michigan—December 30, 1837. The township[2] as then organized included all the south part of what is now the county of Muskegon, as well as that part of what was then Ottawa county, lying north of the division line between ranges eight and nine. That line was the south line of the new town and following north along the shore of Lake Michigan it took in all the north part of Muskegon county. It also included the township of Chester, which is still a part of Ottawa county.

[1]See Vol. 1, p. 286, this series.
[2]*Cf. supra*, p. 659.

This territory was organized into a township and was called the township of "Maskego."[1] The act was approved on the 20th of December, 1837. I have the session laws of the legislature of that session. It is a small book (showing book) but it contains not only the general and local laws of the session of the legislature for the year 1837, but the general and local laws of 1838 are also included in this little volume. Now, as you understand, it requires two large volumes to contain the laws of one session.

The following is the act that was passed at the session of 1837: "An act to organize certain townships." This included a number of townships throughout the State. Section 2 of that act reads as follows: "All that portion of the county of Ottawa lying north of the dividing line between ranges eight and nine be and the same is hereby set off and organized into a separate township by the name of 'Maskego,' and the first township meeting held therein, shall be held at the house of Newell & Wilcox in said township."

That was the organization of the township of Muskegon, but it was then by some means, I don't know why, and nobody seems to know, called "Maskego." This was done at an adjourned meeting of the legislature held in 1837. This was the first organization. Although no action was taken under that law, as the time for holding the spring election did not occur until April following, and at the coming session, which was held, of course, in 1838, this act of organizing the town of "Maskego" was repealed, in March, 1838, and section 41 of act number 22 of the session laws of 1838 was passed. It provides that: "All that part of the county of Ottawa lying north of the township line between townships eight and nine north be and the same is hereby set off and organized into a separate township by the name of Muskegon, and that the first township meeting held therein shall be held at the house of Newell & Wilcox in said township."

This act was a repetition of the first act, excepting that of the township was called the township of Muskegon instead of the township of "Maskego." The second act was recognized and the township election of officers was held on the 2d day of April, 1838, at which the township organization was perfected and a supervisor elected and other township officers chosen.

So that we are here today to recognize and celebrate the semi-centennial anniversary of the organization of the township of Muskegon, and we say that it is not only fit and proper but that it is due to those old settlers, those old persons who were then active and who assisted in the accomplishment of this measure, that their acts should

[1]See Vol. XXXVIII, p. 473, for organization of county by W. L. Jenks.

be recognized and that we should meet them here in this way. We are here for still another purpose and that is to commemorate the semi-centennial anniversary of the establishment of the Muskegon postoffice. The Muskegon postoffice was to all intents and purposes established in 1837. It is true that the organization of the postoffice was in 1838, but it was so near the line between the two years that we can call it and have a right to call it 1837. The postoffice of Muskegon was established on the third day of January, 1838. Henry Penoyer[1] was at that time appointed postmaster of the Muskegon postoffice. The postoffice, you will remember, was at Bluffton. Bluffton was the central or main point of this whole surrounding country, from Casnovia, Six Corners, Ravenna and Moorland and west to the lake, the center of all that country. On the third of January Henry Penoyer was appointed postmaster, and, as it happened, was a Democrat, and as it happens again, we have another Democratic postmaster on the fiftieth anniversary of its establishment. It is a singular coincidence, but we remember, too, that in later times most of the postmasters have been Republicans; but it so happens that the first and last are Democrats. What their successors during the next fifty years will be, of course we cannot tell. It will be remembered too, that at that time the central point or village of this locality was expected would be at the mouth of the river near C. D. Nelson's mill, and the land around Bluffton was considered the most valuable. The United States, you remember, gave a certain amount of land to the State of Michigan for university purposes, that is for the purpose of endowing a University at Ann Arbor. The commissioners who had the matter in charge thought they did a wise thing when they selected those sand hills at Bluffton as the valuable land—as the land that would bring the best price. They did not care anything about the land at the head of the lake where the city now is; that was of no account. They selected the land about Bluffton and around the mouth of the Muskegon river, as that was to be the city and the center of all this country around here. They selected that as University land when there was so much valuable land in Casnovia, Ravenna and Moorland and in the country thereabout that might have been selected instead. You know what the land at Bluffton is and what it is on the north side of the river.

I have other interesting papers here relating to our history. Here is the commission that was issued to Henry Penoyer, the first postmaster of Muskegon, when Martin Van Buren was president. This is the identical paper signed by Amos Kendall, as postmaster general. [Showing paper.] The paper was given to me by Henry Penoyer and

[1]Henry Penoyer and his brother Augustus built a mill at Penoyer Creek, near Newaygo. Henry afterward moved to Nunica.

although I never was a postmaster, I have a commission as such. There are many other things I might refer to. Will say that I have here the sheet showing the canvass of the votes of the first State election held in the township of Muskegon. At that election, as shown by this canvass, William Woodbridge received twenty-one votes for governor; Thomas Fitzgerald received nineteen votes. If anyone can figure up how many twenty-one and nineteen make they will know how many votes there were in the township. Anyone in the crowd can do it. I shall not try to do it myself. It will be remembered that this was the entire vote of what is now Muskegon county, including a township that does not now belong to it—the township of Chester. William Woodbridge, you will remember, was the Whig candidate for governor, and Thomas Fitzgerald was the Democratic candidate, in 1838. I say that number of votes put together makes the aggregate of votes of Muskegon county and the township of Chester included, and you can judge for yourselves whether we have increased in population, or whether it is to be accounted for by a difference in the method of counting the votes then and now. Perhaps some of these politicians can tell us. I don't know.

There are a number of other things I might mention. Here, for instance, I have a paper received from Mr. Penoyer which reads like this: "1842. Township of Muskegon, to M. Ryerson,[1] debtor. To recording fourteen folios, $2.52; meeting of the township board, one day, $1; total, $3.52." This amount, $3.52, Martin Ryerson claimed as his pay for a year's salary as township clerk. [Great laughter.] A man must necessarily be expected to become wealthy who started with such a lucrative salary in the early history of our county, and a man that couldn't get rich at that isn't much of a man. He seems to have been a very good writer, too, this is his own hand writing as shown in 1842.

And while we are celebrating the anniversary of the organization of our township let us not forget a pleasant feature of it. Mr. Shelby, vice-president of the Muskegon, Grand Rapids & Indiana Railroad Company, kindly invited us to come here and have our meeting on this occasion. It was very kind of Mr. Shelby as well as other officers of the railroad company. Mr. Keating,[1] too, who is one of the directors of the company, has been very active in this respect and is entitled to the thanks of this society for his kindness in assisting in preparing to hold the meeting in this park. It was a very generous act on the part of the officers to build and prepare this park and these grounds, and I trust the citizens of Muskegon and vicinity will ever remember this when-

[1]See appendix.

ever they come here for enjoyment. These celebrations are often very pleasant, and occasions like this are not entirely unprofitable, although it is said that picnics are only for pleasure. I think the statement is not entirely true, that they are only for pleasure. I think very many times they are profitable as well as pleasant. We came here today with the idea of preserving a great many reminiscences connected with our early history. We have a reporter here who is taking down these reminiscences, which we are relating, for the purpose of preserving them as a part of the history of the township, and it is right and proper that they should be preserved. We don't want our history to become mythology. When boys, we used to read mythology and we did not know whether what we read was true or not; we did not know where history began and mythology ended. We remember reading about Romulus and Remus being nursed by the wolves, and all sorts of stories of that kind. Now, if they had had picnics and reporters in those early days they would not have had those mythological stories to relate. They would either have been matters of history or not been preserved at all.

These pioneer picnics are intended to preserve the history, so far as possible, of our townships and localities. So that we say, that while these picnics are very pleasant, they are, in fact, really profitable to us, or can be made so, if all parties take a part in relating the reminiscences of their own personal experiences. And we intend that this picnic will be conducted in this manner. We expect to hear from a number of these men, who will tell of their experiences, what they know and have seen of the early history of the township, and it will be preserved in this way, so that our picnic will be made a profitable as well as a pleasant one.

I have said more than I intended and I hope you will bear with me for so doing. I have said this as an outline of what we expect to do, or perhaps as a sort of order of exercises.

We will now listen to Mr. L. N. Keating, one of the directors of the M., G. R. & I. R. R.

Mr. Keating spoke as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen and Members of the Pioneer Society of the County of Muskegon:

A few years ago Mr. McGraft and myself were at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, in consultation with the vice-president of the Pennsylvania railroad company in relation to the building of this railroad to this city from Grand Rapids. Vice-President Messler said, in the course of that interview, "We want the citizens of Muskegon to understand that

when the Pennsylvania company comes into Muskegon, that it will be like a stone wall back of your town for its prosperity and success," and I need hardly add that the improvements made by the Pennsylvania company and the Grand Rapids & Indiana company in the city and county of Muskegon are a guarantee that the road is like a stone wall back of this city and its 22,000 population, and is a guarantee of its future prosperity and commercial supremacy. We found when the question of building this road in here was considered, that it was necessary to look for some outlet for excursion business that would come in this direction, and it was necessary to seek an outlet for recreation on this lake and Lake Michigan that lies beyond.

Four of our citizens, Messrs. McGraft, Mason, Misner (Miner) and myself, took the contract and purchased these ninety-three acres of land and placed our money and credit into the enterprise for the purpose of holding it until it could be taken care of by railroad control and made a park of, that would be an honor and a credit to the city. We have turned over to this railroad company ninety-three acres of land. About fifty acres lie between Muskegon lake on the south side and Ruddiman avenue on the north. The remaining forty odd acres lie between Ruddiman avenue and Bear lake. It lies within the village of North Muskegon, as you well know, and the village authorities have promised, when we are ready for it, to put water mains from the waterworks of the village of North Muskegon into these grounds in order that a sufficient supply of water may be secured for the decoration and useful purposes necessary in the grounds.

If it had not been for the large demands placed upon the Grand Rapids & Indiana road this season to take care of its excursion business to the straits of Mackinac, the work of improving these grounds would have gone forward with more rapidity. But this railroad company found itself in a shape that it could not furnish rolling stock for the purpose of taking care of these excursions this season.

Now, I understand that the main object of an address is that it should be short, and I am authorized in behalf of this railroad company to say to you that we make you all welcome here today.

And a year from now, if you gather once more with the close of our hospitality, we will then make you twice welcome, and hope that you will come a year from now and the year succeeding, and that each year we shall be able to entertain you with handsomer conditions, and to show you, fellow citizens of Muskegon, that this road is a stone wall back of your prosperity and success. We invite you all as our guests

here within these grounds today, and it is a standing invitation with the understanding that the latchstring is always out and that the citizens of Muskegon can use it at their pleasure and at their will. [Applause.]

Mr. Holt: *Ladies and Gentlemen*—We are sorry to be obliged to say that Mr. Moon, whom it was expected would respond to the address of Mr. Keating, is not here today. His father, we understand, is very sick at Ypsilanti and it is impossible for him to be here under the circumstances.

Mr. Whitney—Inasmuch as Mr. Moon is not here to respond to the address of welcome by Mr. Keating, I move that we extend a vote of thanks to the Muskegon, Grand Rapids & Indiana railroad, and to Mr. Keating its representative, for the welcome we have received here today.

Such motion, on being put by the chairman was carried unanimously. On motion of Mr. Whitney adjourned for dinner.

After dinner—2 o'clock p. m.

Mr. Holt: We will commence the exercises this afternoon by an address by ex-Mayor Stevens.

Mr. Stevens was introduced and spoke as follows:

Mr. President, old settlers and citizens—You have gathered here at this hour to recall the scenes of earlier days, to con over the old joke and story which cast a halo of beauty over the then life, rendering those the brightest and sweetest of all the years. Memory, that faculty of the mind which rescues from oblivion the past, recalls the days of joy and sorrow, of suffering and death of the long ago. As the traveler standing on the mountain top looks down the steep descent over which his weary feet have trod, most vividly remembers the green and grassy mounds whereon he sat him down to rest; so we, standing today on the mountain top of life's noonday, will most vividly recall the scenes of joy and pleasure of our earlier days, those green and grassy mounds whereon the soul found rest.

Over half a century has passed since Henry Penoyer, that veteran pioneer, planted the first evidences of civilization in this locality, in the erection of a small log cabin; and just fifty years the coming September since the first raft of lumber was floated down the Muskegon river and the first sawmill erected just around the bend. Forty-nine years since the first cargo of lumber was shipped from this port. Today cast your eyes around over this beautiful lake, whose placid waters reflect the scintillant rays of the summer sun.

What a magnificent scene meets your gaze. A half century ago the beautiful homes, stupendous sawmills and manufacturing establishments which now line its shores, the hum and rush and push of busy life which meets your eyes, existed only, if at all, in the over sanguine mind. No magnificent steamers then plowed its glimmering waters and the white sails of commerce dotted not then its surface. The Indian alone with his bark canoe, skimmed over its waters, and he alone trod those forests where now stands the beautiful and prosperous city of Muskegon and its environments, bearing upon its banner the proud emblem, "The largest lumber manufacturing city on the footstool of the Almighty." A city whose lumber product goes to build, not only the cottage of the poor and the mansion of the rich in our own much favored land, but borne by the wings of the wind, crosses the briny deep and makes glad the cities of other lands. A city which owes its growth, not to those artificial and unhealthful booms so prevalent all over our country, but has by a steady and gradual development emerged from a hamlet of about three hundred souls in 1857 to that you now see spread out before you like a picture wherein over 20,000 prosperous and reasonably happy people in 1887. A period seemingly long when you look forward, but almost a dream as your mind travels back over it.

Around this beautiful lake you will find sixty manufacturing estabments, turning out annually over 600,000,000 feet of lumber, employing an army of nearly 7,000 men, with a monthly pay roll aggregating the enormous sum of over $300,000. Twenty-one churches fifteen school buildings, vieing in size and beauty with those of cities of larger and older growth, all indicative of a high civilization, enlarged and growing cultivation. No city can boast of a better school system and none with such stupendous financial interests, so small a public debt. Over ten miles of splendid pavement completed and in process attest the enterprize, energy and liberality of its citizens. Such vast interests, and such a people welcome you here today and give assurance that he who addresses you comes, as St. Paul said he did, "from no mean city."

Standing today within this pleasant and convenient pavilion, erected by the Muskegon, Grand Rapids & Indiana railroad company, surrounded by this leafy forest, on behalf of our people I bid you a most cordial welcome. Welcome, not only to those who as pioneers bore the heat and burden of the day in the settlement of this county, but all alike shall share in our hospitality. All may not share in the labor of felling the forest and planting civilization where once

the red man was monarch of all he surveyed, but all may and should unite in the labor of preserving and strengthening that civilization now threatened to its fall. Mighty problems are demanding solution, grave evils are eating away the foundation of our free and prosperous nation, and that civilization of which we boast may be blotted out in the more than midnight darkness of a coming socialism and communism of which past ages can furnish no parallel.

Such a gathering as we see here today, revivifying and cementing the friendships of the past, knitting and binding together the friendships and interests of the future, may and will do much towards solidifying that civilization, our only hope for the future.

But I forget myself. I came not here to moralize but to welcome. Not to forecast the future but to recall the past, and if possible to make all feel at home today. Thirty-one years have passed since I landed on these shores, and the friendships I then formed have been cemented by the rolling years and can never be blotted from the tablets of memory. But where are they who then formed friendship's circle? Many, but all too few, are with us today. Some of them have made their homes on the golden shores of the Pacific, some in foreign lands, some in the frozen north, others in the sunny south, and many in that land beyond the silent river; others faced the pitiless bullet, the screaming shell and amid such scenes of human suffering and anguish as quail the stoutest hearts, went down to death on the battle fields of the republic. Some in youth, in ripened years, surrounded by home and friends, others far from all those tender associations which lighten the burdens of life and soften the pillow of death, passed from the darkness of life to the brightness and joy of that other land. Let us strew the flowers of friendship o'er memory's grave wherein lies entombed all that remains of them to us. For them all the sorrows and sufferings, all the joys and pleasures of time have been eliminated by the transcendent beauties and pleasures of that better clime. Drop the silent tear, recall the memory so dear if you will, 't is but the tribute due; the heart can find no better way. It is meet and proper that amid the pleasures of this reunion we should recall the memory of those who with us shared the pleasures and burdens of the earlier days.

Citizens, to me has been alotted the pleasant duty of uttering words of welcome, and I trust only welcome words have greeted your ears. I may not therefore trespass further on your time and patience. I can only trust such welcome words and deeds may gather around and about you today as shall make your hearts glad and fill your minds with such memories as will smooth the pathway of all your future lives. Thank-

ing you for your patience and attention, once more I bid you welcome. [Applause.]

Mr. Holt: We will now listen to an address of welcome by Major Storrs on behalf of North Muskegon, our rival city.

Major Storrs spoke as follows:

Ladies and gentlemen and pioneers of Muskegon county—I apprehend that you do not realize that there has been a joke perpetrated upon you by this committee today. I think the man they meant to get, they have not got. Perhaps I can enable you to see the point of the joke by telling a story. It is a little incident that happened in a new country. It was down in the state of Ohio on the Western Reserve. At an early day when the towns were all new the faculty of the college, in their generosity and desire to do good, used to send out the students to preach to the pioneers, and the pioneers felt very much gratified and were very happy to have them come, and were very much interested to know how far they had got along in their education; and about the first question asked when a new man came to preach was, "Does he understand Hebrew?" that was thought to be proper. [Laughter.] Well, there was a pioneer there in those days, he was a lumberman, too—we have some lumbermen here—and he sometimes used a little bad language, or was a little emphatic, and they sent out a new man one day to preach, and old George Leach, as we all knew him, went to hear him preach. He didn't go very often but he went that day. And the new man preached, what he thought, an excellent sermon. The next morning he met one of his neighbors and he said to him, "Was you out to hear that new man?" "No," he says, "was he a good one?" "Well, he was a good one," he says. Well, the next question naturally was, "Does he understand Hebrew?" "Hebrew? Damn it, man, he has been to Hebrew." [Prolonged laughter.] They calculated today to get a man who had been to Hebrew to welcome you to North Muskegon, but they made a mistake; they got the wrong man.

In welcoming you here to our village between the lakes, on this fiftieth anniversary of the organization of the township of Muskegon, we welcome you, who, by your steadfast courage, your persistent energies in conquering the difficulties to be overcome in reclaiming the wilderness and giving it to civilization, who by your patient endurance of the toil, the hardships and privations incident to the settlement of all new countries, have made it possible that here upon the shore of this lake should be built the village of North Muskegon. A village giving, in its present stage, evidences of thrift and progress, and prom-

ising in the future to develop into such rare beauty. You have made it possible that there should be built on the other shore of this beautiful lake a city whose only drawback, and the only thing in whose way to progress seems to be that it is so far from North Muskegon.

We welcome you today because out of the wilderness, as you found it half a century ago, covered with dense forests and given up to savagery, you have made fertile farms, builded thriving villages, and here on the shores of Muskegon lake have built up and carried to the fore front one of the world's greatest industries, giving thousands of the world's busy toilers the work their hands need to bring comfort and plenty to their wives and little ones. Because you have redeemed the wilderness and make it a free gift to the nineteenth century civilization.

We welcome you because we do not forget at what a cost of toil and hardship this vast work has been accomplished. Because we do not forget the courage and fortitude with which, cutting asunder the ties that bound you to your childhood, your youth and your early manhood and womanhood, turned your faces to the then far west with its unknown dangers, its certainty of toil and privation, that you might carve out for yourselves and for us who have come after you the easier life of modern civilization. We do not forget that you possessed that high courage that enabled you to bear the trials and hardships of life in this new country. Many a man can face the enemy boldly in the hail of battle amid the rain of shot and shell, who fails utterly when called to face the petty cares and trials of life, or the less inspiring struggle against such obstacles as you were called to meet and overcome. Many a man at some supreme moment of his life has won the applause of his fellowmen who if called on to bear the burdens you have borne, no matter how great the reward, would fail utterly.

North Muskegon's prayer for you is that you may live a thousand years and that your shadows may never be less. For herself she hopes they may be oftener in her midst. [Applause.]

Mr. Hold: We shall next listen to an address by one of our citizens, our first representative in the State legislature, our first mayor and one of our earliest settlers, one whom everybody knows and whom I need not introduce on this occasion except to mention his name, Major Davis.

ADDRESS BY MAJOR C. DAVIS

Major Davis spoke as follows:

Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, pioneers and invited guests —Being called upon as the ninth upon the program to respond to an

address by our esteemed citizen who has just spoken, a memorandum of some little length had been hastily sketched, but on looking over this vast assemblage and realizing that you will have the day here and that you will all be more or less tired before you return to you homes, I have kept that memorandum in my pocket and have taken out my pruning knife and laid it upon a few short notes that I have made here hastily and shall prune them right down to business.

I might extend to you an additional welcome and say you are thrice three times welcome, and I may be allowed, fellow citizens and pioneers, to congratulate you all upon your pleasant, social and hopeful appearance upon this occasion.

I think, perhaps, the health and life-giving influence of this beautiful grove, of these charming grounds and outlying waters and hills, upon which we can cast the eye, already begin to produce their effects.

I congratulate you, pioneers, who have toiled from early in the forties perhaps, in the Muskegon valley and in Muskegon county, until the present time. I congratulate you upon the success that has crowned your efforts as agriculturists, as horticulturists, as business men, and trust and hope that the same energy that has carried you thus far through the trials and hardships incident to the opening, settlement and development of the resources of the Muskegon valley, will carry you triumphantly through the long years of the coming future.

Touching upon Muskegon valley, Muskegon county and the city, which many of us represent, or in which we live, I call your attention to a few incidents and a few things that have an important bearing upon the present results which we witness.

The Muskegon river improvement was one of the early and one of the important ones and exerted a powerful influence in the development of the resources of the Muskegon valley. The organization of the county was also an important measure. Another improvement was the opening up of the Muskegon harbor by our business men and citizens with their own private means, and by taxing their energies to the uttermost (the government having totally refused to do anything until long after that). And some of our business men of that day are entitled to great consideration for the personal efforts and the unrelenting and unflagging zeal they put into the work.

Next, perhaps, comes the system of railroads with which we have been favored. Then the grand and successful efforts of our farmers, horticulturists and business men. And last, but by no means least, the efforts that are being made to open up the resorts for health and pleasure nearer home, so that the Muskegon valley may offer its ben-

efits, privileges and health-giving influences to those who are not able to visit the sea shore or other distant points.

Before our river was improved, business men, lumbering at other places, visited our place and looked over the lumbering interests to see if they could invest successfully in lumbering upon Muskegon river or in this vicinity and finding it insufficient to float the vast amount of pine timber that was growing in the forests of the great interior of northern and central Michigan, they were discouraged and gave up hope. But enterprising citizens and representative men of that day went to work and secured an appropriation for constructing a canal or channel through what is called the Sand Flats, through which that timber could be floated and so delivered at the mills. This work was finally a great success and business men have learned that the river, which was formerly insufficient to float a few millions of logs, is now sufficient, at least for our enterprising business men, for floating from three to five and even seven hundred millions of feet yearly.

I shall now have the pleasure of introducing to you a gentleman whom you all know, whom you have known for a number of years. A gentleman who first became a resident of Muskegon in 1853. A clergyman whom all respect and honor, the Rev. Father Van Pammel.[1]

Father Van Pammel spoke as follows:

Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen—I hope you do not expect a regular speech because I do not wish to have anyone disappointed. It is very unpleasant for me to find that anyone has been disappointed. I did not expect to be here at all, although I had been kindly invited by the committee on arrangements, but not being very well I had given up the idea of coming, yet as I saw it was possible to be here I wish to show my good feeling towards those who were so kind as to invite me. Instead of making a speech, some old stories could be related, and I might to some extent gratify you in that respect, some short stories as an old settler would tell them by his fireside. But first of all I must pay my respects to the members of the Old Pioneer Society of Muskegon.

I feel flattered to be invited to be present on this occasion, because I like the old pioneers. I like their society and for several reasons. In the first place you will generally find, ladies and gentlemen, that an old pioneer is very sociable and friendly and kind-hearted; and I don't mean to say that he is naturally so, by any means, but he is to a great extent compelled to be so. Whilst he is a pioneer he finds himself very often almost alone, at least he has only a few neighbors, and

[1]See appendix.

knows that he may need their assistance sometimes, and therefore he thinks it is best for his own interests to be kind and sociable to them, to be ready to assist them. And if there be any person here who has ever gone to the residence of an old pioneer, I am sure he has met with a hearty welcome, and therefore I like the old pioneers.

In the second place you will generally find that an old pioneer is rather religious. Very often all alone, as I have said and as you all know, sometimes he is far away from his neighbors, from the few neighbors that he has, perhaps four or five miles from them, he may be in some strange circumstances and he has not even a neighbor to call upon and he will then very naturally call upon his Maker for assistance. Therefore you will generally find that an old pioneer is rather religiously inclined. And here we have an example right here.

Here is our good friend and neighbor, Mr. Holt, the president of this society, who invited me here not to make a speech, but to make a prayer. He wanted me to pray even at a picnic. Well, I have so many prayers to say at home that I told him I had no time to pray here. [Great laughter.] I am telling the truth. You see, ladies and gentlemen, that old pioneers are generally religious, and therefore as a priest I like them. Then again pioneers, although generally having, at least, one eye on themselves as they go, generally open the way for others, in fact, always do. They are like those miners out west who are prospecting mines and prospecting for themselves, yet are opening the mines for others, and thus enriching, we may say, the whole country, or at least opening the way for the country to be enriched, and therefore pioneers are certainly deserving of our respect and good wishes. They are benefactors. But some of you might think I am more or less praising myself, and some might say blowing my own bugle. Not at all. I don't pretend to be an old pioneer of Muskegon county. The president, when he informed you that I had been a settler since 1853, made a small mistake. I have not been a settler of Muskegon county since '53. But I came first to Muskegon in '53, and visited Muskegon occasionally, about four times a year. I was then a resident priest of Grand Rapids. I came in '53 as the successor of another reverend gentleman who had been here off and on since, if I remember well, the year 1840. The Rev. Father Visosky and another reverend gentleman who preceded him who had been here since the year 1833, the Rev. Father Baraga, afterwards Bishop Baraga, of Marquette, who baptized the forefathers of the Indians, or of the few Indians who are around here. I came then in '53 and there are three

or four principal objects which made a lasting impression upon my mind, three or four principal objects that were in my road when coming to Muskegon. I say "my road," we had then no railroads, nor had we wagon roads, at least none from Grand Rapids. We had a common road along Lake Michigan that belonged to everybody. On that road, as some of you may know, we meet first the sand bluffs of Grand Haven, they made a lasting impression on my mind. Whilst wallowing through the sand I had to pull as hard as I could to get my feet out of the sand. I thought it would be a first rate place for criminals. To make them walk through the sand there. That was the impression that came to my mind whenever I had to walk through that sand, that it would be a good place. I think it would be a greater punishment than hanging.

The next was Black Creek. There were no boats nor bridges. The only way we could get across Black Creek was to wade. We had to pull off our shoes—boots were very rare then, and money was rare in the bargain—we took off our shoes and stockings and went through the water. Next came the bluff, and some old pioneers had been there ahead of me. I don't know why, but for some reason they had made a path right across the bluff, I don't know how many feet high, perhaps two hundred. That, too, made a lasting impression upon my mind. Because one night I came through about 11 o'clock, and through the kindness of a friend at Ferrysburg, I was then on horseback and had a guide with me, but we had to go across the bluff and the path was right at the edge. I knew that; I had been there before, and if we made a misstep, down we went into the lake, perhaps two hundred feet down. It was night, about 11 o'clock, and dark. I wanted to get across in safety. The path was only about that wide [illustrating about two feet] and we had two horses. I gave the man charge of the horses and said, "I will go ahead on all fours and follow the beaten path and you follow me," and thus we crossed the bluff. But being across and over that difficulty we met a more serious one. I had a guide and unfortunately he was *not* infallible. "Now," said I, "we are across the bluff, which way shall we take to Muskegon?" "Oh, go right along," said he. He lived in Muskegon, and I am very sorry he did. He lived here though and I thought it was my duty to follow him although I had some misgiving that he was wrong. "Come along," said he to me. I followed him. We traveled perhaps a mile or two miles, when we ran against the trees; it was a logging road. There we were in the middle of the night in the woods, and we had to pass the whole night there and arrived here in Muskegon at 9 o'clock the next morning. You can-

better imagine than I can describe the condition we were in, being the whole night on horseback. I believe this is about as much as I ought to tell you. There are many other stories I might tell you in connection with my coming to Muskegon, but I might keep you too long. I will conclude then by thanking you, ladies and gentlemen, for your attention, and thanking the pioneer society and the officers of that society for their kindness to invite me on this occasion. And in conclusion I will say, long live the old pioneer society of Muskegon, long live Muskegon and its prosperity!

And by the way, ladies and gentlemen, as I speak of the prosperity of Muskegon, let me state here publicly what I have often said privately with regard to Muskegon, with regard to the health of Muskegon. Perhaps many of you are aware that many are speculating as to what should be done to keep Muskegon healthy. I have been in a great many places in Michigan during these thirty-four years. I have, I may say, attended all the places from here to Detroit, from Lake Michigan to Detroit River. When there is a great deal of sickness in a place a Catholic priest is very apt to be aware of it and will be called upon day and night. Well, ladies and gentlemen, I may say that of all the places in which I have been I haven't found a place in which I have been called upon so seldom as in Muskegon to attend sick people. [Applause.] And I have often said I have never known a healthier place than Muskegon, therefore I think there is no reason to be alarmed in regard to that matter. Therefore to conclude, I will say again, long live Muskegon and her prosperity, and long live her citizens to enjoy her prosperity, and may she grow and keep growing until she will be what I think she has a right to claim to be in the future, the metropolis of western Michigan.

Mr. Holt: *Ladies and gentlemen*—Some of you and perhaps a large number were not present this morning when I showed the audience the session laws of 1837, wherein we find the act incorporating the township of Muskegon. I said this morning that the township included Muskegon county and the town of Chester, and was incorporated as a township in the year 1837. The act reads as follows:

"All that portion of Ottawa county lying north of the dividing line between townships eight and nine north be and the same is hereby set off and organized into a separate township by the name of Muskegon, and the first township meeting therein shall be held at the house of Newell & Wilcox in said township." This is the volume of the session laws of the session of that year. [Shows book.] It contains the session laws of the session of '37 and the session laws of '38. It is the

regular State volume which has been preserved until the present time. I refer to this at this time for the purpose of saying that a gentleman is with us today who was a member of the legislature at the time and who voted for the act, a gentleman who has since occupied prominent positions in the State, who was connected with the two constitutional conventions, and who has been a resident of the State since that time, is now with us. He is here with us today. He is the oldest ex-member of the legislature, excepting one, in the State. I have the honor of introducing to you the Hon. Townsend E. Gidley of Ottawa county. Mr. Gidley spoke as follows:

Ladies and gentlemen—Sitting in my seat here overlooking this crowd I have been thinking that there is all honor, glory, health and wealth in good old-fashioned, pioneer life; the lives of those who have made the wilderness blossom as the rose and who have bettered the condition of the people. The pioneer spirit works toward making men of manly physique, of deeper thought and more active brain. Living close to Nature as these pioneers do, they have aided in the production of men and women whose education and culture have enabled them to make better conditions and greatly benefit the race. I shall not encroach further on the time you have so kindly given me. I congratulate you heartily on this occasion and the pleasure of such reunion.

Mr. Holt: I have the pleasure of announcing that George Ruddiman,[1] the oldest mill owner of Muskegon, that is, the first man now living who owned a sawmill on Muskegon lake, is with us today, although he is very feeble. Mr. Ruddiman then presented a manuscript which was read as follows:

REMINISCENCES BY GEORGE RUDDIMAN

I have noted down some of my experiences in Michigan. If you find anything in it that you can use, do so. My father moved into the township of Dearborn, about seven miles from Detroit, in the spring of 1833. Our nearest neighbor was one mile off. I was at the so-called Toledo war. While we lived there I was three days on a trip to Detroit[2] with oxen. There were but few horses in the country then. There

[1]Townsend E. Gidley represented Jackson county in the House and Senate for nine years. He was born in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., in 1805. He settled on a farm of 1,500 hundred acres in Jackson county and put in 300 acres of wheat in 1833. He was a leading farmer and horticulturist. He was a delegate to the Constitutional Convention of 1835 and was the last living member of that body. He was the Whig candidate for Governor in 1851 and was defeated by McClelland. No man had a larger acquaintance with Michigan men and early affairs of the State. In 1868 he went to Grand Haven, where he started a fruit farm on unimproved land, having over 10,000 trees in a bearing condition. Bingham *Michigan Biographies,* p. 289.

[2]See appendix.

was but little grade or caste among new settlers and they went almost as brothers. I came to St. Jo. in 1838 where there were a few houses under the hill but nothing on it where St. Jo. now is, and Niles was but a small village. In 1839 I was on the Kalamazoo river. There was a house where Richmond now is and I heard Judge Littlejohn deliver an oration on the fourth of July. I went up the river on the first steamboat that went up that stream. Where Saugatuck now is there was only a saloon. I worked at a mill at Singapore built for six saws, about three-fourths of a mile from the mouth. In 1840 I came to Muskegon. There were but few settlers then. There were then three sawmills on Muskegon lake. These were Loyd & Place's mill, which stood on the site of the Swan, White & Smith mill. Another was a water mill at the mouth of Bear creek, built by Jonathan H. Ford, and the other the Newell mill now belonging to Ryerson, Hills & Co. Theodore Newell[1] and Henry Penoyer, who was postmaster, were two of the most prominent residents, also John A. Brooks of Newaygo, was here considerable of the time. I planted out the first orchard in Muskegon county, near the mill I owned at the time and now owned by Montgomery, Champagne & Co. Considerable many of the old apple, cherry and pear trees are still standing. The orchard was set out part of it in 1848 and did so well that visitors from the east took some of the fruits to show what Muskegon could do in the way of raising fruit. The trees came from Rochester to Chicago and from Chicago to Muskegon on lumber vessels. There were but few if any nurseries in the west.

The township of Muskegon embraced a large part of what is now Muskegon county, and at the first election after I came here there were, I think, forty-two votes cast including half-breeds. Muskegon seemed to go backward until 1849. There was only one settler on White Lake, Charles Mears, and nothing on Black Lake for some time after Ferry at Grand Haven kept a log warehouse. There was nothing where the business part of Muskegon now is except a log house near where Rifenburg's hall is.

Mr. Holt: We are glad to welcome John Ruddiman to our gathering today. You have probably heard that he came to Muskegon the year after his brother George, that he soon after bought an interest in a sawmill with his brother, so that he is the next oldest mill owner on Muskegon lake.

REMARKS BY JOHN RUDDIMAN

Mr. President and pioneers—I cannot claim to be more than a second or third rate pioneer, but my brother here is not only a pioneer

[1]Mr. Newell brought into Muskegon the first wagon which he sold to Martin Ryerson.

in Muskegon, but in the State as well. He came to the territory of Michigan in 1833, bore arms in the famous Toledo war and has resided in Michigan ever since. He came to Muskegon in the spring of 1840 and worked at millwrighting on the mill at the mouth of Bear Lake that season. During the winter of 1840-41, he and another man took a trip east. They got an Indian pony and built a pung and as the roads were not cut out four feet wide at that time the box was so narrow they had to ride tandem. His partner being somewhat of an artist embellished the box with sketches in charcoal illustrative of life in Muskegon. They went by way of Grand Haven and Port Sheldon to Grand Rapids (there being, as late as 1844, no road, not even a trail blazed direct from Grand Haven to Grand Rapids), from there, by the way of Eaton Rapids, until they struck the Michigan Central railroad about Jackson somewhere, that being as far as then built. From there my brother went by rail to Detroit. The men and their rig attracted so much attention that people came out to look at it, and where they stopped sometimes by candle-light and they had free entertainment most of the way.

He returned to Muskegon in the spring of 1841, and is, with the exception of Mr. S. Bohn the only person of age in 1840 who has been a continuous resident since then.

I came to Muskegon in the summer of 1843 and landed at the mouth of Bear lake; the mill there being run by my brother at that time. After he moved over on the south side, I lived there a part of the time and part of the time in Milwaukee, until in 1848 when I settled on this side and built a mill at the head of the lake—the first steam mill on this side. I resided on this side from that time continuously for thirty years, for the last fifteen years of the time at the mouth of Bear lake. While I lived here I was very much impressed with this point as being peculiarly suited as a location for a pleasure resort, and did not wish to dispose of any part of it for any other purpose until the time should come when it could be used. I am happy to say that now my brightest anticipations are more than realized, and my most sincere wish is that Interlake park may prove to be a source of pleasure, profit and health to the citizens of Muskegon and the owners of the park.

ALEXANDER V. MANN

Mr. Alexander V. Mann was next introduced and spoke as follows:

When I was announced to make an address for five minutes at this convention today I couldn't think why it was that I should be called

upon. Knowing as you all do that I am not a public speaker, am not in the habit of speaking in public, I could think of but one thing that would give you reason to call me forth to address you for the short space of five minutes, and I don't think, as my brother Swan has said of himself, that you will want me to talk five minutes. I could think of no other reason than that I might be called a pioneer of this county.

Today before I came here I thought I was a pioneer, but from conversation with members around me, in and out of this building, I find that I am but a child among the old pioneers of Muskegon. When I look and see men who came here in '44, in '45, in '47, '49, '50, '51, '52, '53, '54, '55, and I didn't come until '56, what am I? I am no pioneer, but a citizen as the rest of you are. But I presume likely you would like to have me tell some of the little incidents that occurred in my first years that I spent in Muskegon.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, I might tell you some things of interest, some things that might interest the young people. I might tell you, perhaps, of our worthy president in his youthful days, how he used to wander around through the suburbs of Muskegon, around amongst the pine stumps in the light of the early evening, scaring the cows from their peaceful slumbers. [Applause and laughter.] I might tell you of my friend Stevens, or my friend Getty, or my friend Miner, or my departed friend, and a worthy one he was, too, Judge Wylie,[1] who used to meander across this beautiful lake in the evening time when the ice was there, having the stars to guide them, and the first thing they would know they would find themselves—well, what would you call it? Duck hunting? In the winter time up in the big boom? We don't think they were duck hunting. They were after dear that were on this side of the lake. Now, I might tell you many other incidents that occurred among the youthful members of our society at that time, for we were but a few but we were a gallant band. We were a joyful lot of young fellows and young ladies I tell you; there wasn't many of us, but what few there were made up for it in the sport we had. I won't say anything about myself. Probably somebody else will want to tell about my little escapades. Oh, yes, my friend Holt says, "Don't forget our worthy friend, Potter." I don't know where he is, but he had a particular liking for a certain boarding house that he spent a long time at in those days, and I tell you I might recite numerous incidents in connection with the faces I see around me here today, but it might be considered invidious. I will only mention these because when we were joined together as we were about fifteen or twenty of us young men

[1]See appendix.

and women, there were certain times connected with our surroundings that made it very pleasant for us indeed. And I say to you now, ladies and gentlemen, that as one of those pioneers I am glad to see you here. I don't know as you can hear me, but I am glad to see you all. And although it may be egotism on my part, still I am glad to be here as a pioneer. I can say to you, ladies and gentlemen, go and tap Major Davis on the back, tap our friend John Ruddiman, tap all those old pioneers, George Ruddiman, John Torrent, L. G. Mason, and say to them, you are pioneers. It will take the kinks out of those old men's backs and it will straighten them up and say, in the words of the illustrious senator of our state whom I heard address a meeting here in the old opera house a number of years ago, just after the war, who continually made this remark—I will admit it was a political speech and he wanted to say something that would make the political party that he belonged to feel proud of—"We did it," he says, "We did it." And it is that egotism that will stick by us all when I say to you, and I say to these old pioneers, "We did it, yes, we did it." In the words of the Methodist minister, and some speaker before me has called forth the Methodist minister. I will say nothing invidious about that Methodist minister, he was the first Methodist minister that preached in Muskegon; I believe his name was Bennett. I heard him preach on the first Sunday I spent here, thirty-one years ago this coming month and he gave us quite a liberal discourse I must admit. A few years after that I met him in Grand Rapids, I was introduced to him there, and I told him of the circumstance of hearing him preach the first sermon I heard preached in Muskegon and there were only fifteen or twenty of us there to hear him. Well, the little fellow straightened himself up just like the senator that I mentioned, Senator Chandler, he filled himself right up full and said, "Yes, I am proud that I was there to preach those sermons to those people, for," he says, "I unblocked the wheels." Brother Pratt, who was then presiding elder and was building our Methodist church, set the wheels in motion, and he said he felt as though he had done it; he started it. And that is the way with us pioneers, we all feel as though we did it. And I say to you now, when we look over there [pointing] and see that beautiful city that has grown from a small hamlet in 1856, when I came here, a place of not more than four or five hundred inhabitants, now to a place of twenty-five thousand, I say, when I see that town growing up there, that I feel proud that I was one of the pioneers and that I helped to do it. Now I say to you, some of you that are here participating in this fiftieth anniversary of this city,

there is no doubt some of you will listen to speakers who will address the centennial anniversary of that beautiful city over there, and you will have the more reason to say, no doubt, in part, that you were among those who did it. And when you do that, when you, young man and young woman, you children, when you listen to the words of the speaker and he points with pride from this spot or from some other to that beautiful city, think then of what was said to you here today, that you have seen the town grow up from a small beginning, or that the speaker who addressed you had, from a town of three or four hundred inhabitants, to one multiplying itself into one hundred thousand inhabitants.

Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you for your attention.

Mr. Holt then called upon several speakers who did not respond.

P. J. CONNELL

Mr. P. J. Connell was then introduced and spoke as follows:

Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen—Like those who have preceded me I feel it an honor to be recognized as one of the pioneers of this banner county. Not so much of the city as of the surroundings.

I came to this part of the State in 1849. My relatives who came with me were obliged to cut the roads six miles to where they had located our habitation. I will not make a speech, but I will tell you a little incident that occurred in our first winter's residence in this part of the country. We resided twenty-one miles from this city northeast, or nearly east, material was plentiful if we could only get to the mills. There was no road by which we could reach any sawmills or hardly reach a city. There was a bridle path from our residence to Grand Haven, no road. We came in the fall and the road we came on was full of water and was impassable. What roads there were leading to the east, towards Grand Rapids, were also impassable. The consequence was that we built a house, covered it with shakes and lived in it without either doors, windows or floors the first winter.

Natural ground acted as a floor, used a cloth for doors and a sheet for a window, which would exclude the air and let in some light. The first winter we had a fireplace in each end of the shanty and one in the middle, lots of wood and plenty of heat. The first incident that occurred to us was a visitation from the wolves, which were very plentiful in this country at that time. Our shanty was about five feet high at the back end. The men of our party were all good, stout, able-bodied young Irishmen just from Ireland. They knew nothing of the

wilderness nor of its surroundings, but they knew enough to select the prettiest pieces of wood for the summer fuel and they piled them up at the back end of the shanty and made a beautiful skidway or ladder for the wolves to climb up on top of the shanty and look down through the holes in the roof at the people below. You recollect I told you we had no doors and no windows, but we had a good guard; two men on each side with their axes standing guard to prevent the wolves from coming into the house. These are facts, ladies and gentlemen, that occurred the first winter of my residence in Michigan.

The reverend gentleman here [Father Van Pammel] wants me to tell a little incident that occurred in '53. At that time I was something of a lad, just beginning to want to be a man, but the women folks of our neighborhood seemed to have me as utility boy, that is, I used to have to do the chores for the neighborhood, as I was the only boy in the neighborhood, and in those days they used to go to church at Berlin, about twelve miles I think, and they had an oxcart to carry the women in and the men went on foot. This oxcart was one of the old fashioned dump kind. Being somewhat of a rebellious disposition I didn't like to be pinned up to the women's apron strings all the time, as I termed it, I wanted to be with the men, and I couldn't go away, so I conceived a plan to get away from the women. The roads were very muddy, in places clear up to the axle of the cart. Going home from church one day I accidentally kicked the pin that held the box down, anyway I pulled the pin out and drew the link out carefully and stuck the brad into the oxen, they made a jump and I raised up and the cart went backwards. My poor old mother was the first to get into the mud. There was a young gentleman there who is here today, but who is not very young today, but was then, whose intended was among the ladies that I had in the cart. He made a grab to catch her, but a woman weighing about 220 pounds struck him, consequently he landed in the bottom of a mud hole. Well, I got done driving oxen to bring the women out to church. Father Van Pammel remembers that very well. But these things, ladies and gentlemen, all went to make up the pastimes and pleasures in the wilderness. For it was a wilderness; our nearest neighbor was just seven miles away, the nearest neighbor we had. Today we can't go hardly a half a mile in that direction from the city of Muskegon, after you get out of the city a little ways, without you find a good, thrifty farming country and farmers.

There are a good many others to come and I thank you for your kind attention.

EDWIN POTTER

Mr. Holt then called upon several gentlemen but none responded until Edwin Potter was called, who being introduced spoke as follows:

I was a little surprised, ladies and gentlemen, to hear the reverend Father attribute to my Brother Holt, a religious motive in extending to that gentleman the invitation to pray. The only act that I ever knew my Brother Holt to engage in that came anywhere near being an act of devotion occurred on the steamer Truesdell while going over to Grand Haven a good many years ago. Mr. Holt, Mr. Merrill and myself were going over and it was very rough. I soon lost sight of Mr. Holt and Mr. Merrill, and supposing they had gone into the cabin below or to some part of the vessel, I made search, and at length I discovered Brother Holt on his knees, with his hands hold of the rail leaning over. His countenance wore a sort of helpless resignation, and I supposed it was through fear of being drowned that he was there on his knees in prayer. But I soon discovered certain spasmodic efforts that he occasionally made, something like an attempt to shut up like a jack-knife, and I then made up my mind it was not an act of devotion, but rather a case of seasickness. But there was one thing my Brother Holt did do, he obeyed one injunction of holy writ, and that was to cast his bread upon the waters. That was the only act of devotion, or the nearest to one, that I ever knew Brother Holt to be guilty of during our long acquaintance.

My earliest recollection of Muskegon dates back to 1857. I came over from Grand Haven to Ferrysburg and from there in John Dibble's stage to Muskegon. The stage consisted of a lumber wagon with boards across for seats and without any springs. The road lay through the swamp between here and Grand Haven. We plunged along through the swamp until we had got very near Black creek, there we went into a water hole some two or three feet deep, which was too much for iron and wood to stand and our axle-tree broke and we went down into the water, and from there we walked into Muskegon. It was Saturday night. Sunday morning, after getting up and looking about a little, I discovered that there was considerable excitement on the street. It turned out that the big drive had just got down. Well, at that time the big drive was quite an institution in Muskegon, as it appeared at that time it presented some very peculiar features. There were perhaps a hundred drunken men within the space of a single block, in all stages of drunkenness from silly drunk, roaring drunk, fighting drunk to dead drunk, scattered along the street. There were some eleven fights that Sunday

on the street that I noticed. This was the big drive and it was recreating itself on the streets of Muskegon. That continued for three or four days before it quieted down, then we had quiet again. My impression of Muskegon gathered from that was that there was considerable spirit abroad in the place at any rate. But after all the fights that had occurred on the streets not a single complaint was made. I expected the next day that the justices' offices would be full of complaints, but not a complaint was made; all pocketed the results. The big drive, though somewhat unruly when it got down here for the first few days, was really a necessary institution to Muskegon. We had sawmills down here and the sawmills must have logs, logs must have drivers, and when the drivers got down they must have drink, and so it was they went on and no one complained.

At that time there were probably seven or eight hundred people scattered along the shores of the lake, consisting of lower-town and the central part. There was also a province called "Killgrubbin," laid off in the eastern part of the city, that was ruled over by one Michael Dwyer, a sort of king at that time. He had his adherents and ruled as absolutely as any one else. And in this shape Muskegon continued to grow.

During the thirty years that I have lived in Muskegon I have never observed a single year or a single time when Muskegon did not exhibit a vitality that I don't know of ever seeing in any other place.

At the time that I came here, Muskegon was laboring under a good many difficulties. Grand Haven was a rival. It was the home of men possessed of considerable wealth and influence. They were rich and able men and their influence was exerted strongly against us. Should you inquire at Grand Rapids even for Muskegon, as likely as any way, you would be directed to Newaygo, John A. Brooks' place. They ignored almost entirely such a place as Muskegon. But surrounded by all these difficulties, and soon after Grand Haven was backed by a strong railroad interest, Muskegon still continued to grow, still continued to show that vitality that she has ever since shown. It soon outstripped Grand Haven, leaving it far in the rear in the wake of its progress, and today that same spirit of progress and improvement and vitality is seen in its streets; new buildings are constantly going up, its inhabitants are increasing, and today the race is not between Grand Haven and Muskegon, but between Grand Rapids and Muskegon; and in the next decade or two I predict that it will leave Grand Rapids as far in the rear as it has left Grand Haven in the past.

After music, on motion of C. L. Whitney, the meeting adjourned subject to the call of the executive committee.

THE ORGANIZATION OF THE MUSKEGON COUNTY PIONEER AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Pursuant to call or notice of meeting published in the various newspapers of Muskegon county, a goodly number of persons convened at the appointed place, on Saturday, the 11th day of December, 1887.

The meeting was called to order by Henry H. Holt, and C. L. Whitney acted as secretary. The objects of the meeting were stated by the chairman and secretary and on motion of C. L. Whitney, a committee of five, to prepare articles of association and by-laws, was appointed by the chairman as follows: C. L. Whitney, S. H. Stevens, Dr. T. D. Smith, William McKillip, Hiram Parker; to which committee, on motion of S. H. Stevens, Henry H. Holt was added.

The meeting then adjourned until the 17th of December following, at 10 a. m., at the same place.

Pursuant to adjournment and notices given, a meeting was held on the 17th of December following, Henry H. Holt presiding and C. L. Whitney acting as secretary. The articles of association were presented, read and duly signed by the members present. Thereupon the election of officers for the ensuing year, under the articles of association, was had which resulted as follows: President, Henry H. Holt; secretary, Chauncey L. Whitney; treasurer, Samuel H. Stevens; executive committee, Hiram E. Parker, George N. Cobb, John A. Miller and William W. Owen.

The meeting then adjourned.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MUSKEGON COUNTY PIONEER AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 1888.

As provided in its articles of association, the members of the Muskegon County Pioneer and Historical Society met at 10 a. m., December —, 1888, in the council chamber of the city of Muskegon for its annual meeting.

As provided in its articles of association, the members of the pioneer society met at 10 a. m., yesterday, in the council chamber, for its annual meeting.

First on the program were the reports of the officers and executive committee.

President Henry H. Holt made a brief verbal report of the organization during the year, the compilation of its "Annual," the compli-

ments the work had received since it was published, and the value of similar publications for this and future years.

Secretary Chauncey L. Whitney read a lengthy report giving the detail of the work of the year, including that of the executive committee.

The "Annual," a volume of 104 pages, was ready for distribution in May; 400 copies had been sold and distributed among the members, and about 600 copies are still in hand awaiting action of the society. Every member is entitled to a copy free, and they are sold at twenty-five cents each, five copies for one dollar, and twelve copies for two dollars. It is thought that the State Pioneer and Historical Society will reprint the "Annual" in their next volume. There are now ninety-eight members enrolled, with their dues paid up to the end of the present year.

This report expressed the thanks of the association and especially of the executive committee to G. F. Outhwaite, then associated with him, who had so materially aided the association in raising funds to meet the expense of the annual picnic held August 16, at Interlake park. Thanks were also due to fellow citizens, C. T. Hills, John Torrent, Charles H. Hackley[1] and twenty-two others, who had liberally contributed to the picnic expense fund. An expression of the thanks of the association had already been communicated to each of the contributors to this fund by note through the mail.

The report next referred to the matter of the picnic for 1889, the ensuing year, which could be in celebration of the thirtieth anniversary of the organization of the county of Muskegon. Steps should be taken in time to secure a program to suitably celebrate the event. The Governor of the State and others prominent in public affairs now, and those especially connected with the organization of the county and the then existing towns, if living, should be present on the occasion.

The secretary then called attention to the published reports of the State Pioneer and Historical Society, and thought they should be where all members could have access to them, and suggested that the school board secure them for our popular city library.

The treasurer, Samuel H. Stevens, gave his report, which corresponded with the figures already given by the secretary.

These reports were duly approved by the society and ordered placed on file.

The election of officers for 1889 was as follows: President, Henry H. Holt; secretary, Chauncey L. Whitney; treasurer, Samuel H. Stevens; four members of the executive committee, the three already elected being members as follows: George N. Cobb, Hiram E. Parker, P. J. Connell and W. W. Owen.

[1]For sketch see Vol. XXXV, pp. 54-57.

President Holt read a letter from the State librarian regarding the publications of the State Historical Society, whereupon S. H. Stevens offered the following:

WHEREAS, The State Pioneer and Historical Society has notified President Holt that they will, on request of the librarian of any organized library association, furnish free a full set of the volumes issued by said society; therefore,

Resolved, That the secretary be directed to request the officers of our public library to correspond with Mrs. Harriet E. Tenney,[1] State librarian, and procure said volumes, that they may be within reach of the members of this society.

The date of the annual picnic for 1889 was by vote set for Thursday, August 15.

On motion a special committee, consisting of Alexander V. Mann, G. F. Outhwaite, Charles H. Hackley, W. W. Owen and C. L. Whitney, was appointed to prepare a program for the coming picnic and suitable for the celebration of the thirtieth anniversary of the organization of the county, to report to the executive committee on or before June 1, 1889.

By vote of the society the executive committee was empowered to select suitable persons as vice presidents from the several townships and the city, as provided in the articles of association.

The society then adjourned *sine die.*

ANNUAL PICNIC OF THE MUSKEGON COUNTY PIONEER AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 1889.

The annual picnic of the Muskegon County Pioneer and Historical Society was held at Interlake park on September 5, 1889, was very well attended, and the reunion was in all respects, a pleasant and successful one.

The rain in the morning prevented many from coming, but the afternoon was clear and bright, and fully 2,000 people were present.

About two o'clock in the afternoon President H. H. Holt called the assembled pioneers to order at the stand and explained the change of date in holding the reunion, saying that they did not want to interfere with the Knights of the Maccabees encampment earlier, but preferred to wait until now. Perhaps to them was due the rain, for if there had been no picnic there might have been no rain, though the secretary should also have announced the rain in advance. He had been informed that hundreds who assembled at the Grand Rapids depots and elsewhere

[1]For sketch see Vol. XXIX, p. 122, this series.

had turned back owing to the threatening appearance of the weather. Owing to the fact that Muskegon citizens had this year been called upon to contribute to so many things they had not tried to get up an elaborate affair this time, but simply an informal gathering for enjoyment and interchange of neighborly courtesies, and closing his remarks introduced Secretary C. L. Whitney.

Mr. Whitney spoke briefly, saying they intended to have some legislators present who were in the legislature at the passage of the act incorporating this county. The finances of the society were in fair shape with an indebtedness of but five dollars which he thought a good showing. The revenues are derived entirely from membership fees and annual dues. He urged all to become members by signing the roll. Few persons remained who were then in the legislature. Foster Pratt was written to, but being in Petoskey on business could not be present. Stephen F. Brown, representative from Schoolcraft in '57-9, had written a letter cordially thanking the society but excusing himself on account of poor health. Roland E. Trowbridge, a member of the legislature in 1859, is out of the State. Jonathan J. Woodman, whom at least all grangers know, was also a legislator at that time. Mr. Woodman was in Muskegon on Tuesday, but business took him north. He then called upon O. F. Conklin, until recently of Ravenna, for a few remarks.

Mr. Conklin said he had no speech to make. He made the first trip from Ferrysburg by the beach. It was a tedious journey. There were then scarcely 1,000 people in Muskegon, and the business center was at the corner of Pine street and Western avenue. One general store, kept by Mr. Morrison, was all there was of business houses. It is hard to realize those times, the straggling village with one store and crooked footpaths, where now are broad paved streets. He was unable to find employment in the mills here and went to his brother's in Ravenna. People had hard times of it in those days, and it took the hardest of work to make a living. Many Hollanders brought there by Mr. Hodenpyl became discouraged and went away, and their rude shanties are still seen about the township. He remembered that the people hauled their hand shaved shingles to Lamont on ox wagons, paying fifty cents per thousand to get them there and sold them for $1.25 per thousand. This left seventy-five cents for the logs and the work, and was received in store orders.

Secretary Whitney then read a paper, which had been forwarded by George Ruddiman, filled with old time reminiscences. Among other things he wrote:

"When I first came to Muskegon in 1840, Indians abounded, coming here in large numbers to sell their furs and sugar. Their sugar was not made with the cleanliness that white folks use. The Indians used the boiling sap to cook their game in, whether muskrats or ducks. The sugar was put up in birch bark boxes and the users of the sugar would often find hairs and worse things in it. Their fishing was mostly sturgeon, which they speared up Muskegon river, where the water spread. These they dried on temporary scaffolds of brush and small trees near their wigwams. They also used pond lily roots for food, which they baked in pits by heating stones and covering them with ashes. The Indians have been described as thievish, but it would not apply to those Indians, as settlers did not find it necessary to fasten smokehouses in which they kept their meat, and I never heard of anything being taken by Indians. As the Indians living at a distance did not take their canoes with them upon leaving, canoes were plenty on the lake, and few claimed individual rights. It was customary to take the first canoe found, and after using it, draw it up and leave it for the next person. The dwellers on Bear Lake used to take up all the canoes into the lake, so that they would always have one handy. In their migrations on Lake Michigan the Indians used bark canoes, which would carry the family and all their things, besides their dogs, of which they always had many.

"Muskegon Lake has undergone many changes since then in booms, mills, etc. At one time there was no need of buoys to show the channel, as the rushes grew out to about six feet of water, and the wild rice was never found in more than eight feet, so that we knew the depth of water by the vegetation. Muskegon was not much of a place then, and the name was understood as applying to the Muskegon valley from what is now Newaygo to Lake Michigan, and although there was a postoffice at the harbor, the point usually called Muskegon was what is now Newaygo, where John A. Brooks had built a sawmill. Muskegon then had many drawbacks particularly in mosquitoes and fleas. The mosquitoes were bad, especially at mealtime, when we could not eat without a smudge under the table. The folks on the lake went about in canoes in summer, and in winter with ox teams if they had them, but if not, the women and children were put on handsleds and drawn where they wanted to go. It was difficult to get away from Muskegon by water, which could be done on small lumber vessels occasionally to Chicago.

"The first summer I was in Muskegon, H. Penoyer kept postoffice at the harbor, but that was discontinued later and there was no postoffice

nearer than Grand Haven. When any one from Muskegon went there he brought the mail for everybody here. Sometimes Mr. Lasley would send an Indian to bring the mail. Muskegon had at that time neither law nor gospel, but the folks lived as near the golden rule as possible. The schooner "Forester" was the first vessel I remember being built on Muskegon lake. She was built in 1847 by William Lasley, under the charge of Capt. McHarry.

"I have never seen any theory that satisfies me as to the cause of the rise and fall of water in the lakes. In 1846 I cut a large oak tree, which stood about halfway across Muskegon Lake on land that is now covered with water several feet, and on counting the rings or circles in the wood found the tree was several hundred years old. From this I infer that the water had not been so high in all this time until about ten years previous, when the tree probably died, as oak timber will not grow in the water. When I came to Muskegon in 1840 the upper end of Muskegon Lake was covered with timber killed by the water. Indications go to show that the water in Muskegon Lake, although varying each year in depth, has been very much higher since about 1836 than for a long time previous."

Brief remarks were also made by Probate Judge S. A. Aldrich, Thomas Wild of Ottawa county, and others, and President Holt then closed the speech making by giving a brief account of the organization of the county. "I was here at that time," said Mr. Holt, "but did not take an active part in the organization of the county. The county, as is well-known, was set off from Ottawa county. There was great opposition to the formation of the county, both by Ottawa county and the residents of the northern part of this county. These northern residents wanted the territory so laid out that a county could be formed with the White River country as its center. Thus it was attempted to be brought about by taking the northern part of this county and southern part of Oceana county. The act, however, organizing the county was passed in 1859, in April to take effect in June.

Maj. C. Davis, E. W. Merrell and R. W. Morris were particularly active in securing the passage of the act, there being a decided opposition to the same, which was confined to a great extent to the north part of the new county, then known as the White River country. The first election for county officers was held on the fourth day of April of that year, when James H. Lobdell was elected sheriff, E. H. Wylie, county clerk, Joseph D. Davis, county treasurer, Charles D. Nelson, register of deeds, Jesse D. Pullman, judge of probate, Henry H. Holt, prosecuting attorney, and Edwin Potter, circuit court commissioner,

who severally commenced to discharge the duties of their offices on the first day of June following. The first meeting of the board of supervisors was held in the office of Henry H. Holt, on the eighteenth day of July, 1859, when E. W. Merrill represented the township of Muskegon, Ira O. Smith, Norton, Nathan Whitney, Casnovia, and Thomas D. Smith, Ravenna. E. W. Merrill was elected chairman of the board of supervisors. The supervisors of the townships of White River, Dalton and Oceana refused to appear, claiming the act of the legislature organizing the county was unconstitutional and void.

The township of Muskegon then comprised the territory now included in the city of Muskegon and the townships of Muskegon, Eggleston, Laketon and Lakeside. Norton comprised the present townships of Norton and Fruitport. Ravenna comprised Ravenna and Moorland, and the townships of White River, Dalton and Oceana comprised the present townships of White River, Whitehall, Montague, Blue Lake, Holton, Cedar Creek, Dalton and Fruitland.

The first business of the board was the detaching of township ten north, range fifteen west, from Muskegon township, and the organization of the same into the township of Eggleston.

Mr. Holt, prosecuting attorney, filed an information against Supervisor Carleton, who refused to act with the board, charging him with a failure to perform his official duties. The case was carried to the supreme court and that tribunal stood two to two upon the constitutionality of the act, but in as much as the lower court had decided in favor of the county, the decision was affirmed. [People vs. Carlton, 10 Mich., 252.]

Mr. Holt announced that the next annual meeting of the society would be held on the 5th of December. During the past year there have been a number of deaths among the members, Raymond O'Hara and Frank Young being mentioned.

This closed the formal exercises of the informal reunion and an opportunity was given, of which quite a number availed themselves, to join the society. After an hour or two about the park, with many a hand shaking and cheering word for the future the pioneers dispersed well satisfied with the day, and happy to have been there.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MUSKEGON COUNTY PIONEER AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 1889.

The annual meeting of the Muskegon County Pioneer and Historical Society was held at the city hall, December 6, 1889, President Holt in the chair. Brief encouraging reports of the past year's work were made

by the several officers, and the society then proceeded to the election of officers for the ensuing year as follows:

President, H. H. Holt; secretary, C. L. Whitney; treasurer, S. H. Stevens; executive committee, J. W. Moon, Hiram Parker, A. B. Miner, and W. W. Owen; vice presidents, G. F. Outhwaite, A. V. Mann, G. J. Tillotson, A. R. Williams, Muskegon; Isaac F. Black, Laketon; Patrick Dowd, Muskegon; J. H. Whitney, Norton; A. B. Sumner, White River; G. E. Dowling, Montague; A. Mears, Whitehall; S. A. Aldrich, Blue Lake; Martin Ryerson, Cedar Creek; B. Garr, Eggleston; C. E. Whitney, Fruitport; Dr. T. D. Smith, Ravenna; O. F. Conklin, honorary; James H. Lobdell, George Bolt, Casnovia; G. R. Talmage, Fruitland, B. F. Dow, Dalton; T. J. G. Bolt, Moorland; Refus Skeels, Holton.

The place and date of the next annual picnic will be decided by the executive committee, as well also the publishing of the society's "Annual."

The society is practically out of debt, but has no money in the treasury. An effort will be made in the direction of increasing the membership and collecting the dues.

ANNUUAL PICNIC OF THE MUSKEGON COUNTY PIONEER AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 1890.

The annual picnic of the Muskegon County Pioneer and Historical Society for 1890 was held at Lake Michigan park, five miles from the city of Muskegon, on the 10th of September, and was one of the most successful reunions this society has ever held. While the number present was not as large as has sometimes been the case, the character of the entertainment was such that all present seemed to enjoy themselves unusually well.

The weather was never finer for any gathering, and was all that the old settlers could ask for their reunion. The cars on the electric railway had all they could do to get the people to the grounds and back after the exercises were over. At 11 a. m. the officers arrived at the grounds, and with those present went around the bluff to witness the drill of the life saving crew, which was finely given and enjoyed by all present. Notwithstanding a large number of new tables had been provided they were all filled before noon, and soon refilled by those waiting and who came later. The speakers' stand and platform had been changed and enlarged for the occasion and upon it had been placed one of the Chase Bros.' fine pianos.

At 1:30 Mrs. Lottie Wachsmuth opened the exercises by a fine selection upon the piano, which was followed by another while the arrange-

ments were being made for the speaking. Meantime the secretary was busy dealing out badges and receipts to members. President Holt introduced Rev. W. W. Johnson, who made a prayer.

The president then made some general remarks upon the scope and work of the society, and called upon Secretary Whitney, who made a report upon the work done and to be done, giving the names of those who had died and of whom biographies were desired, and asked all officers and members to aid in getting sketches of their lives and labors in the county.

After another musical selection, Rev. W. W. Johnson, of Grand Rapids, the pioneer Methodist minister of Muskegon, was introduced and gave an interesting recital of his attempt to reach Muskegon and begin his labors.

Rev. A. J. Eldred, of Elk Rapids, next spoke in glowing terms of Muskegon and its growth and foretold a city of 150,000 people to exist here in the day of many present.

John Tibbitts was then called out and gave a fund for amusement, and he recited many anecdotes and incidents of pioneer life, as sixty-five years ago he landed in the settlement of the State.

P. J. Connell then gave the history of the mail service along the lake shore from Grand Haven to Manistee, when the people of this locality had mail once a week by going to where Bluffton now is to get it.

Rev. Mr. Earl then spoke upon the work done by the early residents of the State and this locality, and what we owe to them.

Hon. J. W. Moon was the next speaker and spoke briefly in a humorous strain.

Thomas F. Rogers of Ravenna, the youngest member of the society, who was born in the county, urged the young people to take hold of the work of the society and become interested in it. This closed an interesting and pleasant day enjoyed by all.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MUSKEGON COUNTY PIONEER AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 1890.

The annual meeting of the Muskegon County Pioneer and Historical Society for the year 1890 was held at the office of Henry H. Holt, in the city of Muskegon, on the fifth of December of that year, there being but a few present an adjournment was had to the sixth of January, 1891, at ten a. m. at the same place.

Pursuant to adjournment, the annual meeting of the society was

held, when Henry H. Holt took the chair and called the meeting to order, and the minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. The election of officers being first in order, Henry H. Holt was elected president, Chauncey L. Whitney, secretary, Samuel H. Stevens, treasurer, and an executive committee as follows: Hiram Parker, A. B. Miner, W. W. Owen, P. J. Connell and Thomas F. Rogers, whereupon the meeting adjourned.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE MUSKEGON COUNTY PIONEER AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY FOR 1891.

The meeting was called to order by the president, Hon. H. H. Holt. The Muskegon quartette then sang "Auld Lang Syne."

Mr. Holt then made the following remarks:

Ladies and gentlemen—We think that we can congratulate ourselves upon having a pleasant place for our picnic, in fact I do not think we find a pleasanter place in the State of Michigan, and though not as well improved as it should be, or as will be hereafter, it is just the place among the trees on the shore of Lake Michigan for gatherings of this kind. We have the advantage of the railroad, the street cars, and the lake with its breeze. We are always ready for a pleasant time.

It is not generally understood that the land upon which we are assembled today constitutes a portion of what was known as University land, that is a part of the land which was set apart by Congress in 1826, during President John Quincy Adam's administration as our endowment for the State University. This was not because there was any timber upon the land, but rather because of the idea of the commissioners that the land would eventually become valuable. The price fixed by the State in 1837 was $12 an acre, while the price fixed on other lands hereabout was $1.25. So you see their foresight in selecting this. They had an inkling that this was to be valuable land at some time, and certainly they did not seek in vain.

There is another section that they selected, section thirty. This part of Muskegon is in ten, seventeen; but section thirty is in ten, sixteen, and was also selected as valuable land, and that has proven to be true in some cases. Section thirty, you will remember, is where the park is, where the library building is, where the Hackley school building is; and all that part of the city is in section thirty. That was selected as University land, and you will see that their foresight was not at all out of the way. It was selected by these men as valuable, not because of

the timber upon it—then land was considered valuable only on account of the pine upon it—but here there was no pine in particular, at least no great amount of pine on section thirty where the city buildings I speak of are located; but they selected it because it being near the lake, they undoubtedly thought that this was to become valuable land.

The street railway company certainly has assisted in making this land valuable and in making this a pleasant locality.

I will not occupy more of your time, but will call upon Mr. C. L. Whitney, our secretary, who will now make his report.

Mr. Whitney then took the floor and spoke as follows:

Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen—As to the report of the secretary for the past year, I will not take your time today to give it in detail, as it was recited in full at the annual meeting in December, as the act of incorporation of our society requires, will only give a synopsis.

Receipts and expenditures for the year—I copied this from the annual report: Seventeen new menbers have been added to our list during the year, not counting those which have been added to the list today. Thirty members have paid their annual dues. This makes some $36. Out of this amount $33.24 has been expended, leaving balance on hand to date, $2.36. The members now enrolled up to date number 117. Now you can see, ladies and gentlemen, that if those 117 pay their annual dues of fifty cents each, it would enable us to publish a good sized volume at the end of the year, of the proceedings of the society and various facts that we wish to preserve for history in such publication. And as I say, we have received quite a number of applications to join us since I have been on the ground which I have not included; also some dues have been paid; and I do not wish to appear to be begging, but I do wish that every pioneer who has been here fifteen years or over who may be present today will become a member.

Music by the quartette.

The president then introduced Hon. J. W. Moon, as follows: We thought this morning perhaps it would rain during the day, at any rate we haven't been favored with the sun. I don't know that we have lost very much by not having the sun with us, for the reason that we have the Moon, and the Moon I think, under the circumstances, is preferable to the sun, particularly when the Moon is full. We will now have an opportunity to listen to the Moon.

Mr. Moon: After listening to the speech of the president a few minutes since, and listening to the report of the secretary and treas-

urer with the list of notables that were to be here today and giving the excuses why they did not come, and when the governor here announced that I must come to the front, you may think to yourselves, "there is one of the victims." Well, now, it happens that you are the victims you see. When we think of the notables who were to be here, from the learned judge of the north, and the old wheel horse of Grand Rapids who helped to run Grand river up stream from Grand Haven to Grand Rapids, it seems like putting a poor, common kind of a fellow in a pretty bad place to ask him to get up before this audience and make a speech. That is where you are the victims.

I well remember about thirty-five years since when I made my first visit to the "mouth" when the lake was rough. I came here that spring and a half dozen of us boys got excused one day from the sawmill. I don't know whether we said we were sick or not, or whether the mill was out of logs, but I remember of coming down here, I think you can see the line of the old road yet, and climbing up over the sand hills to the "mouth," stayed there all day for the sake of seeing one little vessel come in, which would carry about 40,000 feet of lumber, but it was loaded with hay piled on deck. The wind had been blowing and it was the wettest lot of hay you ever saw when it got inside the harbor. When I think about the little vessels that used to load with corn, hay and oats and go up the Muskegon river to the lumbering camps, and then think of the way they do today, and the many things that happened in the early history of Muskegon, of the first trip that I made up the Muskegon river, I feel that it is good for us to meet here in this pleasant place, a great many men having a great many experiences, just to look into each other's faces and converse—why there is a satisfaction in it, it creates good feeling, and we look around and see others growing gray-headed as well as ourselves.

There is something I was told since I came on the ground here, that in '33, I think it was, some parties undertook to make a map—I don't know but it was the same one that the governor had here—of the State of Michigan and they put Muskegon lake up in Oceana county, and I presume it would have been kept there until this time if these Muskegonites hadn't objected.

There is another thing that I want to speak about that the governor brought out here, and how things will change. Now, I want to tell you that I was born in '36, and just the next year after that the value of this property here raised from $1.25 to $12 an acre, will give you an idea of what effect the Moon has on the price of land, as well as on other things.

Now, I know, of course, that the governor wanted me to get up here and speak so as to give these other gentlemen an opportunity to get their speeches together and in shape to give you something better. [To gentlemen on stage.] No, I won't tell that now. He suggested that I tell you that it was a rising Moon, but I will put it the other way, it is a setting one. Good day.

The president then spoke as follows:

Ladies and gentlemen—I shall now have the pleasure of introducing to you one of our old pioneers, one who is certainly a pioneer without any question, a pioneer not only of the city proper but of the county of Muskegon. He was with us at the time of the organization of the county, he was one of our first supervisors; he, with four others, met in my office and held the first meeting of the board of supervisors, and that was in 1859. I refer to Dr. Smith of Ravenna, who will now address you for a few minutes, as his health will not permit him to speak for any length of time.

Dr. Thomas D. Smith: *Ladies and gentlemen*—I have told my little story about bringing the mail into Muskegon so many times before that I fear it will not be very interesting to the most of you, and I suppose that when our worthy president first asked me to get up, it was to make a partial eclipse of the Moon, but I assure you it will be so partial that it will not be visible in Muskegon county and we will have to go to some other county to see the eclipse. But I have this to say, that I have seen the time when I could bring the entire mail of the city of Muskegon very comfortably on my back, and have plenty of room to carry a lunch and some other things in the mail bag besides. It was about the time of the gold excitement in California, and as I would come up through Walton street, I think the entire populace of Muskegon escorted me up to the postoffice to hear the news from California; some of them got some letters with gold dust in them, and it set them almost crazy. Why, we supposed that there would not be a man left in the little village of Muskegon at that time—I don't think it was even a village then, I don't think it had been incorporated—but after the fever had abated they concluded to wait a little and the gold came to them, but in another way. It was an almost entirely unbroken forest between here and Grand Haven, but there was,—you might call it a trail, I think it was made by the Indians who came in here. I would see plenty of game on my way in, and if I had had my rifle with me I could have procured some very fine deer as I was coming through with the mail. It was about that time that I moved to Ravenna, and I have remained there ever since. We haven't a very

large village, but we have a pleasant village, and the surrounding country is very fine—very fine farms, and the farmers are feeling rather well this year; they think they will get about a dollar a bushel for their wheat, I hope they will. Please excuse me now, I cannot say any more.

The president then introduced Mr. P. J. Connell, as follows:

Ladies and gentlemen—Our next speaker is a gentleman who showed very good sense a number of years ago. He is a gentleman who first settled in Grand Haven a long time ago—I think about fifty years ago. I think he showed good sense and set a good example by leaving Grand Haven and coming to Muskegon, and it has been the making of him. I will now introduce to you the gentleman, Mr. P. J. Connell, who will speak to you.

Mr. Connell: *Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen*—I was aware that I was one of the pioneers, but the governor is getting me rather previous; he wants me to precede the Moon, and I don't want to do that, as I was a much lesser planet than the Moon. I did go to Grand Haven, however, in '49, just about forty years ago instead of fifty. The governor is a "little off" in his arithmetic today. I came to Muskegon for my second visit and to work in '56. I will tell you my first experience in Muskegon. I think I have told it to some of the old pioneers before. We settled about twenty-two miles from Muskegon in the fall of '49, and built a large log house or shanty, with a flat roof covered with shakes and an opening in the center for the smoke to go up, where they built the fires, and called it a fire-place. It was a very hard winter, and along about mid-winter we heard an unearthly yell about our domicile one night, and of course we all got up to stand guard. The men placed themselves at the doors with axes in their hands, when some one happened to look up at the roof and we could see about a dozen bright eyes looking down at us. A flock of wolves were on top looking down at the inmates. It would seem like a horrible thing to the people of Muskegon and Muskegon county today, but we didn't think so much of it, though, of course, we were badly scared, but there wasn't any body injured; valiant woodsmen were at the doors with axes in their hands and warded off any danger to the inmates. Among the inmates was one strong young Irishman who had just come over from Ireland and who came to Muskegon to make his mark. The first mark he attempted to make was in a soft maple tree; he struck a tremendous blow at the tree, but the ax glanced to one side, went through his trousers, his boots, stockings, and when he felt the cold steel on his leg he dropped the ax and yelled "murder" and fell to the ground;

and when they picked him up and brought him into the house they thought of course his leg was badly cut, but when they examined it they couldn't find a mark on his leg at all, it hadn't even scarred it; it was simply the collision of the cold steel against the skin that caused the sensation, and he thought his leg was cut. And that was the first experience that I had in Muskegon. I shall remember it if I live to be a thousand years old. It seems as fresh in my mind today as it was when I first experienced it. I made my second visit to Muskegon in '56, and started sailing. We were loading lumber at the mouth of Black lake, now called Lake Harbor, it was in the fall of '56, and I was taken with the ague. The captain refused to let me go on shore, and he was obliged to go up to the mill, and I jumped overboard and swam ashore to Muskegon, and I went to work in the mills, and got somewhat acquainted with Muskegon, and after about a year's experience I left the sawdust city for my home in Grand Haven again; and stayed there until the war broke out. Since then I have traveled nearly all over the United States, and finally came back to Muskegon as the best city in the United States for my final and future home. I believe it without exception to be today the most promising city in the United States. And after Muskegon city becomes annexed to Muskegon Heights I don't think there will be any doubt of its future prosperity.

A gentleman from the audience asked the name of the young man who was struck with the ax, to which Mr. Connell replied:

His name was Thomas Malone. Father Van Pammel here says he married him, and as I was a witness to the marriage I know it to be a fact.

The President: I think we ought to call upon Father Van Pammel who is here with us. We would like to have him say a word at any rate.

Rev. Edward Van Pammel: *Ladies and gentlemen*—I did not intend to say anything at all today, for the last few days I have not been very well and I did not think I could be here at all and then besides, this morning I had quite a duty to perform, I had a wedding, and after that great work and not being well at the same time, it is almost more than can be expected that I should make a speech. When I was asked to say a few words, my mind was brought back to the first time that I came to the mouth of this lake. I can't say that it was the first time I saw the "mouth," because it was dark and I didn't see it. We had been the whole night in the woods, and we thought the best way to reach Muskegon was to go along Lake Michigan; we knew that we would reach Muskegon at some point, and at

last early in the morning we came to the "mouth" of Muskegon lake after traveling along the shore here, wet up to the waist and covered with mud. That was, I believe, some thirty-six years ago. It made quite an impression on my mind, because I have never forgotten it. We went as far as where Mr. Roger's mill stood some time ago, a companion with me, and we took a little rest, which was very much needed. I could see the clusters of houses that then formed Muskegon, but I thought that we could never reach that far. Still, after making more effort we got there at last, some time during the forenoon, and landed at the house of a friend who ought to be here today, he told me he would be here, it was Mr. Lasley. He ought to be here on the platform himself; he is certainly an old pioneer here, and if any testimony is required he is just the man to give it. He was then a boy. Well, ladies and gentlemen, I hope you will excuse me, because my strength will not allow me to say much more. I think Mr. Lasley should favor us with a few words; he is certainly a pioneer; I think he was here before Muskegon was.

Mr. S. Henry Lasley: *Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen*—I think the Rev. Father Van Pammel is giving me a little more credit than I really claim. I came here at a very early date, on the 21st of November, 1840, and of course during my stay here, it being when I was very young I knew very little of the country, and very little of the privations and hardships that a great many experienced who came here. I may say that the first few years of my existence here were the pleasantest and easiest in my life. There was nothing that I required but what it was always forthcoming. I did not expect to be called upon to address this audience, and you could not expect, of course, that the experiences of the early years of my life here would be of interest to you today, therefore I beg you to excuse me from making any further remarks.

The President: *Ladies and gentlemen*—We are very much pleased that we have an old friend with us, well known in Muskegon ever since the lake was up in Oceana county. The gentleman came here I think about the time the lake moved down from Oceana county. I refer to Mr. Blodgett, "Doc" Blodgett, as we always call him, whom I now introduce to you:

Mr. Delos A. Blodgett: *Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen*—The president is running this thing into a farce. I never attempted before to make a speech in my life. I will say that I am one of the pioneers of this place. I came here something in the manner that the Moon explained. I came here in a little sailing vessel loaded with hay, oxen,

chains and mill feed. We all slept down in the hold of that vessel together, and in due course of time, say in about five or six days, we arrived and landed at Mr. Lasley's dock (the father of the last speaker), who was commencing to build a mill. We got the oxen out and crawled out ourselves. I then went into the woods to work on the river near Sand creek, in the winter of '48 and '49, and in the spring of '49 I came to Muskegon to live. We hadn't any postoffice then, but we had a good citizen by the name of George Walton, who is now at rest, and he established some kind of a postoffice. I guess that he got a postoffice established, but we had no mail carrier, and so the boys who had girls off in foreign lands used to take turns once a week in going to Grand Haven after the mail. As Dr. Smith said, we carried it easily on our backs, as there wasn't a great deal of mail, generally a letter from "my girl."

I drove team here in 1849, the first horse team in Muskegon, and the second horse team that ever came to this part of the State. I know that to be a fact because I drove that team. I got sixteen dollars a month. And I used to drive that team through the streets, and this gentleman here, Mr. Lasley, was then about eight years old, and his sister, Rachel, a plump, fat, little girl; they used to get onto the reaches with me where I held them in my arms and drove through the city of Muskegon. A question has been asked me if this little girl, who was then only about six years old, was the first girl I ever held in my arms, and I answered, no. I think I have said enough for my first speech.

The President: We will now listen to a history of the settlement of the Hollanders of the city of Muskegon, which has kindly been prepared by E. N. Van Baalen, of this city:

Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen—I was appointed one of the vice-presidents of this society at its last annual meeting, and was also selected to say something in regard to the early history of the Holland settlers in this vicinity. The first Hollanders who came to Muskegon did so in 1852, and were William Meyer, Peter Fox and John Bennema. The first two moved away soon after, and the last one died while a resident here. John Bronson came to this city in 1854, and lives here still. In 1855 Cornelius Wagner came here with his wife and seven children. He died in 1857. His wife, however, and most of the children are still residents of the city. The same year, that is 1855, Isaac Brandt and James Brandt moved here. The first of these is still quite a prominent Holland citizen, though his brother has moved away.

In 1856 Martin Penney and wife and Abram Deline came here. The next year I became a resident of the city, with my wife and a number of others. My wife died two years since.

When I came to Muskegon it was but a small village in Ottawa county. There were only four houses between Pine street and Fourth street, where is now the principal business portion of the city. At the time of my reaching here there were but forty-five persons of Holland descent in the village, twenty-eight of whom were married. In 1857 there was no Holland church in the city, while at the present time there are five. The Holland population has increased very rapidly and it is estimated that there are at the present time 6,000 persons within the city limits, most of whom were born in the Netherlands or are of strict Holland descent.

Mr. Alexander V. Mann: *Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen*—Some one has called upon me to make a speech. I told them that I thought I could say about as much as my friend Stevens had, that is, that I didn't come here prepared to make a speech, that I wasn't in any mood to make a speech, and furthermore that I couldn't if I wanted to. I believe that I never made a public speech in my life but once before, and that was at a meeting of this kind, and there are probably many here today who heard me at that time, and I presume that they expressed the desire then that they should never hear me again. We are here today to celebrate an event usually called a reunion; we assemble together, reunite again to talk over old times, old events that occurred many years ago. As I said on a former occasion, however, I do not consider myself hardly a pioneer, from the fact that there are so many, and so many here today, persons who came here long before I came to this part of the country. I am but a young pioneer here as compared with many, from the fact that I did not come here till about 1856, that is thirty-five years ago, and I see before me many who were here a long time previous to that and who could regale you with incidents that occurred at that time in a far more interesting manner than I can. Pioneer days in this country are over, as you might say; there is no east, no west, no north, no south. It will be but a short time when all who were the original pioneers in this country, throughout the length and breadth of this land, will be gone. It is good for us to remember, even those that are getting old, the things that occurred during our younger days in this part of the country. No doubt there are before me here today many who think it strange that we old fellows should reverence this day. But there are many thousand instances that occurred in our youthful days here, many things that occurred

that makes it pleasant to go back in our memory and recall them; and nothing today gives me more pleasure than to sit down with the old men and old ladies that were here in the days when I came here, and talk over the instances that occurred that were really amusing. We had to make all of the fun that we had in those days, and we did have fun, no question about that, we had a great deal of fun. My friends here, Mr. Moon, Gov. Holt, Mr. Stevens, and several others, probably would like me to relate some of the instances that occurred wherein they were connected, and doubtless some of the old ladies would like to have me tell some of the things that occurred wherein they also were connected, but I have not time at present.

Mr. Holt: The next and last address will be by the oldest pioneer of the county, a gentleman who, while he is an old pioneer, is still somewhat young as appearances would indicate. We will now listen to Mr. Rogers of the "Ravenna Times."

Mr. Rogers: *Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen*—The governor, through his courtesy and never-forgetfulness, has called upon the "baby" of the society, I suppose for fear he might make the baby mad. Last year they made a baby of me, claiming that I represented the infant of the society, being the youngest member. I am pleased, of course,—especially as the baby is always a favorite with the ladies. The word pioneer is always associated with the log house, with hardships and with privations, and yet we who are young are sometimes proud of the title and will stick to the title of pioneer as long as we have opportunity, because our forefathers have succeeded in making this land so beautiful that we will never be pioneers here except in name. I know that I am going to stick to the title. I have a right to it and I am going to maintain it, and I believe it will be a "cold day" when I leave Muskegon or Muskegon county. You have listened with a great deal of pleasure to these pioneers and the privations they endured to make this country what we see it. I cannot add anything to that, I cannot tell you of further privations, because I, like Brother Lasley, when I first came here, was given everything that they could afford to let me have at that time. I don't suppose I was loaded down with toys or anything like what our children are today; I perhaps got a lump of sugar and possibly my mother's slipper to play with—I don't remember, though I undoubtedly did.

I wish to say just one thing today that was mentioned here last year, and this especially to the younger men of the county, to those who perhaps have as good a right to membership in this society as I have, —if not, perhaps, quite so old, yet they will come in under the by-laws.

It is for the younger men to preserve—to assist those who are passing away from the active stage of life in perpetuating this organization. It is our place to help the older ones. And I would counsel the younger men of Muskegon county, the young men of the country portion of it, and the young men of the city, to join hands with this society and become members of it, and help perpetuate this institution that is keeping alive these things to which we owe so much. They are keeping alive these reminiscences of these grey-haired people who are yearly passing from the stage of life. And I hope that a great many today may hand their names in to the secretary. It is something that will perpetuate the history of this county, that our children and our children's children will read with pleasure, and I believe that those things should be attended to. Let me then say to the younger ones, do this before you leave the ground.

I am pleased to see so many of the older ones here today. Of course the city of Muskegon, having such a "boom" as it has, is busy with her business improvements all of the time, and perhaps some of these things that administer to our pleasure were passed over lightly. Yet it would seem today that the representation from the city is first rate.

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

Vol. XXI. Second Edition—Mrs. M. B. Ferrey.

The numbers in the margin indicate the pages to which the notes refer.

47. Pine Grove Seminary, in Allegan, Mich., was built in the year 1856 by Judge Henry H. Booth for the benefit of the young people of that town and county. This was a philanthropic deed, the building costing him about seven thousand dollars, besides annual expenses in taxes and insurance, repairs, etc. The principal teachers were Hermon Perry and his wife, Nevina A. Perry, then recently from the state of New York, who received tuition from the pupils as their pay. This institution met the needs of young men and women of those days, when families were struggling to maintain themselves in the new country, and educational facilities were limited to the common district school.—Mrs. Emily Mulford Church, Allegan, Mich.

61. Henry C. Lewis, whose handsome residence is pictured in Branch County history, willed his collection of paintings and statues to the University of Michigan and it was moved there in 1895. It consisted of six hundred paintings and one hundred pieces of sculpture for which Mr. Lewis expended over $200,000. There are few original works but some good copies.

69. Thomas Nast, not the caricaturist but a clergyman who attained quite a reputation.

193. General William Humphrey was born in 1828 at Canandaigua, N. Y. He died at Adrian, January 15, 1899. He came to Michigan in 1838 and settled on wild land in Hillsdale county. At the age of twenty he entered high school at Geneva, N. Y., and spent one year at Spring Arbor Academy, Mich. In 1857 he went to Adrian; enlisted in the Union army, April, 1861, and was made Captain 3d Michigan Infantry. He was with Kearney when he was killed at Chantilly. He was commissioned lieutenant-colonel in 1863, and helped to blow up the mine at Petersburg; breveted brigadier-general; mustered out Sept. 30, 1864; editor of Adrian Watchtower, afterwards called The Times; 1867 auditor-general; 1875 warden Jackson prison; postmaster at Adrian. Married Elizabeth Sinclair, Oct. 9, 1867; left a widow and one daughter, Mrs. B. E. Tobias. *Cyclo Mich.*, p. 334.

194. After the death of her husband Mrs. Applegate continued the paper. While attending a meeting of the State Press Association, June 14, 1901, at Flint Mich., she was invited for a drive over the city and while crossing the railroad track the carriage was run into by a train of cars and Mrs. Applegate instantly killed. She was about fifty years of age and one of the best known newspaper women of the state.

207. Rev. James Lawrence Patton was born Oct. 14, 1827 in Warren Co., Ohio. His father died when he was fifteen, leaving him the care of the farm to support four persons. At the age of twenty-one he began work for himself, graduating from the Theological School at Oberlin when thirty-five years old. He was rejected for service in the Civil War on account of poor health. After serving two churches in Ohio he came to Greenville, Mich., and was pastor of the Congregational Church until his death in 1900, making one of the longest pastorates in the state. He was one of the best known and respected ministers in Michigan and left his impress upon his home city and its institutions.—Rev. Carl S. Patton, Columbus, Ohio.

282. In 1907, Mrs. Spencer, State Librarian, turned over the distribution of the books to this Society. They are exchanged with colleges and historical societies of other states, given to all public libraries and colleges of our own

state and to all public schools having 500 volumes in their own libraries, and sold to outside individuals for one dollar each or one and one fourth dollar, including postage.

288. Frederick Carlisle was born at Middletown, New Jersey, coming to Michigan when a young man.

During the war he served as special agent of the treasury department and did some excellent work for the government. Later, in Detroit, he was engaged in a number of enterprises, among which was the promotion of the old Congress street railway, which he later sold, and which is now a part of the D. U. R. system.

Having lived in Detroit for nearly half a century he was one of the city's best known writers, and the files of the newspapers contain many hundreds of columns of clever contributions from his pen and several of his historical papers are printed in the collections. A number of years ago he prepared a volume of sketches of the lives of most of the prominent citizens, and it was all in type and ready to be issued to the public when the copy, proofs, plates and all were destroyed in the explosion of the Journal building.

It had been the labor of years and he did not re-write it. Since then he had been engaged mostly in genealogical researches, and was one of the most thoroughly informed authorities in that line.

He died April the seventh, 1906, at his residence on Euclid Avenue, Detroit, Mich.—Ruth Carlisle.

289. Jacques Cartier, French navigator, was born at St. Malo, France, Dec. 31, 1494. Commissioned by Francis I. King, explorer of Western Continent and sailed April 20, 1534, with 240 men for twenty days and landed at Newfoundland. He sailed on the St. Lawrence river without realizing its size or greatness. He returned to St. Malo, Sept. 5, 1534. In 1535 he was again sent out by the king. That year he named St. Charles, St. Croix; the Huron village Hochelaga he called Mont Real. He returned to France, came to Sladacona, now Quebec, where twenty-five of his company died that winter of scurvy. He invited Donna Conna, the king of Canada, with eight chiefs, to bid him adieu, May 9, 1536 and took them away and all died of grief. He was appointed viceroy of New France, reached Quebec, Aug. 1541. The Indians were hostile to him from his treachery. He built a fort on an island (Orleans). He returned to France and died in 1555.—*Harper's Enc.*, Vol. 2, p. 64.

289. Samuel Champlain founded Quebec or Kebec, an Indian word meaning "The Narrows." He was born in 1567 and died in 1635. At forty-four years of age he married a girl of twelve.—*Harper's Enc.*, Vol. 2, p. 88.

289. Jean Ribault or Ribaut, French navigator was born at Dieppe, France, in 1520. He was commissioned by Coligni to go to Florida as explorer of America, 1562. 100,000 ducats were offered for the lives of Ribaut and his friends. He was murdered by the Spaniards in Florida, Sept. 23, 1565.—*Harper's Enc.*, Vol 7, p. 429.

289. Pierre de Gast de Monts was a wealthy Huguenot, commissioned viceroy New France, who sailed with Champlain, March, 1604, with four vessels and landed at Nova Scotia. He first built a fort on St. Croix Island but the severe winter killed half his force, then numbering seventy. The following spring he went to Port Royal, now Annapolis, N. S. In 1613 Samuel Argall, freebooter under sanction of the Gov. of Virginia drove the French from Cadia or Acadia as it was called. De Monts monoply was revoked in 1608 and the settlement abandoned at Port Royal.— *Harper's Enc.*, Vol. 3, p. 80.

289. Champlain made a map of New France in 1613. It makes a queer picture, showing fish in the water, trees and hills on land varying in height. Mountains were depicted and deserts located. It was the first attempt to indicate latitude and longitude on map of the coast. This map is in the N. Y. Public Library, Lenox Building. *Voyages of Samuel de Champlain*, 1604-1618, p. 223. J. Franklin Jameson, Ph. D. LL. D.

290. Rev. Father Pierre Biaset, (Biart or Baird) of the Province of Lyons was born at Grenoble in 1567. He entered the Society of Jesus, June 3, 1583. He landed at Port Royal, May 22, 1611. He returned to France, May, 1614. He was made prisoner at St. Sauveur in 1613.—*Sketch by Felix Martin.*

290. Ennemond Massé of the Society of Jesus was born at Lyons, 1574, and died at Sillery, Canada in 1646. He was sent by Father Cotton to accompany

Biard to Acadia; sent also with Jean Le Breuf and two lay brothers. He is described as of a violent nature, hard to restrain but by self discipline he became industrious, healthy, untiring, continually subjecting himself to fasts and sacrifices, an anchorite. In 1608 he was an associate of Father Cotton, then confessor to the King. He was one of the most notable of the missionaries of New France. A monument was erected to him at Sillery. He continued work for fifty-two years. He and Biart were the first missionaries to enter New France in 1611. Acorns alone were their only food for years. They were imprisoned and slandered. One of them died without the offices of the church. They came near being killed by pirates, and at last reached France like beggars. According to their rules they had no beds or linen, wore hair shirts and armor that galled; rigid discipline every day—ate only dessert, never gratified their tastes; fasted for three weeks at a time, and for uncharitable words, performed the most revolting penances. Father Massé's trade was that of a wood sawyer and carpenter.

290. Marquette River rises in Newyago County and enters Lake Michigan near Ludington. Its length is nearly seventy miles.

290. René Robert Cavelier, Sieur de La Salle was born at Rouen, France. Nov. 22, 1643, came to Canada and was admitted as a Jesuit in 1666. He founded Lachine. He was governor of Fort Frontenac and located the site of Kingston. He built the vessel Griffin, the largest craft on the lakes. August, 1679, with Tonti he sailed to Northern Michigan to discover the Mississippi, and named it Colbert after the French patron. He set up the arms of Louis, Great King of France and Navarre, April 9, 1682, and nailed up a leaden plate, announcing that the country belonged to France. He established Fort St. Louis at Mobile, near the Gulf of Mexico. His nephew was murdered by mutineers and he was killed March 20, 1687. Joutel in his pen picture of La Salle says his greatness was thwarted by his haughtiness and harshness which caused his death.

290. Black Rock, former village in Erie County on Niagara River, two miles north of Buffalo. Parkman claims the Griffin was built at what is now Cayuga Creek, two leagues from the Falls. A village near here is now called La Salle.—*Life of La Salle*, p. 145.

291. Henri Chevalier de Tonti or Tonty, was born in Gaeta, Italy in 1650. He was the inventor of the Tontine system of association. He entered the French army and accompanied La Salle to Canada in 1678, building the fort at Peoria, Ill. In 1680 he was with La Salle in his discovery of the Mississippi River. In 1699 he went to the Gulf to meet Iberville, and died in Fort St. Louis, Mobile, Sept., 1704. He usually signed his name as Gallicized, Tonty. He wore a hand of iron or metal, covered by a glove. Parkman says La Potherie erroneously ascribes his loss to a sabre cut.

291. St. Anne's church at Detroit was started July 26, 1701 by Cadillac. This was burned 1703 by Indians setting fire to a barn. The next year the records of the new church began, being the oldest consecutive church records in Michigan. In 1706 the priest of St. Anne's, Constantine del Halle, was killed by Indians. In 1712 the church was again consumed by fire, and for several years an unoccupied house was used for services. In 1723 a new building was begun inside the pickets. In 1755 a larger church was erected, which was burned in the great fire of 1805. In 1818 the corner stone of St. Anne's was again laid. In 1887 the present St. Anne's was dedicated.

292. Historians give the war of 1744 as the struggle of the French and English for the supremacy in India and always dated it 1743-1752. It was said to be the beginning of the British Empire. The two leaders were Dupleix of the French, and Captain Clive of the English, and one who afterward became Lord Clive, the former being found cowardly and inefficient. The British were so thoroughly engaged in this Austrian struggle, as it is called, that the colonies undertook the capture of Louisburg. It was the most brilliant success of the English in the war.—*His. Ready Reference*, Larned, Vol. 3, p. 2315.

292. Louisburg, situated on the Island of Cape Breton, was built by the French in 1713 at immense cost. Its importance was so great Gov. Shirley of Massachusetts resolved on its destruction. Troops were sent out from all the colonies under William Pepperell of Maine. It took the form of an anti-papist affair. Four thousand troops were engaged against it. After a siege of forty-eight days it was surrendered with the Island of St. John, its inhabitants and soldiers

being shipped to France. By the treaty of Aix la Chapelle in 1748 the British gave Louisburg and Cape Breton to the French. *Harper's Enc.*, Vol. 5, p. 480.

293. Robert Dinwiddie, lieutenant-governor of Virginia was born in Scotland in 1690 and came to Virginia in 1752. He exacted enormous fees of the people and became very unpopular and entirely ignored by the House of Burgesses. He was employed by George Washington, who appointed him adjutant-general. St. Pierre, commandant at Fort Le Boeuf, was disobedient and here was the first call for the Colonial Union against Great Britain. Gov. Dinwiddie was the first to propose a tax on the colonists and one of the five governors to send such recommendation to Parliament. The charge of his using twenty thousand pounds for personal expenses made trouble and caused him to leave Virginia. He resigned January, 1758 after having held the office of governor for five years, and died at Clifton, England, Aug. 1, 1770.—*Harper's Enc., U. S. History*, Vol. 3, p. 116.

293. Jacques Legardeur (Le Gardeur) de Saint-Pierre, a French veteran described by Gen. Washington as "an elderly gentleman with the air of a soldier." He was called the "bloody morning scout." Parkman, Vol. 1, p. 315. A knight of the order of St. Louis, and commandant of Fort Du Quesne. Campbell's *His. Virginia*, p. 461.

293. General John Forbes was born in Scotland in 1710. He was educated for a physician but entered the army and was lieutenant-colonel in 1745. He was commissioned brigadier-general in 1757. He commanded the expedition against Fort Duquesne, Pa., in November, 1758, and after its abandonment by the French renamed it Fort Pitt (now Pittsburg) in honor of the Prime Minister of France. He died in Philadelphia, March 11, 1759. *Universal Enc.*, Vol. 4, p. 440.

294. Col. William Shirley, Governor of Massachusetts was born at Sussex, England, in 1693. He was educated as a lawyer. He reached Boston in 1734; appointed governor in 1741; planned an expedition against Louisburg in 1745; appointed commissioner at Paris in 1750; in 1754 he concluded a treaty with the Eastern Indians; explored Kenebec and erected forts; in 1755 he was appointed commander of British North America; planned Niagara River expedition; in 1759 lieutenant-general and governor Bahama Isles; he returnd to Massachusetts in 1770 and built a mansion at Roxbury but never occupied it as he died March 24, 1771.—*Harper's Enc.*, Vol. 8, p. 178.

294. John Prideaux was born at Devonshire, England, in 1718; son of Sir John; captain in 1745; colonel in 1758; brigadier-general in 1759; killed in an assault on Fort Niagara, July, 1759.—*Idem* Vol. 7, p. 249.

318. The old Russell House stood on the site of the old National Hotel, now occupied by Detroit's leading leading hotel, the Ponchartrain. The National was opened Dec. 1, 1836 by S. K. Harring who was succeeded in 1838 by Austin Wales. In April, 1840, Edward Lyon furnished it newly. In 1857 it was called the Russell House and was entirely remodeled and enlarged. It was one of the finest hotels in the Northwest.

342. Sir Henry Bessemer, English inventor, who gave the name to the manufacture of steel. He was born in Charlton in 1813. His steel manufactory at Sheffield gave him world-wide notoriety and an income from its patents of upwards of a million dollars annually. He died in London, March 15, 1898.

342. Giles B. Stebbins was a Detroit author of local note, his topics dealing largely with scientific and theological questions.

347. Benjamin Woodworth was a brother of Samuel Woodworth, the author of "The Old Oaken Bucket." He came to Detroit about 1806. He was elected sheriff and managed the last public execution in 1830, as capital punishment was abolished in 1840. From May, 1812 until 1844 he kept a hotel at the corner of Woodbridge and Randolph Sts. A new one was built in 1819. In 1818, after the arrival of the boat, Walk-in-the-Water, it was called Steamboat Hotel. It contained a long room in which fairs, meetings, etc., were held. He sold it to Milton Barney in 1844 and it burned March 9, 1848.

352. General Peter Buel Porter was born in Salisbury, Conn., Aug. 4, 1773; studied law and began practice; 1795 member of Congress; settled at Black Rock near Buffalo; led the volunteers on Niagara frontier for which he received a gold medal from Congress. He declined the command of the army in 1815; was secretary of State of New York, and United States Secretary of War under Adams in 1828. He was one of the early projectors of the Erie Canal and died at Niagara Falls, March 20, 1844.—*Harper's Enc.*, Vol. 7, p. 259.

355. Chancellor Robert R. Livingston was born in New York City, Nov. 27, 1747; graduated from King's College in 1765; made recorder in 1773 but was dismissed for being a Patriot; member Continental Congress in 1775 but was ill and did not sign the Declaration of Independence; was made Chancellor of New York; was secretary of foreign affairs in 1781-1783; minister to France and aided in securing Louisana; he met Fulton while in Paris and became very much interested in steam navigation. He died at Clermont, N. Y., Feb. 26, 1813. *Harper's Enc.*, Vol. 5, p. 445.

356. This was not the Peacock that captured the British boat, Epervier, one of the finest of the fleet in 1812, carrying $118,000 in specie. She was taken to Savannah, Ga., May 1, 1814.

357. Sheldon McKnight founded Detroit Free Press in 1829. Was postmaster Detroit; and also engaged in shipping interests and constructed marine railway at Sault Ste. Marie over which the first vessels were transported to Lake Superior. Died at Washington, D. C., July, 1860. Lanman's *Red Book of Mich.*, p 467.

360. General Godfrey Weitzel was born in Cincinnati, O., Nov. 1, 1835; graduated from West Point in 1855; served on General Butler's staff and made mayor of New Orleans after its capture; brigadier-general in 1862 and was breveted major-general in 1865; he became lieutenant-colonel of the Engineers in 1882. He died at Philadelphia, Pa., March 19, 1884. *Harper's Enc.*, Vol. 10, p. 303.

371. In 1830 Solon Cook settled in Ann Arbor, opening the well-known Cook House and for thirty-seven years was its landlord.

371. William R. Thompson kept the Washtenaw House, Lowertown, Ann Arbor.

371. William S. Maynard was born in Berkshire County, Mass., April 25, 1802 and died June 18, 1866. He came to Ann Arbor in 1830; was very closely identified with the city's interests; was on the school board, alderman and mayor. He left a widow, seven daughters and a stepson. *History Washtenaw Co.*, p. 271.

381. Colonel Thomas Baylis Whitmarsh Stockton was born in Walton, N. Y., June 18, 1805 and died in Flint, Dec. 8, 1890. At his mother's death he was adopted by Dr. and Mrs. Whitmarsh, his sister. He graduated from West Point in 1827, serving at many posts in the United States. March 3, 1830 he married Maria G. Smith, daughter of Jacob Smith, at Detroit. In 1835 he resigned from the army and lived in Indiana. He came to Flint in 1839 and moved to California in 1852. Chief Naomi gave a section of land to each of the four daughters of Jacob Smith; Harriet, Mrs. Garland, Mrs. Louisa Payne and Mrs. Stockton, the youngest. Colonel Stockton donated twenty acres for the site of the school for the deaf at Flint. He commanded the Stockton Independents in the Civil War. He returned to Flint after peace was declared. He was the last survivor of his father's family of twenty-two children. Mrs. Stockton died April, 1898, leaving one son.—*Genesee Biographies*, p. 218.

381. Jacob Smith, the second white settler after the French Bolieu, was a German, born in Quebec. He married a squaw and was the father of six children. He was Captain in the American army. His Indian name was Wahbesins or "Young Swan." He came to Flint in 1819 and died there 1825.—*Golden Jubilee of Flint*, p. 36.

398. Hazelton (Hazleton) is a township in Shiawassee County.

398. Alfred H. Hanscom was representative from Oakland county, 1842-5, and Speaker of the House, 1845. He was considered a good lawyer and one of the best political orators of the day. He removed to Ontonagon in 1850 and died about 1858.

399. Mr. Hazelton was eighty-four years old when he wrote this paper and it would be strange if he gave all names and dates correctly from memory.

Rev. John D. Pierce was representative from Calhoun, 1847-8; Supt. of Public Instruction, 1836-1841.

James M. Edmunds was a member of the house from Washtenaw county 1846-7.

James L. Glenn was from Cass Co., in 1846 and Speaker pro tem. of the House, 1847.

Judge Augustus C. Baldwin was a member of the House from Oakland Co., in 1844-6.

Judge Sanford M. Green was state senator from Shiawassee Co., in 1843-4-6-7 and never served in the House.

David A. Noble served in the House from Monroe Co., in 1846-7.

Charles M. O'Malley represented Mackinac Co., in 1846-7-9.

William Norman McLeod was sent to the House from Mackinac Co., in 1843-4-5.

415. Ohio Life & Trust Co.—The first banking in early days was done by private associations, and very few restrictions or laws were made concerning their conduct. The first bank incorporated in Ohio was the Miami Exporting Co. of Cincinnati, April, 1803, with "banking privileges" which were not used until 1807 when it became purely a banking concern. *Financial History of Ohio* by Prof. Bogart. The Ohio Life and Trust Co. was organized Feb. 12, 1834, and acted as agent for the state. It had a capital of $2,000,000 and did business all over the United States. It was located in Cincinnati, with a branch office in New York. The charter is exceedingly interesting, (*Laws Ohio*, 1833) as it gave the bank full power for insurance, annuities, to hold lands, made it guardian of infants and lunatics, and administrator of estates; it paid 4 per cent on deposits and required no bonds from the company but all losses became a liability of the company; shares were $100 each, payable in eighteen months. The affairs were examined by some one appointed by the governor. A report was sent to the supreme court annually and the court could order an investigation by a master commissioner, and all statements were required to be sent to the auditor general within thirty days after transactions. The attempt of the state to tax and control its banks resulted in almost riots. The panic of 1854, and the more serious one of 1857, severely tried all of the banks of the country. Most of those in Ohio survived but the failure of the strongest single bank of the state, The Ohio Life and Trust Co., occurred Aug. 24, 1857, taking with it many outside banks including some in Michigan. It had granted $5,000,000 to railroads all over the country for their construction, without being properly secured. The New York agent in 1840 had opened an office in New York, receiving a salary of $1,500 per annum. He speculated and had taken funds from the company to settle his losses. There is no doubt but that the practices of this bank, which was never reorganized, had been very bad and dishonest. Many bankers borrowed notes outside at low interest and circulated them in Ohio and redeemed them when they were returned to the issuing bank, as much money circulating in this way in the state, (eight and one-half millions,) as from the Ohio banks.

416. Luther Beecher was born Feb. 16, 1815 at Cheshire, Conn. When nine years old he earned his own living. In 1832 during the panic a merchant left without help employed Mr. Beecher, then a boy of seventeen. This business failed and he became a clerk until the great fire in N. Y. in 1836 when he journeyed to Detroit and opened a store. Afterward he sold one-half the stock taking wildcat money and invested this at Rock Island, Ill. Losing everything he returned to N. Y. and securing $3,000 stock of goods he opened a store in Detroit and was successful. In 1852 with four young men partners he established a carpet store and soon had a monopoly of trade at Carpet Hall. He was nearly ruined in the panic of 1857, but after six month's rest he again set out to win a fortune and succeeded. In 1845 he married Maria L. Williams who died in 1850 leaving two children. In 1852 he married Mary A. Wilkins of Pittsburg, Pa. He owned Young Men's Hall in the Biddle Block, which was the leading theatre until the Detroit Opera House was started in 1869. In 1870 Young Men's Hall was changed to Beecher Hall and used for free entertainments.—*Representative Men of Mich.*, p. 14.

416. The Bank of Macomb was organized in 1836 with a capital of $200,000. William Vandervoort and Lucius H. Pratt, connected with the bank on Sunday, Feb. 12, 1837, drew $40,000 and left the country. The bank was closed in 1841 and no report was given after that.

418. Judge Melville McGee was a native of Bolton, Warren Co., N. Y., born Jan. 24, 1828, and descended from Revolutionary ancestors. His father with his wife and family of nine children, started for Jackson Co. The canal boat on which they embarked sunk in North river, N. Y., his goods damaged and left in Troy, N. Y., to dry. It took three days to go from Detroit to Concord, Jackson Co. At this time Melville was four years old. After a term at Spring Arbor College he studied law with Gov. Blair and was admitted in 1853; elected probate judge 1865-76. He married Charlotte A. King and they had six sons.

432. Thomas A. E. Weadock was born in Ballygarret, Ireland, Jan. 1, 1850.

The family emigrated to St. Marys, Ohio. His father died in 1863, and young Weadock had to assume charge of the farm. He taught school and with money thus earned he graduated in law from the U. of M. He located at Bay City, attaining an extensive law practice and given all local political honors possible. He was elected congressman and afterwards traveled extensively in Europe. In 1895 he moved to Detroit. He was twice married, first to Mary E. Tarsney and secondly to Miss Nannie E. Curtis. He is the father of four children.—*Bench and Bar of Mich.*, p. 195.

432. John Dawson Gilmary Shea, historian, was born in N. Y. City, July 22, 1824. He was admitted to the bar in 1846. He took up literary work confining himself mostly to writings on the Roman Catholic Church and its workers in the U. S. He died at Elizabeth, N. J., Feb. 22, 1892.—*Harper's Enc. U. S. His.*, Vol. 8, p. 148.

432. Mr. C. M. Burton says there was a printing press brought into Detroit before the one used by Father Richard in 1809. However no one was able to put it together and it was sent back east. At this time the printing in Mich. was done mostly at Albany, N. Y.

433. The University at Detroit was established by the Governor and Judges and presided over by Rev. John Monteith, who in 1817 filled seven professorships at an annual salary of $12. Father Richard had six professorships and received $18.75. The records of the organization are in the U. of M., at Ann Arbor and are in the handwriting of Judge Woodward.

448. Jean Joseph Casot or Cazot, born in France, of Swiss origin, Oct. 4, 1728; entered Society of Jesus, Dec. 16, 1753; came to Canada, 1757; ordained at Quebec, Dec. 20, 1766; died at Quebec, March 16, 1800—the last Jesuit in Canada.

449. Ignatius Loyola de, founder of the Jesuit order was born at Guipuzcoa, Spain, 1491, in the castle of Loyola, hence his name. He served in the wars and was wounded. While recovering he read religious books and became transformed, gave away his goods and was ordained a priest. He was accused of witchcraft, was tried and released in 1528. He went to Paris to study theology and with others founded the order of the Society of Jesus. In 1541 he was made first general of the order. He died July 31, 1556. He was beatified in 1599; cannonized by Pope Gregory in 1622 and feast celebrated July 31, 1622.

450. Montagnais, meaning French mountaineers, were a Canadian tribe of Indians extending from St. Maurice river to the Atlantic and from the St. Lawrence to the watershed of Hudson Bay. They were related to the Crees. The first missionary work among them was begun in 1615. They fought the Micmacs and Eskimo but their greatest foes were the Iroquois, who drove them north. They were called honest and hospitable, but very superstitious. They buried their dead in the earth and built a hut over the grave and through the windows they threw tobacco and food. In 1884 they numbered about 1,395.—*Handbook Am. Inds.*, part 1, p. 933.

451. These Nez-Perces were of the Anickwa from anick a beaver, an Algonquian tribe who lived on the north shore of Lake Huron. They claimed to be allies of the Nipissing.

451. Charles Raymbaut, Raimbault, Raymbault, was born at Le Brois, France, April 6, 1602; entered order at Rouen, August 24, 1621; came to Canada, 1637; died at Quebec, Oct. 22, 1642.

451. Isaac Joques, missionary, born at Orleans, France, Jan. 10, 1607; Jesuit at Rouen, 1624; Canadian missionary, 1636; founded mission of the Chippewas, 1642. While on his way to Quebec he was captured by Mohawks and made a slave but escaped to France. He returned to Canada, May, 1846 and concluded treaty with French and Mohawks. He was killed by the latter as a sorcerer at Caughnawaga, Oct. 18, 1846.

451. Francois Joseph le Mercier, born at Paris, Oct. 4, 1604; 1635 came to Canada and after considerable mission work he returned to Quebec in 1658. He was made vicar of Quebec, 1660. He returned to France, 1673 and died at Martinique, June 12, 1690.—*Jesuit Relations*, Vol. VIII, p. 290.

458. Michigamea or Mitchigama, means "great water," and is the name of a warlike tribe on the Lake of the same name who fused with the tribes of the Illinois confederacy. Their village was on Pine Lake on the west side of the Mississippi, between St. Francis and the Mississippi rivers, Ark. It is thought they went to Missouri. They were driven out by the Chickasaws and joined the

Kaskaskias in Illinois. They were few in numbers only 3 names being given in the Illinois treaty in 1803.—*Handbook Am. Ind.*, part 1, p. 856.

The historian Shea says our word Michigan is derived from this.

459. Louis Joliet was born at Quebec, Canada, Sept. 21, 1645; educated at a Jesuit college and engaged in the fur trade. Commissioned by Frontenac to explore the Mississippi river. He found its mouth to be in the Gulf of Mexico. He returned, but on the way lost his manuscript. Jealousy of La Salle kept him away from the Mississippi. He was made the royal hydrographer and for his services received the island of Anticosti of which he was deprived by the British. In 1697 the seigniory of Joliet in Canada was granted him.

460. Peoria, meaning "he comes carrying a pack on his back," was one of the principal tribes of the Illinois confederacy. They were located on a river west of the Wisconsin, probably the upper Iowa. Some, however, were on Rock and Illinois rivers. Marquette found them near the present Peoria, Ill. The Foxes claim to have extinguished them. In 1854 with the Weas and Piankashaws they went to the Indian Territory where they now reside.—*Handbook Am. Inds.*, part 2, p. 228.

460. St. Francis Xavier, a Jesuit mission established by Allouez in 1669 at a village of the Miamies and Mascoutens on Fox river, Wis., near De Pere, Brown Co., where the Mascoutens had a village a few miles from Green Bay.—*Handbook Am. Inds.*, part 2, p. 411.

467. These were Canadian canoes built of birch bark, cedar splints and ribs of spruce roots, covered with yellow pine pitch making them so light four men could carry them on their shoulders across the portages.

470. This plant is called by the French "Serpent-a-Sonnettes." It was considered infallible in snake bites and two or three drops in a snake's mouth was sure death.

470. Mascoutens, Little Prairie People. The Hurons called them Fire People, the same probably originating from mistaking the Algonquin prairie word for fire. The term is now applied to the Illinois tribes on the prairies. They are closely related to the Kickapous. The garden beds are attributed to the Mascoutens. Portions of the tribe lived at old Fort Massac. The Potawatomies made war on the Mascoutens and Foxes at the siege of Detroit. The last mention of them is in Wisconsin.—*Handbook Am. Inds.*, part 1, p. 810.

473. Shea in Life of Marquette says these were cat fish of the Mississippi, remarkable for size and strength of blows.

473. Probably an American tiger cat differing from those of Africa and South America because they have no spots. F.

475. Peace pipes with bowl, generally of stone, with a stem ornamented with feathers. To refuse them meant war to accept friendship and peace. The use of the word Calumet is generally accredited to Father Marquette.

478. The scarf, commonly called belt, was worn by all chiefs. These belts were worn over the left shoulder, and passed around the waist, ending in a long fringe. They also used arm, knee and wrist bands with knee-rattles made of deer hoofs, and armed themselves with bows and arrows, war-clubs and scalping-knives. F.

478. Nadowe, or the full name Nadoussians, spelled in 25 ways and with 17 initial letters, is the Chippewa word for adder or enemy. The original Indian word was shortened to Dakota. The tribe is the largest of the Siouan family commonly called Sioux.

They are early spoken of at Sault Ste. Marie. They were allies of the English in 1776 and 1812. In 1862 came the outbreak by Little Crow. In 1867 they relinquished their lands and removed to Dakota. The discovery of gold in the Black Hills caused other outbreaks in one of which Gen. Custer was killed. They were subdued by Gen. Miles in 1890-1891, during the Ghost dance. They are among the bravest and best educated but were polygamous. They placed their dead on scaffolds.—*Handbook Am. Indians*, part 1, p. 376.

Shea says these Indians assume female dress and pass for Manitous, genii or persons of consequence and power.

479. Twenty-one different dances were described among the southwestern Indians, each with a particular history. Some of the purposes of these are lost. F.

481. Meaning muddy water and name was preserved until 1712. A branch of Rock river is still called Pekatonica.

482. Meaning the Ohio or beautiful river; this part was afterward known as the Ouabache or Wabash.

498. Recollets were a Franciscan order of the Roman Catholics dating from about 1530.

498. Sulpicians were a Roman Catholic order founded in Paris by Abbé J. J. Olier in 1642 and confirmed in 1645. They have several training schools and are properly called the Society of St. Sulpice.

511. Louis J. Papineau was born at Montreal, Oct., 1789, and educated at Quebec. He was called impassioned, prejudiced and imprudent, the very opposite to Gen. Washington. He fought with words to raise himself. He was of medium height, Hebrew features, keen intellect and well read. He incited revolt against the Canadian government knowing the military were weak and illy prepared to resist. He encouraged the Patriots to hope for success. He was the master spirit of the rebellion. He roused the people who cried *vive Papineau, vive la libertie.* He was dismissed from the government service, arrested, but managed to escape and reach the U. S. A prize was offered for his capture. His aim was to effect a separation of Canada from the Mother country. He died at Montebello, Quebec, Sept. 23, 1871.

511. Dr. Wolfred Nelson was born in 1792 at Montreal. His mother was a Loyalist. At fourteen he was apprenticed as a surgeon and licensed in 1811, settling at St. Dennis where he commanded a large practice and became a wealthy brewer. He dropped his profession and entered parliament where he absorbed the Republican principles of Papineau, and joined the discontents. He was taken prisoner after suffering untold hardships to escape, in a ten days travel through the woods and sleeping in the snow. He was banished to Bermuda and forbidden return on pain of death.

511. Thomas Storrow Brown, an American living in Montreal, was leader in an affray of The Sons of Liberty where they lost their banner and were defeated. The Vindicator office, O'Callaghan editor, was destroyed and contents thrown into the streets. Brown was defeated in an attack at St. Charles and fled leaving his thousand troops to their fate. Fifty-six were left killed on the ground and many bodies burned, the rebels trying to avenge the murdered Weir.

511. Amury Girod was appointed to command the Patriots north of the St. Lawrence. He deserted in December at St. Eustache, nineteen miles northwest of Montreal. The village was burned and Girod pursued, when just below Montreal he shot himself in the head.

511. Dr. Coté was defeated at La Cotté Mill. He afterwards went to the U. S., where he and Robert, brother of Dr. Wolfred Nelson, were arrested but released.

512. Sir John Colborne was governor of Canada in 1829 and resigned being succeeded by Sir Francis Head, afterwards known as Lord Seaton.

513. Under Gov. Simcoe wild lands were freely granted to settlers. Public lands were given individuals. Each executive councilman was granted 5,000 acres, his children 1,200. This generosity of the government was abused. Thousands of acres, even townships, were granted to individuals. A three days old child received a grant. Lord Durham said there were 3,200,000 acres granted U. E. Loyalists, refuges from the U. S. and their children before 1787. Militiamen were given 730,000 acres, soldiers and sailors 45,000, magistrates and lawyers 255,000, councilmen 136,000, clergy about 37,000, surveyors 264,000, officers of the army and navy 92,526, schools 500,000, Col. Talbot 50,000, Gen. Brock's heirs 12,000, Bishop Mountain of Quebec 12,000, with clergy reserves half of all surveyed lands. Trinity church, N. Y., stands on Crown lands given in early grants. The Clergy Reserves were created in 1791 and a State Church (the Church of England) established in Canada. The church was to receive one lot in seven. Afterwards in 1819 this was made to include the Scotch or Presbyterian also.

513. Orangemen were members of a political organization formed in opposition to the Roman Catholic Association of Ribbonmen to protect the protestant religion in Ireland. It first came into use in 1688 and originally meant only the supporters of William, 3d Prince of Orange, against the Stuarts. The Association was renewed in 1795 and the first lodge started in north of Ireland. Severe conflicts and great insurrections resulted in its dissolution in 1836. In 1815 it was revived as a secret society. In 1829 it was transferred to British America.

513. Family Compact name originated with Mackenzie in his Sketches of

Canadians. He gave the group of thirty public men whose relationship could be traced, calling it family connections who ruled Canada without check from the country. They surrounded the lieut-gov. and moulded him to their will. Some of this was due to the many intermarriages among the higher classes, making it a family affair.—Kingsford's *His. Can.*, Vol. IX, p. 195.

514. William Lyon Mackenzie was called "the stormy petrell of the ante-rebellion period." He was the only son of Daniel Mackenzie and Miss Mackenzie, who were married May 7, 1794. His father was a weaver and became blind and died aged about 28 years, leaving William a baby twenty-seven days old. He married at Dundas, Canada, Isabel, the daughter of Peter Baxter, a farmer. He was imprisoned at Rochester eighteen months. He fled to N. Y., where he suffered great poverty. His friends bought him a home at Toronto. He designed the coat-of-arms of that city. He brought about many reforms and was very influential in the Rebellion of Canada. He refused all medical aid during his illness and died 1861 and was buried at the Necropolis at Toronto with his wife and twelve children. The papers vied in praises and demonstrations to the memory of the greatest agitator ever known in Canada, whether rebel or patriot. *Cf. supra*, 574. *Life of Mackenzie*, by Lindsey.

515. Dr. John D. Rolph, executive councilman of the reform party of Canada was born March 4, 1793, one of a family of eighteen. He resigned his office March 4, 1836. He studied and practiced law, but was better known as a surgeon. He was accused of treachery and escaped to the U. S., settling in Rochester, N. Y., where he practiced medicine. He was arrested but pardoned in 1843.

515. Samuel Lount, eldest son of Gabriel, an Englishman, who came to Penn. in the middle of the eighteenth century. His mother was Philadelphia Hughes, a Quaker. He went to Canada, 1811. He was selected legislator, U. C., but was defeated for reelection by fraud in 1836. He and Peter Matthews were executed for high treason, the first victims of the Patriot war. A monument was erected to him at the Necropolis, Toronto, in 1903.—*Life of Mackenzie*, Lindsey, p. 436.

515. Col. Anthony Van Egmond or Egmont, who was a native of Holland, owned 13,000 acres of land in Canada. He was captured at the Golden Lion ten miles south of Toronto and died in prison.

515. Sir Francis Bond Head, author, was a half-pay major in the British army and assistant Poor-Law Commissioner at Kent, England, with a salary of £500. He had written two army books on which rested his fame. He was made governor of Canada, Nov., 1835. It was supposed he was a Liberal but he proved an inconsistent Tory who did much to hasten the Rebellion. He was no politician and utterly ignorant of Canadian conditions. He was unfortunate in his first speech which elicited opposition on all sides. He arbitrarily dismissed the council. He was recalled and succeeded by Sir George Arthur. Attempts to assassinate him were foiled. He was born 1793 and died 1875. His personal expenses for two years were £9,079.—MacMullen's *His. Canada*, p. 431.

515. Col. Allan Napier McNab was born at Niagara, 1798 and died 1862. He served three years in the war of 1812. He was pronounced solid, loyal and respectable, consistent rather than brilliant. He was gaoled by order of the Speaker of the Assembly. He was leader of the Patriots at Navy Island. He was knighted for his part in the destruction of the Caroline.

516. Peter Matthews, Jr., was a son of a United Empire Loyalist and a Tory during the revolution. He joined Brock's Volunteers during the war of 1812. He was called a patriot and executed with Lount, April 12, 1838.

516. Buffalo was the terminus of the Erie Canal and port for the upper lakes, and gathered an undesirable floating population. In such conditions Mackenzie readily found recruits who were promised spoils and grants of land. A city newspaper described these troops as men who would cut a man's throat for a dollar. These men were placed under the charge of the irresponsible leader, Van Rensselaer.

517. Dr. Charles Duncombe was born in the U. S., went to Canada and purchased land including what is now Bishopsgate. He was the first physician in Burford and prominent in the legislature.

517. To encourage settlements in the New Netherlands, the West India company granted lands 16 miles along streams and 4 on shore with the exception of Manhattan Island, if those settlers would bring to the Colony fifty others.

The Patroon, as he was called, was to be the lord of the settlement, was exempted from taxes and his servants could not leave his service without his consent. He must not engage in manufacturies and was obliged to support a minister and teacher and care for the sick. He compelled the Indians to buy their lands from him and employed many negro slaves. All settlers were heavily taxed and this gave rise to an anti-rent trouble resulting in several murders. Gov. Seward appointed commissioners to settle the difficulty and Gov. Wright demanded their suppression. In 1848 the anti-rent party abolished all land tenure for longer than twelve years. John Young, the anti-rent governor, pardoned all prisoners connected with the disturbances. Van Rensselaer, then Patroon, sold his lands and settlements of claims were made.—*Harper's Enc., U. S. His.*, Vol. 7, p. 84.

517. Col. Thomas Jefferson Sutherland claimed the credit of making headquarters of Navy Island without consulting Mackenzie, and attempted recruiting for Canada against his wishes. Sutherland was then assigned to Detroit to cooperate with Navy Island, but his expedition failed. The Ann was captured, partly through his inefficiency. Sutherland was afterwards arrested in Detroit but released. *Cf. supra*, 550.

517. Isabel Baxter Mackenzie was married July 1, 1822. She was the only woman who spent any time on Navy Island, but was compelled to leave on account of poor health and died, Jan. 12, 1873, aged 71 years and was buried beside her husband at Toronto, Canada. After her husband's death she received £4,000 for the expenses of Mackenzie's trip to Europe to aid the Canadian government.

519. The Caroline was launched in 1824. She was built at Charleston, S. C., and navigated the St. Lawrence and afterwards the Hudson river. She was a vessel of 46 tons and passed through the Erie Canal. For fourteen years she plied between Buffalo and the Welland Canal. In 1837 she carried supplies from Schlosser to Navy Island. Mackenzie said a fire was seen on the American side which grew larger until the ill-fated vessel went over the Falls. Other authorities say she was towed out about 200 yards to avoid setting fire to the wharf and stuck fast; after being loosened she passed on when her lights went out and she sunk, her engine being visible in the waters for years.*History of Canada* by Kingsford, Vol. X, p. 442.

522. The Ann or Anne was a fine schooner which attempted an attack on Amherstburg, resulting disastrously in her capture together with twenty-one prisoners, three pieces of cannon, arms, provisions and a little money. Two of her cannon were mounted on Fort Malden. MacMullen, *His. Canada*, p. 459.

522. Early records of Kintzing Pritchette are very obscure. He came with Gov. Porter to Michigan in 1831, either from Penn. or N. J. He was a scholarly lawyer and acted as secretary to Gov. Mason during his territorial administration. He was the first secretary of state from 1835 to 1838. He was secretary of the Second Convention of Assent held in Ann Arbor, Dec. 1836. He and Gov. Felch were appointed bank commissioners in 1838. He was a law partner of Gov. Mason after the close of the latter's gubernatorial term and accompanied him East after which he entered the National service. Several accounts were given of his death but Hon. L. T. Hemans who furnished these facts says he died on the Pacific ocean returning from a foreign consulate and was buried at sea.

524. Sir George Arthur was appointed successor to Sir Francis Head, March 23, 1838. He was born in 1784 and entered the army when twenty years old. While attending the University he received a degree of D. C. L. He saw much army service, was wounded at the battles of Rosetta and Flushing. He was appointed governor of Honduras in 1814, quelling a revolt of the slaves. He was also governor of Van Dieman's land twelve years. He was knighted. Among his first official acts in Canada was ordering the hanging of several Patriots and pardoning many of the young rebels. He offered a reward of $£1,000 for the capture of Mackenzie. He was the last lieut.-gov. of Upper Canada, as the two were combined as United Canadas.

526. John George Lambton, first Earl of Durham, was born at London, England, April 12, 1792; became lieutenant 1810; resigned 1811; entered the House of Commons 1813; created Lord 1828; fought a duel with T. W. Beaumont. His second wife was a daughter of Earl Gray. He was made minister to St. Petersburg and given G. C. B., 1837. He was made High Commissioner and reached

Quebec, May, 29, 1838. He immediately dismissed the council, appointed a new one and ordered prisoners transported. Losing his influence in England he resigned, Oct. 9, 1838, leaving Sir John Colborne in charge. He spoke in the House of Lords 1839 regarding the control of Lower Canada. He died at Cowes, July 28, 1840, aged 48.

532. The Sir Robert Peel was one of the finest boats on the St. Lawrence. It was burned by "Bill Johnson" at the head of a gang of fifty men on the 29th of May, 1838, while she was taking on wood at Wells' Island, seven miles from French Creek. The vessel and cargo was an entire loss but the passengers were saved.

548. During the Canadian rebellion and partly due to the burning of the steamer Caroline, the sympathizers of the Patriots organized secret societies in Vermont, May, 1838, which were called Hunters' Lodges. Most of the members were Americans and soon branches were established along the border. A convention was held at Cleveland, Sept. 16-28, 1838, with seventy accredited delegates from Ohio and Michigan. It was reported to the Canadian authorities that from 40 to 80,000 members had been secured. The attack and defeat at Prescott with the death of Von Schultz was the result. The order in the U. S. was suppressed by President Tyler in 1842. Mackenzie in Jan. 1839 organized the Association of Canadian Refugees which differed from the Lodges in that it was composed almost entirely of Canadians. This order also was soon dissolved.

550. The Experiment built in 1837 for James Lockhart was sold to the British government in 1838 for £4,500, having brought £2,000 to her owner for the year.

550. The Traveller was the first boat built by Robert Gilkison in 1835 for Hon. John Hamilton, a grandson of Commodore Grant of Grosse Isle. It was considered the fastest boat on Lake Ontario, making from 11 to 13 miles an hour. It was sold to government for £9,000. Gilkison died at Leith, Scotland, April 8, 1855, aged 45. Augusta I. Grant Gilkison.—*Niagara His. Soc.*, No. 18.

561. Col. Richard, afterwards Lord Airey, was born in 1803. He was educated at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, and became ensign of the 34th regiment, 1821. He rose to be major-general. His best known service was during the Crimean war. Trouble arose over commissary affairs and he asked for a military inquiry which resulted in his acquital.—*Dict. Nat. Biog.*, Vol. XXXII, p. 22.

567. Lord Glenelg, known as Charles Grant, was born at Kiddespore, Bengal, Oct. 26, 1778, and came to England in 1790. He was appointed Colonial Secretary, April, 1835, made a peer that year and given the name of his estate in Scotland. His course in Canada was severely condemned, the King calling him vacillating and procrastinating. He grew even more unpopular with the breaking out of the rebellion. After attempts to remove him he resigned Feb. 8, 1839, and received a pension of £2,000 per annum. He died unmarried at Cannes, April 23, 1866 and the title became extinct.

585. J. Wilkie Moore was born at Geneva, N. Y., May 13, 1814. He came on the steamer Paine to Detroit, his trip from Buffalo occupying five days, arriving Nov. 1, 1833. The firing of cannon announced the arrival of the boat and all the inhabitants that possibly could be, were at the dock. Jefferson Avenue was the only street of any consequence. The site of the Pontchartrain was occupied by a blacksmiths' shop. The Savoyard, then a river, now a sewer of Detroit, had its mouth where the present postoffice stands. A pump at foot of Randolph street furnished water which was delivered in barrels throughout the city. May's Creek ran through the present Cass market. Everyone belonged to the fire department. A plank walk was pronounced extravagant. There were 7 brick buildings and 7 churches. Mr. Moore saw deer and bears in the present city limits. French carts were means of transportation. Candles illuminated the entire city.

614. Major Robert Rogers was a native of New Hampshire. He commanded the Roger's Rangers composed of half hunters and half woodsmen. They were independent and choose their own methods of warfare but they were always mentioned with honor. Yet he was tried by court-martial for treason in attempting to deliver Fort Michilimackinac to the Spaniards. He went to Algiers and fought there in two battles. At the beginning of the revolutionary war he offered his services but was distrusted and entered the British army receiving a colonel's commission. In 1778 he was proscribed and banished under acts of

New Hampshire and the remainder of his life and death are not positively known.

614. Pontiac the Ottawa chief was born 1720 on the Maumee river Ohio. It is thought his mother was a Chippewa. He was engaged in Indian warfare in 1746. He held his first meeting with Maj. Robert Rogers 1760 on the present site of Cleveland. His plan of striking all the forts at one time was wonderfully well conceived and planned and came near succeeding. About ten forts were beseiged, eight being captured, Detroit and Fort Pitt alone resisting. Peace was concluded at Detroit, Aug. 17, 1765. Pontiac afterwards went to the Mississippi to incite the Indians to another attack and was killed by a Kaskaskia at Cahokia, Ill. A monument has recently been erected to him at St. Louis, Mo.

615. Tecumseh, "meaning he who passes over space of the woods" and by the English King called the Shooting Star, was a celebrated Shawnee chief, born 1768 at Piqua, Ohio, near the present site of Springfield. His father was killed at battle Point Pleasant, 1774. Tecumseh participated in the principal engagements of 1812, being very prominent at the Raisin massacre. He was killed at the Thames, Oct. 5, 1813. He left one son called Big Jim. Tecumseh was said to have been one of the most extraordinary Indians in the U. S.—*Handbook Am. Inds.*, part II, p. 714.

615. At this time Detroit contained about 100 houses situated in nearly a square surrounded by a palisade 25 ft high at each corner of which was a blockhouse. The houses were of logs thatched with straw. The streets were very narrow but a wide *chemin du ronde* surrounded the town. The two public buildings were the council-house and the church. The garrison consisted of 120 men and two schooners lay anchored in the river.

616. The Ottawas wrapped themselves in gaudy blankets. The Wyandots wore painted shirts, their heads decorated with feathers and had bells on their leggins. The Ojibways went nearly naked with quivers slung at their backs and carried war clubs.

616. This Ojibway maiden, Catherine, did not reveal the plot, but Angelique Cuillerier Beaubien, afterwards the wife of James Stirling, a lieutenant and surveyor at the Fort.—See Mr. Burton's version, Vol. XXXVI, p. 423 this series.

624. When the Indians returned with their prisoners every one turned out to see the captives make the race for a certain distance between two rows of Indians who struck and attacked them so violently that they frequently lost a hand, finger or eye, and nearly suffered martyrdom. They also obliged their victims to dance until they dropped dead. Gen. Stark while a prisoner, at this trial knocked the first warrior down so vigorously that no one dared to attack him. The next following him was beaten nearly to death. This was called running the gauntlet.

634. Parkman gives this as Baptiste Campau, as told him by John R. Williams a relative of Campau. He says a ball grazed Campau's head and was seen for years in the wall. The screams of the women and the warwhoops of the Indians made pandemonium. He also said Campau acted as one of Pontiac's secretaries in 1763.

638. Louis St. Ange de Bellerive was at New Orleans in 1724 and at Kaskaskia 1727. In 1736 he was sent as commandant to Post Vincennes, remaining there until 1764. He then commanded Fort Chartres until Oct. 14, 1765, when he delivered it to the English. He removed to St. Louis, which Pierre Laclede had founded in 1764, and was commandant there in the Spanish service until 1770. He died there December 26, 1774.—*Wis. His. Colls.*, Vol XVI, p. 443.

640. John Ruddiman was born at Aberdeenshire, Scotland, 1814, and came to America sixteen years later. He was a pattern maker, settling first at Pittsburg, Pa. He came to Muskegon in 1843 and in 1848 built a steam sawmill at North Muskegon; 1840 he married Mary Bunker of Wisconsin, who died in 1877, leaving two daughters.—*His. Muskegon Co.*, p. 75.

640. Mona Lake is the upper end of Black Lake named after the daughter of Col. May, late superintendent of the railway.—*His. Muskegon Co.*, p. 92.

640. Samuel B. Peck was one of the earliest fruit growers of Muskegon, starting in 1861.

640. Chauncey Davis, the first mayor of Muskegon Co., was born in Jefferson Co., N. Y., March 15, 1812. His father died when he was seventeen years old

and thenceforth he had to make his own future. In 1848 he opened a store in Muskegon and operated in lumber in which he lost money. He represented his district in the legislature of 1860 and was prominent in public affairs of his county. He was married three times, his last wife dying in 1861. His only daughter died in 1864.

647. Martin Ryerson, a prominent lumberman of Muskegon, built the first road from Ravenna to Grand Rapids at his own expense. He became a millionaire and removed to Chicago. The fine Ryerson Library of Grand Rapids is his gift to that city.

647. L. N. Keating was born in Monroe Co., 1840, and came to Muskegon to practice law. He married Martha A. Cook of Hillsdale, who became prominent in educational work for women.

656. Father Edward Van Pamel or Pammel was born in Belgium in 1828. He finished his studies in Detroit, where he arrived 1850. He went as missionary to the Lake Superior Indians. He came to Muskegon, 1853, doing church work. In 1857 he brought over the first resident priest, Father F. Steinhauser. He purchased for fifty dollars, the church lot and built the first church in the city. In 1877 he left Detroit to reside permanently in Muskegon.—*His. Muskegon Co.*, p. 75.

660. George, brother of John Ruddiman, came to Muskegon in 1840.

660. Mr. C. M. Burton says Cadillac brought the three first horses to Detroit in 1701, only one of which, Colon, survived.

663. Edward H. Wiley was probate judge, Muskegon Co. He went to Grand Rapids from N. Y. State, his birthplace, and after five years of teaching in Kent Co., came to Muskegon and was appointed to the vacant office of judge and re-elected four times. He died April 29, 1882, aged 63 years.—*His. Muskegon Co.*, p. 77.

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